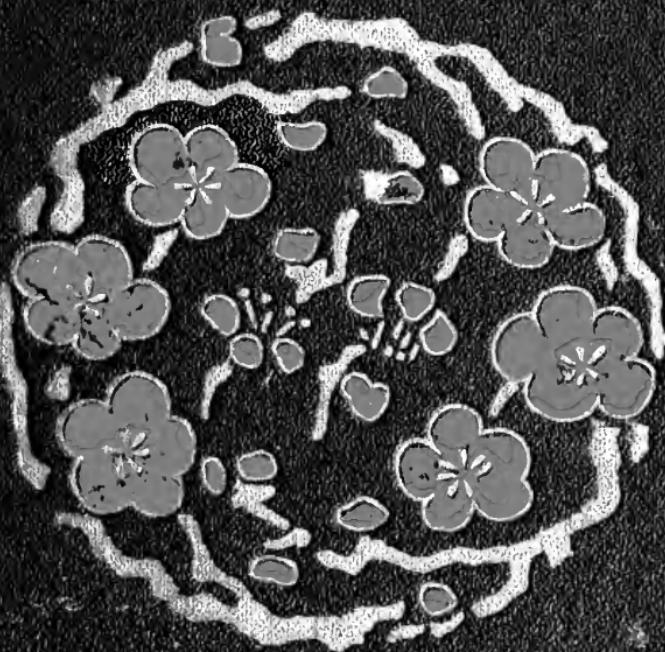


THOUGHTS
AND
ESSAYS



NITOBÉ

CONGRATULATIONS

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Thoughts and Essays

By

Inazo Nitobe

Tokyo:

Teibi Publishing Company

1909

To
MY YOUNG FRIENDS
WHOSE YEARNINGS AND STRIVINGS
FOR
HIGHER THINGS
HAVE EVER WON MY SYMPATHY
I DEDICATE
THESE RANDOM THOUGHTS

PREFACE

who has kindly and painstakingly given time without stint to the supervision of the entire volume. Last, but not least, to my wife, for her steadfast interest and encouragement.

INAZO NITOBÉ

Tokyo,

December 14, 1909.

THOUGHTS AND ESSAYS

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THOUGHTS AND ESSAYS





THE UME

THE *ume* season is here, and with it the warbler's song and the stirring up of whatever poetry lies dormant within us. I love the sweet smelling *ume*—the earliest of blossoms, opening while the ground is still frozen, and the snowflakes cover the trees and the piercing north wind howls. I never look upon it without admiring its pluck. How often have I wondered whether it owes its beauty and its fragrance to its pluck, or whether they exist despite the circumstances which are felt dire adversities by other flowers.

There are flowers and flowers, and each has its peculiar claim upon our affections; each owns its special lover. He who adores the *ume* is of a quite different temperament from him who holds the *sakura* dear to his heart. The *sakura* is for the many—it is democratic. Its charm is most striking when it is seen *en masse*. The *ume* is for the few, for the initiated, as it were. Its refinement is felt most when we stand under a single tree,—it is scholarly. It was the favorite flower of Michizané.

A gardener told me once that those who frequent *ume* gardens are an entirely different type

THE UME

from the crowds who flock to see the *sakura*; and he added that the *ume* lovers make their appearance again when the *hagi* and the maple are in their sedate beauty and autumnal grandeur.

I hear that in Tsukigasé, the classic grove of the *ume*, the trees are being fast cut down. Heartless creatures they must be who commit ravages like this upon trees so venerable and so adorable. When I heard of this I felt like heaping curses upon these vandal peasants. What have the *ume* done to deserve so hard a fate? Have they ceased, like a certain fig tree of old, to bear fruit any more? Have their flowers lost their color or their perfume, or—have the people forgotten to share the joys of their fathers as they sat under their own *ume* and pine trees? Is it possible that the taste of this nation has so changed that the gnarled stem and the moss-covered bark appeal no more to its æsthetic sense? Not for any of these reasons is the devastation going on in the *ume* grove of Tsukigasé. If you press me for an answer, I would say—it is coal-tar that is at the bottom of all the mischief. The black slimy coal-tar has given to the Germans a red aniline dye, which they sell to us at so low a price that the coloring matter formerly extracted from the *ume* fruit for the silks of Kyoto, no longer fetches enough to pay

THOUGHTS AND ESSAYS

for the care of the trees. Hence this dilemma—either to give up the *ume* or the red and pink which add beauty to the grace of our maidens' garments. Some will prefer a month of *ume* bloom, while others—perhaps by far a larger number—the varied hues of a pretty garb. These will say, let the transient pleasure of the *ume* season go, rather than give up the bright colors of girlish dresses. To this a few will reply,—if it is a question of pigments only, we may be persuaded to throw the whole Tsukigase grove into the furnace as fuel, but how much more we shall miss it than color! The fragrance will desert us, for which no other flower can make amends. The warbler will not alight upon the ravaged stumps. The Muses that are partial to the *ume* will no more favor the simple minded swain or the schooled poet with songs that move the heart of the people. We shall be much poorer in soul as we grow rich in gold by the importation of aniline colors. As for me, I welcome the progress of commerce and industries, but when these must be purchased at the price of the *ume*, I have to think twice before I buy a piece of red dyed cloth or a blue silk.



MARTYRDOM AND SUCCESS

SUCCESS in life, says the world's wisdom, depends on one's adaptation to social laws, on one's adoption of the thoughts and manners of men around. In a society of fops the foolishest fop rules. In a community of rogues, the more roguish a rogue, the greater his chance of success.

Martyrs are anti-social : they conform not to the ways of those about them : they are utter failures in the world. The world's usage condemns them. The world's judgment metes out to them the same reward as unto thieves and murderers. To the mediocre world, the saint and the criminal are alike troublesome : for they live and act outside the pale of its laws. Martyrs adopt higher laws of life ; they adapt themselves to the demands and commands of the spirit. Thus do they connect the world above with our world, infusing our atmosphere with a new spiritual essence, bringing into our existence a new flavor of life. In a word, martyrs raise the level of social laws. Were it not for them, how much poorer this world of ours would be ! The martyr's spark burns us not : it illuminates our path for ever.



MY RELIGION

LEAVE me to my religion: disturb me not. Leave my religion to me: take it not away. My soul and my religion are one. Keep yours for yourself as your own. Does yours face the sunrise and mine the sunset, does mine look up and yours down, what matters that? Yonder is the peak, the summit, our goal. We shall each pursue his separate path. Anon we shall meet again to clasp hands in mutual fellowship.



HEART TO CONSCIENCE

In thy sweet tremulous voice whisper in my ears what thou fain wouldest have. And the Heart confided her secret of love to Conscience. Says he in harsh tones of rebuke, "Thou most foolish one! Thy love is born of flesh. Thou shalt never behold the face of thy beloved. Thou art utterly corrupt." The poor Heart wept its bitterest; but her sobs stern Conscience heeded not: they reached the ears of angels only.



THE SAKURA

IT was only a few weeks ago that our heart was enlivened by the beauty and fragrance of the *ume* and by the songs of warblers. The air was then still chilly and the ground frozen. No other blossom dared to compete with this plucky pioneer of the floral world. The *ume* reigned alone.

But times and seasons are now changed. Vanished alike are the beauty and the fragrance of the *ume*. We watched its slow decline; we pursued its last petal to its final bed of rest. Behold its lawful successor! It is now the *sakura* that holds undisputed sway. So gradual was this change of floral dynasty that nothing like a revolution has marked any step in the process. While watching the fading of the *ume*, we scarcely noticed the transformation that the sun had been working around us.

That we are now under a different régime, our senses bear ample testimony. Instead of the calm contemplation to which the *ume* disposed our mind, the *sakura* gladdens our heart with its gaiety. The age of cold Puritanism has given way to the warm jubilance of the Restoration. As in history, as in individual life, so in the seasons of the year, I

THOUGHTS AND ESSAYS

believe there is in operation a sort of fatalism. Do not misunderstand me. I do not mean by fatalism a merely dark, pessimistic, foreboding conception of life, that believes the world to be ruled by an Evil One; but a faith in the existence of alternating periods of prosperity and decay, as of ebb and flow of tides, of psychological cycles of soberness and ebullition. The *sakura* follows the *ume*, soon to be succeeded and outstripped by other soberer compeers. Each has its own day and it is wise in man to make the best of each as it comes. When the *sakura* smiles, when its blossoms dance in the air, let us leave our gloomy tasks behind and out into the open park and the forest. Let us all go a-*sakura*-hunting. Let stern age renew the merriment of youth, let demure matrons grow light-hearted and laugh; let children run and shout for joy.

I have said elsewhere that the *sakura* is for the masses, the populace. It appeals more to sensibilities than does the *ume* to the intellect. It has this advantage over its cold sister, that its sway falls in the season when all nature warms the blood and sends it coursing quickly through the veins. If the *ume* is for the brain, the *sakura* is for the heart. That can be enjoyed standing single and blooming alone, while this shows itself at its

THE SAKURA

best when it is grouped with several of its kind. That endures lingering for days and weeks, whereas this comes but for a little while. Let, then, the people make the utmost of the short-lived delight which the *sakura* affords. Let the intensity of pleasure and its fulness compensate for its brevity.

Possibly because of its popularity is the cherry exposed to more dangers than its sister trees. Its comeliness invites the cupidity of every passing admirer. An unknown verse-grinder, confident of his art, bears home in triumph a twig decorated with his production, regardless of the humiliation it gives to the object of his song. A drunken rogue turns a flower-laden branch into a pole to carry his bottle by. Every sort of mutilation is committed because of its attraction. Very truly did an ancient ode lament the fatal fascination :—

“Blooms she not in her glory,
Who'll care the *Sakura* branch to break?
”Tis the *Sakura* herself
Doth bring to *Sakura* its saddest woes.”*

So conspicuously alluring to the commonest eyes, the poor *sakura* has no weapon of defence, and falls an easy prey to every passing stranger. Unlike its European rival, the rose, it is not pro-

*咲かざれば櫻を人の折らましや、櫻の仇は櫻なりけり

THOUGHTS AND ESSAYS

vided with thorns. These two flowers typify the East and the West. There is earnestness in the rose, but animation in the *sakura*. The rose holds to life and weeps as it dies; the *sakura* despairs death and dances in the breeze that wafts it from its stem. The rose is individualistic; it is self-assertive; a single flower can be appreciated by itself. The *sakura* is to be most enjoyed in clusters; each flower loses its individuality in the making of the tree. The rose stands for rights, and has organs to claim them; it is an exponent of what Nietzsche calls Master-morality: the *sakura* stands for duty: it submits to what it deems its fate; the German would call it a type of Slave-morality. Still there is humility in the rose, which contents itself with being looked down upon by its admirers; for it rarely reaches the estate of a tree: the *sakura* calls to its worshippers to look up, for it seldom is a shrub.

As we stand under the falling petals of the *sakura*, our fancies take flight to regions beyond the daily round. We forget old thoughts and feel new impulses stirring within us. We forget for a time that life is a serious struggle. We give ourselves up entirely to living for the moment. The peasant lays aside his plough, the *oba-san* her spinning wheel, the philosopher his book and the warrior

THE SAKURA

his sword. Let us think no thought incongruous with the spirit of this gala-day. Do you not hear the maidens chiding?—

“ Wherefore tie thy steed, O Sir Knight,
To the blooming *Sakura* tree?
See! how it kicks and shakes the trunk,
And with its shaking scatters in the air
Blossoms so tender and fair.”*

A warring instinct and a war-horse are in no harmony with our flower. Would you look up at its grace, you must first take off your helmet. The *sakura* has long been a recognized emblem of the *samurai* spirit, but that only shows that the *samurai* was more than a mere warrior. The *sakura* betokened him as a character larger than that of a fighter.

Reflections like these and many more arise within us, as we saunter beneath the shade of the cherry-trees. But to be true to the message which the *sakura* conveys, it behooves us to leave reflections to other occasions; say, to the sombre autumn when the *hagi* waves to the chill wind; or to the cold winter when the *ume* turns to balm the icy air—and for the present let us be off for gaiety and joyous pleasure.

* 喫いた櫻になぜ駒つなぐ、駒が勇めば花が散る

❧

THREE VOICES ON THE TEXT BOOKS SCANDAL

❧

The Voice of the World

HA, ha ! the little thieves are not caught fast enough. Catch the little ones and let not the bigger escape. Spread wide and close the net of law that none may slip through its meshes ! Whether large or small, let all the guilty ones be brought to justice, regardless of person, position or birth. We would see exact justice meted out to each. We desire the law to be executed to its very letter. We care not how many the judge condemns. We are better than they, thank heaven ! We are not so easily bought or easily caught. Are there not rascals many !

❧

The Voice of Conscience

Alas ! alas ! What hast thou done, thou weakest, vilest of creatures ? despicable biped, art thou corrupt to the core ? No more canst thou walk erect in the light of day. Whoever sells his conscience for money, is a brother to Judas and should hang himself on a tree.

THE SAKURA

Is gold so dear that thou offerest in exchange thy all for its glitter or its chink? Where now are thy pretensions, O thou Pharisee, that posed as a teacher of Youth? Bitter tears shalt thou shed and each drop will condemn thee tenfold more than the sight of gold has ever pleased thy eyes.

Thou knowest I have often warned thee. At the very moment thou didst fall, I raised my voice to its highest and thou didst hear, but didst not heed it. Know thou now that I am thy judge; that in me lies the power to punish thee to the uttermost. Know that my condemnation is not mere scorn or a hollow menace, **as** the World's, but that it is exceedingly true, bitter and lasting.



A Higher Voice

Oh thou poor suffering one! Has the world left thee friendless and unpitied and uncomforted. Has thy conscience left thee with not one word of solace, with not one look of cheer? Come now and be of good courage! Thou hast not lost all. Thy repentance is not unheard. There still remains for thee a gift, more precious than conscience, for thou canst still feel its pangs. *Thou hast still a heart to weep*, therefore, thou hast not lost all. Take courage, then! Honor thou hast lost; but it can be regained. There is no

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depth too deep for the Sun of Righteousness to illumine. Thou hast hurled thyself into iniquity; but there is no abyss without steps by which a contrite heart may ascend. Be assured that man, however low he may have sunken, is never so utterly lost that he may not claim and make good his heavenly birth. Thou canst always make of thy dead self a stepping stone to rise to a higher level.

February, 1903.



A PLACE TO SEE THINGS

NEAR my native town of Morioka, soars into the blue sky the comely form of Mount Iwate. One rarely sees it entire, so often is its breast clouded in dark angry clouds or its summit wrapped in glorious fleece. As you ride on the train, you skirt its base for miles and have it in sight for hours; but the people say that there is only one spot from which to behold it in all its splendor and majesty. The Kitakami flows gently near, and in this river is an islet formed by the shoals, and on this islet stands a lone pine tree. It is under this solitary pine tree that you must stand for the best view of this Fuji of the North.



IMITATION

IMITATION is education, and education consists mainly of imitation. The Germans say, "Exercise makes the Master," but exercise is largely imitation, repeating over and over again to approach a pattern. While too much value cannot be attached to originality, it is a dangerous gift for the generality of mankind. Safer and more useful is the power to imitate.

Do not be frightened by the shallow ridicule of so-called "slavish imitation," "apish mimicry" and the like. I know there is such, but I also know that there are other sorts of imitation, and an adoptive power such as made the Normans play their important rôle in the history of Europe. They did not originate so much as they adopted and transformed, and, so long as one grasps the spirit and not the mere dead letter of what one copies, there can be no mere "apish imitation."

"Follow me," said the great Model, and what is following but imitation? A humble recluse in the small village of Kempen attained holiness by constantly keeping before him as his ideal, the imitation of Christ.

To address myself more directly to the students

THOUGHTS AND ESSAYS

of English, I would by all means recommend imitation as an efficient means of mastering that language. You have, no doubt, already learned in the Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin with what diligence he used to imitate Addison's style, and with what success he thereby improved his own. Stevenson, too, imitated not only the best authors, but the speech of all sorts and conditions of men, that he might faithfully portray the types they represented.

It is needless to insist that imitation, in order to be successful, must have right models. Imitate the best and you can rise to be angels ; imitate the worst and you sink lower than the very brutes. It is just here, in its choice of models, that imitation must be judged. I may add that it need in no wise have its bounds set by them. A disciple may be greater than his master. Generations of artists have held this true of Raphael and his teacher. The dye that is made from indigo is bluer than the plant from which it is extracted.

Imitation is more than education. It is a natural method of self-preservation. In that phase of imitation which naturalists call mimicry, we recognize the process by which an organism deceives or eludes its enemy and so continues its own existence. The most advanced of organisms, the

IMITATION

State itself, may well resort to mimicry for its preservation. Consider well where our country would have been, were it not for its adoption (imitation) and adaptation of Western civilization ! Do not be charmed by resounding praise of originality, however attractive. It is a gift for the elect few, whereas imitation is for all.

When one justly speaks of "aping," he means that no discretion is used, that there is blind, aimless imitation. A child resorts to apishness because he lacks discretion. Even the pliability which characterizes youth and which gives it the advantage over maturer age, cannot always atone by imitation for lack of the discretion and wisdom which age possesses. But alas ! by the time we become older and are advanced in wisdom and discretion, our mental plasticity weakens and with it our ability to imitate. Happy the man and happy the nation that can combine mature judgment with plasticity of mind, and thus retain a capacity for perennial growth ! Such will both make a judicious selection of models and follow or improve upon them with facility :—a fortunate union of powers best found amongst a rejuvenated people.

Let us consider the Italians in the period of the Renaissance and let us prayerfully meditate upon ourselves of the present day.



THE STUDENT

THE student is born, the student is made. To the one, knowledge comes as a reward of close application, as strength is enhanced by exercise ; to the other, it comes as a matter of course, with the same facility with which we breathe the air. We would think there is no work required of a born student, for surely he can learn gracefully and easily, and yet not all truth comes to him lightly. Nature has in store for the highest genius secrets which he can find out only by strenuous effort. We admire him as a giant whose stature exceeds seven feet ; but in the land of pygmies or among Liliputians, I am a giant for my five feet and four. What is a height of seven feet compared with a cedar of Lebanon and, what is a cedar of Lebanon compared with the hills upon whose slopes it grows ? A dwarf is a giant before a still smaller dwarf and a giant is a dwarf before a still greater giant. A student, however gifted by nature with capacity to understand and to learn, finds, at each step of his advancement, knowledge which is beyond his present grasp. The greatest power of the best of students is inadequate to the problems which confront him at each stage of his progress. Newton himself confessed that all his intellectual

THE STUDENT

attainment was no more than a grain of sand on the shore of the immeasurable sea of knowledge.

I pity a youth whom the flippant world calls a born student and spoils with praise, just because he can master a few simple truths with ease. Such an one flatters himself with having a capacity which he does not possess, and, contenting himself with what little he can readily acquire, neglects to exercise his more precious talents and so, in the end, fails to perfect his powers. He forgets that, for each question he disposes of, there rise up ten new questions to answer. Learning is thus an endless task, and the best "born" student can enjoy no immunity from labor. He, therefore, who relies upon his innate ability, and not upon persistent effort, to become a scholar, forgets the precious truth which Carlyle taught, namely that genius is the capacity for taking infinite pains. There is indeed "no royal road to learning;" only, exertion itself is not incompatible with royalty.

If thus the "born" student cannot escape work, what must he do who tries to make himself a student? Oh, despise not the smell of midnight oil which he carries about him!—Here is a man who erects himself above himself. On a humble foundation he builds an edifice wherein angels may rejoice to dwell. Brought forth into

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this mysterious world, with no special aptitude for study, he perseveres in knocking at the portals of wisdom, on whose lintel is clearly written, "Seek and ye shall find." Behold how he seeks! Is the last drop in his lamp burned, he collects fireflies of a summer-eve or heaps snow upon his desk in the winter-night. Such an one is worthy, not only of our sympathy, but of our highest respect. If a born student evokes our admiration for his gifts, the made student deserves it for his patience. The praise we lavish because of talents is an offering due not so much to their possessor as to those from whom he inherited them, while that which we should mete to the made student is merited by himself alone.

June, 1903.



THE STUDENT'S SUMMER VACATION

ANOTHER summer vacation is here. Has it found us in a jubilant mood, flushed with success in our term's examination, or has it overtaken us, burdened with the heavy weight that a sense of the failure brings? This is no time for regret. This is the season to vegetate. Leave regret alone for the time being. Shake the dust of the city from off your feet, and wipe from off your forehead the heat of the Tokyo sun and forth into the country speed. It will do you good to breathe the fresh air of your native hills and cool your brow in your native stream. Inhale to the fullest capacity of your lungs the balm of your pine-grove and brown your sallow skin in the health-giving rays of the summer sun. That is the way to regain the energy spent in burning the midnight oil and to renew the power which city-life has enfeebled. There is health in rural air. There is vigor in rustic living. Cities sap manhood and manliness. By a constant stream of country-blood alone are they kept up. All their glories are but flowers of the social plant, whose root is nourished in the country soil. Summer vacations are periodical returns of the potted flowers to their native soil. The

THOUGHTS AND ESSAYS

country is a storage of force. It is the invigorating element of the nation. It is the source of physical well-being and mental sanity.

I wish all students could vacate Tokyo and other cities in the summer months. No other seasons of the year are more detrimental to soundness of body and brain. It is then that the body is disposed to lethargy and to all the temptations that lethargy brings. It is then that the brain is most prone to lose its balance. Hence the summer months are most fruitful of crime and suicide. I say, Students, leave your lecture notes and your sooty lamps and hie forth to your native hills and brooks. Then shall we have you with us again in the autumn, ready for clear thought and steady effort: those who have succeeded, for greater success, and those who have failed, with resolutions which will bring them a new record and make the past a "stepping-stone."

August 1903



HAGI

"T IS too early for the *hagi*; but the more aspiring of its kind have put forth their blossoms. I saw them early in July in the Kwannon garden at Kamakura. At sight of them I felt like singing, but when I tried to raise my voice alas! it only trembled and gave forth no sound.

Already, at the height of summer, the promises of autumn are given. In Nature's floral school one learns to read, in the summer joy, indications of autumn sadness, in the full tide of life, signs of its decay. Ha! did I say decay? A wise man would have said maturity and perhaps—fruition. Saint Paul saw in the decay of a grain of wheat not corruption, but a new birth. A fool and coward is he who despairs of life!

"Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!"

The *hagi* bears no fruit to feed mankind; but I thank it for being the reminder of a riper future. When I learned the lesson it had in store for me, the tremor in my voice ceased and I could sing of the largeness of life—its broadening duties, its deepening joys and its constant renewings.



THE SOUL'S QUEST OF GOD

OFT have I asked the question, O God, Who art Thou? Where art Thou? And each time the answer comes in softest voice, Who art thou that askest Who I am? What thou art, that I am and what I am that art thou. And where art thou that askest where I am? Where thou art, there I am -- and where I am there art thou.

In worshiping God we worship ourselves, and in worshiping ourselves we worship God. The real self within us, the essence of the *Ego*, is divine. We clothe it in the rags of flesh and of fleshly desires, until the divine self is hid; and we call that self which does not strictly belong to it.



THE SOUL'S QUEST OF SELF

WHERE art thou, O my Soul? Art thou in thy own abode, or, beguiled from thy proper home, art thou wandering among companions unworthy of thee? Thy home must be deserving of thy celestial birth. Thy place should be among the heavenly hosts.

INTRODUCTION TO "FROM THE EASTERN SEA"



INTRODUCTION

TO

"FROM THE EASTERN SEA"

"A PROPHET is not without honor, save in his own country." This saying which too many examples in history have made trite, though universally true, is perhaps nowhere more so than amongst ourselves. There is a dwarfing influence in our air. The atmosphere of Japan is moist enough as it is; but whenever a youth "to fortune and to fame unknown" happens to appear with any definite message, mediocrity leagues and intrigues to spread a wet blanket over him and freeze "the genial current of his soul." That the history of our literature counts among its beacon lights so many recluses is, I can well imagine, due in a large measure to the fact that they kept themselves aloof from mediocre society—its petty jealousies, envies, bickerings and snickerings. Were I in the habit of giving unasked-for advice, I would say to the aspiring genius of our land : "Keep off the beaten paths of our literature and fly to all points of the compass but here, or, if you must stay, commune with Eternity and abide your time, in peace possessing your soul." If this sounds devoid of any affection for my own country

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and people, my reply is that I would not utter words like these unless I had unbounded faith in the God-given gifts, the virile versatility and the great vitality of our race. If we really possess these qualifications of a developing nation, we should have proofs thereof.

A scientific man, disposed to test Japanese vitality, might try an experiment by picking out a normal young man from among us and, transplanting him to an alien soil, subject him to new conditions and observe his growth. Such an experiment is taking place on quite an extensive scale on the Pacific Coast of America. If but one out of a hundred thrives, it may prove the vitality, not of the particular individual only, but of the whole race. We have a remarkable case of this kind in the person of Yone Noguchi.

A mere stripling, our young friend drifted from his little village to the continent beyond the Pacific. He left behind him a sleepy old town to find himself in the rush and push of the city of Saint Francis. He bade farewell to the smiling, dainty bodies, O Hana San and O Cho San, to associate with women of larger vision and loftier mien. But the memories of his native land never died within his ardent breast. All the Sierras have failed to make him oblivious of our peerless Fuji. In the clear transparency of

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the California air, his fancy floats upon the strata of crepuscular mists that rise above the rice-fields. He turns from the stately sequoia to the graceful, fantastic pine of fair Nippon. In the heaven and earth-rending grandeur of Yellowstone Park, he dreams of gardens where the cherry blooms. The practical bent of the people among whom he dwells has not robbed him of the love of the mysterious. His lines betray both the land of his birth and the land of his sojourn. They are the offspring of a happy union between the East and the West. His dreams, which, had they been uttered to his brethren might have brought him no better fate than Joseph's, he can dilate upon in a language, not his own by right of birth, but which he threatens to appropriate for purposes not hitherto attained. Not being trammelled by any tradition or canon of diction and prosody, he makes the most daring use of English, imparting to his work now a bizarre quality, then a quaint picturesqueness, and again a naïve Japanesque tenderness. There is color in his words, there is fragrance in his phrases. Perhaps because he writes in a foreign tongue, or perhaps because his themes are often of an ethereal nature, or it may be because his mood is more often too dreamy for verbal expression, his lines give us a felicitous impression of something felt but left

unsaid, something vaguely guessed but inexpressible. Hence his very inarticulateness has indescribable charm, and his very incoherencies span the space his spirit sweeps at one flight. "In the mountains," says Nietzsche, "the shortest way is from summit to summit. But," he adds, "for that thou must have long legs." Our poet, unlike his brethren, is indisputably provided with "long legs."

Here, then, is a poet whom we can proudly claim as our kith and kin and yet who has shaken off the cobwebs of our poetical tradition, who, in fact, has freed himself from the narrowing influences at home and is singing with all his might in the free open air of a mighty continent.

Here is a flower native to the soil of our beloved land, which, like the chrysanthemum, is developing into finer, larger bloom under new culture and new surroundings. Is he a type of our race or is he to be a solitary exception? Does he stand for the essence of our nation or for a mere incident? It may well behoove literary Japan to ponder over these questions in the light of the writings of Yone Noguchi.

Karuizawa, Sept. 24, 1903.



WHAT CARLYLE TAUGHT

"WHO is Carlyle?" was a question on every tongue six decades ago in England and a score of years ago in Japan. Many a narrative of his outward life in divers forms—books, pamphlets, magazine articles and newspaper items—has answered it, making the grim form of the man a familiar figure not only in England but also here at this long distance from his accustomed haunts.

As our knowledge of the man grows, the new query arises, "What is Carlyle?" and it is this which is being busily discussed in the world of literature, ethics and philosophy.

Carlyle's works have become the common property of the civilized world. His words, and with them his ideas, are afloat in the air. We may say, with some limitation, that he governs a whole kingdom of thought. We think his thoughts, we cannot get away from them, so fully has he been impersonated in our minds. He is not only a mental and moral phenomenon of the past century, but continues to be of the present.

To us whose interests are not exclusively or even mainly of literary pretension, it is not needful to speak much of his monumental productions. It is the moral issues explicitly and implicitly

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taught by him that now concern us most nearly. Of all the phases of this prophet's many sided influence, it is fit that we ponder here on its moral character, as our age and generation stand most in need of this.

When religious cant and social conventionalities were rampant in Christian England, it was Carlyle that raised his voice against shams of all kinds and told his hypocritical people, in plain, unmistakable terms, to act in conformity with their individual consciences. When English pride, flattered by enormous wealth and industries, asserted itself, it was Carlyle who reminded his countrymen that the greatness of a people is not to be measured by the number of smoke-stacks or gun-boats they command. When English covetousness was being fostered by its vast possessions, well-gotten or ill-gotten, it was Carlyle who taught his brethren that all the area of Greater Britain, upon which the sun never sets, cannot counterbalance the loss of a Higher Britain.

Surely a man with messages like these deserves a listening everywhere and at all times. Are we not subject to cant and conventionalities, equally with or more than the English? Is not our pride of heart worse than the English, inasmuch as it is founded on no particular ground to boast of? Do we not hunger and thirst for a possession beyond

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the seas, and do we not even fret that we cannot get it by foul means or fair ?

Carlyle preached to mankind through the medium of the English language, and he naturally addressed himself primarily to the people of his own race. The respect paid by the British public to their railing prophet is a proof of their greatness. When he spoke of the English nation as twenty-five millions of fools, he certainly did not imply that they were fools in contrast to the "Country of the Wise" (*Kunshi-koku*). It were well if we heeded more earnestly his words and warnings. We may not agree with his definition of History or his estimate of Heroes ; but nobody will deny that none can become good on shams, that cant can never make one great. The first condition of being good or great is to be sincere, to be true to one's self, to follow one's best instincts.

"If in thy heart of heart
Thou stray not from the path of Truth,
Though voicing not thy prayers,
The gods will aye thee guard—forsooth."*

If from your innermost being you would act, act then with all your might. "Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh." Out of our being's depth the hand strikes, the feet

*心だに誠の道にかなひなば、祈らずとても神々護らん

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walk. One man may do much in this world, but if he is not constrained by his own honest conviction, all he does is but an idle puppet's play.

Sincerity of action is the gospel Carlyle preached by word and life. For—remember, words are acts and the pen in the hand of the good and the great cleaves sharper than a two-edged sword. The worth of any action is estimated by the motive which lies behind it, by the sincerity which animates it. Hence, in every act, howsoever trivial or momentous, we see an idea put to work ; we see an ideal in the process of realization ; we see a spirit laboring. There is then spiritual significance in all human activity, inclusive of the very thinking of man.—The beginning of wisdom is, therefore, to see with our own spiritual eye the spiritual value of life. It is this which alone is important ; all else is chaff by comparison. A king without a royal mind, in all his paraphernalia, may well be no better than a “forked radish ;” a peasant with a spiritual message will not weed his radish-patch without making life more beautiful. Carlyle gives us a glimpse into esoteric ethics.

Considered in this light, Reality is elevated to its true place as an embodiment of the Ideal, and the Ideal is read in all Realities. Judged by this standard, the commonly accepted Right or Wrong, Great or Small, does not conform to the

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Carlylean sense thereof. Hence the meanest day teaches in its meanest duties the wisdom of the past, and contains in its most commonplace chores lessons for the wise. The Present is indeed the conflux of two eternities, the Past and the Future.

One great evil of this age is discontent and disdain of life. Immature youths, with a smattering of elementary philosophy, feeding their feeble brains on thirty-sen literature, biting a morsel of Schopenhauer or a thin slice of Nietzsche, (all these in translations of literary hacks who themselves comprehend them not wholly), hasten to Kegon to offer their puny bodies a prey to fish and crow, (fit end no doubt of cowardly spirits who flee life's stern duties!) or else give themselves up to folly and dissipation that they may stifle the awful voice of their own consciences, or--be they better ones among these weaklings--crawl on this solid earth, dejected, despairing, whining, whimpering. Despicable bipeds all! Can you not read Carlyle? Take *Sartor Resartus* and learn what living in earnest means. Take *Cromwell* and know what a God-fearing man can do. Take *Frederick the Great* and behold what mighty power a strong will, regulated by severe discipline, can wield. Take *The French Revolution* and see that God judges righteously. Take *Burns* and understand that one in the humblest walks of

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life can disclose to the world the beauties and secrets of Nature, an open Book of God, that he who runs may read, if he be not blind.

These then, and much more, are the messages that Carlyle brought us. They have been scattered far and wide; they have become a force, filling the air and making it, as does ozone, fresher and more stimulating. For the aged and the aging such air may be too bracing; but for youths in their most conceited period, the years between fifteen and twenty-five, few teachers can excel Carlyle. He can best help you in making resolutions, in forming decision of character at this great crisis of life. Read him! and whether you outgrow him or not, you will be forever thankful for a sober and not a sombre, for a solemn and not a sullen, view of Life, Nature and God.



FLESH PROSTRATE

O Joy! The giant Flesh stands erect, exulting in its right to claim its prey. That instant Remorse strikes it to the ground half dead. Slowly it recovers sense and kneels before the throne of Grace for a new joy—the cup drained from off the altar.



THE REAL AND THE IDEAL

"THE clouds that rise beyond those misty heights of far Cathay, are they not the smoke that curls from our humble hearth?" * In every reality lies the ideal, and each ideal gives us a glimpse of the possibility of realization. The instant and complete realization of an ideal is as impossible to mortal man as the attainment of the absolute. We climb one height, immediately another peak towers before us. When a summit ceases to appear, in other words, when one's ideal is satisfied, it proves the satiated poverty of one's spirit. The ideal is the logical outcome of man's infinite nature. It is the pledge of the Divine in man. It is fit that man should ever pursue it, know as he may that it is not attainable in its fullest. It is that which keeps hope alive.

The antithesis between the ideal and the real is not so great in life as it may seem when the terms are used abstractly; for, in the real, the sordid actuality, the matter of fact, lies an infinite idea. The fire over which I cook my meagerest meal gives rise to the clouds which glorify the sunset. If we only have eyes to observe, the whole plan of creation can be read in a daisy growing by the

*唐土の山のあなたに立つ雲は、我がすむ庵の煙なりけり

roadside. What depth there is in a pool of water ! A wise man can learn more truth from an ant-hill than can a fool from the summit of Fuji.



GLORIES OF JAPANESE ART

How devoid of expression are our pictures ! Nay, not our pictures only, but our ideas of beauty. Look at our painted types of masculine perfection—long noses, small, slanting, sleepy eyes, pursed lips *sans* firmness : look at the models of our feminine beauty—veritable dolls, with no animation. Our portraits and our likenesses are as dead as still life. Read our literature —smooth, silly rhymes about moonlight, drooping lilies, gnarled pines,—spiritless, soulless.

We congratulate and shake hands with ourselves over an item in a foreign paper to the effect that we lead the world in art. As long as the essence of art consists in graceful lines and powerful strokes we may indeed be proud ; but, if art should be the symbol of an idea, how little does ours express the noblest of ideas, the moral ! Or has our art been refined and defined, until it has become confined to mere lines and strokes—in a word, has art been degraded into artificiality ?



IN A HAGI GARDEN IN KYOTO

THE sun has turned its glaring face from us ; the summer is going. The autumn has come ; but ah ! already the glory of the *hagi* is passing away. The moon, the sad autumn moon, wreathes the drooping head of the flower with dewy pearls, lending its own luster to the liquid gems. What avail the lanterns, torches, bonfires which they light in these gardens of Kōdaiji and Daikokuden ? They are an abomination, a barbarian invasion into the sacred realms of moonlight and *hagi*.

A child of the secluded hills, and untilled wastes and craggy paths, my flower brings a message from her retired home in a voice that I knew before I ever saw hills, wastes or crags. To my many queries she nods and waves her answers, and I grow strangely wise by her lessons.

I visit the parks in the day-time to watch a yellow butterfly and a white, a small brown one and a still smaller blue, playing about the clusters whose branches in conscious sport beckon and tease these aerial creatures. I see numerous ants busily climbing the stalks, seeking provender no doubt. Bees and wasps help themselves to the repast which the *hagi* prepares for them. The

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fragrance of the flower is scarcely perceptible, the color, too, is not striking; but, in the great economy of nature, varied forms of life seek nourishment in her blossoms. But the nourishment she gives to man is of an ethereal nature.

From the confused tissues of our present consciousness, she spins out a tender cord of yearning, drawing us to the long-forgotten past and to the far-off unknown future. Not of the horrid by-gones which we would rather have buried in oblivion, nor of the uncertain vicissitudes of coming years, but of the "fallings from us, vanishings," and of the vast possibilities of our soul's expansion, of "the last of life, for which the first was made," —it is of these that our flower reminds us.

A mother's voice has she, recalling us to the days when we crept to her side and lisped our first accents of love on her cheeks. Nay, she carries me farther than my infant years, back to the time when of earth I wot not, when of flesh I partook not, when of mother I heard not. Vague memories haunt me, vaguest dreams of æons past, when I hung upon the *hagi* branch like a moonlit drop of midnight dew, or flitted like the tiny butterfly sucking the nectar from her blushing buds.

As I write these lines, seated in the midst of a Kyoto garden, I catch a glimpse of a little child

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playing with a puppy, half hidden by a long branch of *hagi*. But the child, the puppy and the *hagi* have all become one in my mind, images of one harmonious life, planned and sustained by a sure though invisible Hand.



BEING AND DOING

A MISER may be generous in order that he may obtain more money; a coward may act bravely from fear; a liar may tell the truth from a lying motive. It is dangerous to infer from a single action the character of a man. A Kobo may make a slip with his pen; a monkey may fall from a tree. It is not fair to judge a man by an isolated act.

To me a man's actions are valuable mainly as indications of his character. The play of a good man teaches me more than the wisest achievements of a fool. To be is of far more consequence than to do. Be good, and whatever thou dost undertake will be good. "This above all, to thine own self be true, and thou canst not then be false to any one."



SPECIAL TRAINING AND GENERAL CULTURE

A WITTY English saying, "Something of everything and everything of something," expresses the whole compass of education. It is well that we choose a certain line of work and become master therein; but it is also well that one's intellectual and moral sympathies should be broad enough to touch all the main concerns of human life. A man of general culture is in danger of sinking into "a Jack of all trades and master of none"; but a specialist is in equal danger of running in a narrow groove and severing himself from the larger current that forms the stream of life. In short, his range of vision becomes the proverbial outlook of the frog in the well, whereas a man of general culture may be lost in the limitless field of knowledge without a clearly marked trail.

General culture is the centrifugal force in education, and special training its centripetal. Only by the co-operation of the two in right proportion can you expect a well-balanced mind.

The same is true in the study of English. Select one book and read it over and over again. Make it your special book, mark its passages, make marginal notes, commit its striking parts to

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memory, study it until it becomes a part of yourself. At the same time read what you can in or from other books. Peep into philosophy, into literature, into science, into religion.

To take a concrete example, I would advise a young student to select some easy book—say Longfellow, Washington Irving or Oliver Goldsmith—and study it thoroughly; but all this while, whenever occasion offers itself, get an idea of Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton and Mill. Above all, get their thoughts and not merely their words.



LOGIC-CHOPPING

ONE great intellectual vice of our educated class is to over-logicize. There is as much danger in a loosely constructed syllogism as in carelessly returned statistics. Both may pretend to prove every thing, but neither can arrive at any truth.

With the same tools with which these syllogizers chop their logic or split a hair, they carve an idol and infuse into it the spirit of a Frankenstein.



THE SOUL'S ETERNAL QUEST

THE swallows came, we know not whence. The swallows went, we know not whither. We only know that they came from the vague, undefined North; that they flew into the vague, undefined South. We envy their wisdom and knowledge, for they certainly knew whence they came and whither they went. How little does man know! He only says he came here from his mother's womb so many years ago; but knows nothing of the whole ocean of Eternity, vast as vague and vague as vast, that lay beyond his earthly birth. We wonder, and cease not from wondering, where our home may have been. Science points to the earth and says—there lies your home; Religion points her finger above and tells us—there! Take, O Soul! thy choice, and with thy choice wilt thou descend unto the earth or mount unto the skies.

USE OF GIFTS

I ADMIRE poverty when I see rich men groveling in wealth. I glory in ignorance when I see learned men showing off knowledge. I am glad of ill health when I see strong men indulging in excesses.

I should be thankful to have wealth that I might spend it for worthy ends; to be educated that I might understand wisdom; to be strong that I might help the weaker better.

SELF-MASTER Y

A BRILLIANT victory crowned our war with China: we are beating Russia to the amazement of the West. But the greatest victory is yet to be. Can we conquer ourselves? This last conquest is what would make our nation truly great. The bloodless warfare is the hottest and hardest, and the sublimest victory won by a spiritual weapon against an invisible enemy entitles the conqueror to a boundless dominion of universal respect and power.

November, 1903.

A GRATEFUL HEART

A GREAT heart is ever full of gratitude, for it can comprehend the goodness of others. Marcus Aurelius begins his *Meditations* with an expression of his thanks for the debt he owes to his parents, teachers and friends. The confession of his indebtedness shows the unbounded capacity of his mind to absorb what was good in these benefactors. The ills which others bring upon us are but a small fraction of our sufferings, exceedingly small, compared with the ills which we cause ourselves.

HIDDEN ANGELS

IN hidden nooks and obscure places, angels like to sit or work. I have seen them in hovels of poverty; I have met them in houses dark with sorrow. Their faces shine the more in the blackness; they gleam the brightest under the thickest shroud. They were best visible in the tomb where "they buried Jesus," and where women, weeping, sought for Him. Their mere presence turns the haunt of misery or sorrow into a very hieron.



LIFE'S CONTRADICTIONS

So glaring are life's seeming contradictions that we are prone to despair of their solution and to find a feeble comfort in agnosticism, pessimism, or, sometimes, in abject abnegation of whatever makes life worth living. Are we not creatures of our own notions? Are we not creators of our own little world?

There are problems which baffle the highest energies of a Kant or a Newton. It is these enigmas which are powerful enough to exalt a saint into regions of spiritual ecstasy, or drive a sinner below the level of a brute. They make of a man a philosopher or a fool.

Man is a resultant of never so many forces, social and physical, an average, we may say, of many and large numbers. He is a pretty well balanced existence, but his equipoise is easily disturbed by whatever strikes him as inconsistent with his little fancies and lesser experiences.

Would that man were large enough to perceive a grand harmony ruling beneath the seeming contradictions! Would that man stood so high that he felt not the petty, conflicting facts of existence! Can he ever reach a height like this?

We know of one who did reach it. He did not

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trouble himself with the small scruples which the world worships as consistencies, but which are, as Emerson has it, "the hobgoblin of fools and little minds." Strict follower of old laws, he did not hesitate to violate the letter of them. Blameless in his morals, he associated with the outcasts of society. Nothing was easier than that its "fair-seeming respectabilities" should misunderstand him.

The standard wherewith he judged men and things was totally different from that which the world uses. Man-made laws which are all and everything for man, were nought for him.

He was large enough to comprehend extremes. Delicately poised as was his scalebeam, you could put on one side a whole kingdom and on the other a sparrow, and yet not derange its balance.

What seem to our limited vision as contradictions or opposing elements, on our level, find harmony in a higher, and the higher we ascend the fewer the contradictions which distract us. And so, as we rise from one stage of mental being to another, the less become the inconsistencies of life, until we catch a glimpse of the Divine, in whom all contradictions are solved, and all conflicts end, and all differences find a perfect adjustment.



REFLECTIONS ON A CHRISTMAS EVE

So much has been written on the significance of this day and so much more has been thought and felt in the English language, that the subject may well be said to be exhausted, at least we, on our part, despair of adding to it a single original remark. Why then do I take up my pen?

It is not the *day* that I revere. Historians are not agreed that the twenty-fifth day of December was the exact date when the man Jesus was born; and if we speak of the day, the year itself lies under serious doubt. History is vague and inexact upon these points of high external importance. But the main fact is past dispute—that such a man as Jesus Christ did actually live, and therefore must actually have been born, some time within a decade of what is termed the beginning of the Christian Era. The dates themselves may be said to be of minor concern. Their intrinsic worth is nothing compared with the event they commemorate, and therefore they should sink into insignificance.

It matters little in what year or on what day

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the man Jesus was born, compared with the spiritual interest involved in the birth of Christ in the Bethlehem of our heart: Bethlehem, the House of Bread, and He Himself said, "I am the bread of Life." Christmas should rather be the day when angels proclaim the glad tidings of great joy to each one of us.

The little town of Bethlehem was also called Ephratah, the fruitful. Would we be worthy of the nativity of so distinguished a Person (it was not only once or twice that cities went to war to secure the honor of having given birth to Homer, and a greater than Homer is He of Whom we speak) our Bethlehem should likewise be the true Ephratah, bringing forth fruits in abundance.

Precious are the fruits of the Spirit; but among them all none exceeds love. There have been and are trees which bear knowledge and wisdom; others, righteousness and liberty, music and poetry; others which bear life itself; but love, as taught by Christ, is borne by no other tree than that on which he hung. There have grown some trees symbolic of liberty. Americans planted poplars during the Revolution; during the French Revolution there were trees of liberty erected, and Italians planted forests in memory of 1848. In the Arabian tale

there was a singing tree, every leaf of which had a mouth that joined in a concert; in India was a poet's tree whose foliage gave melody of voice to whomsoever chewed of it. The Norse mythology speaks of the tree Igdrasil, the Ash-tree of Existence, with its roots deep down in the Kingdoms of Hela or Death, where sit three *Nornas*, Fates—Past, Present and Future.

I am a great admirer of Buddhistic philosophy. Little as I know of it, its scope and penetration impress me as superior to the writings of the Fathers and the Scholastics—a wonderful system of thought, attempting to explain all phenomena, mental and physical; and yet—this also has impressed me, that all the vast ratiocinations and assertions of the Buddhists are, as it were, horizontal, creeping, crawling, leaving not one small nook or corner unprobed. It may well be called the triumph of human intellect.

What simplicity itself are Christ's teachings! He did not construct any philosophical system. He taught no science. He explained no sociological law. His logic is doubtful. His political ideas are exceedingly primitive. And yet, with all these apparent defects, what has He done—what has He not done? System upon system of philoso-

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phy has been based on His teaching. Science, the latest-born of the ages, still flushed with youthful pride, is in a very materialistic stage, but it already gives promises of the spiritual significance which Christ long anticipated. Of sociology, He has enunciated its premises, the nature of man. His logic, though not of the deductive or inductive method, had a power to convince, not solely the reasoning faculty of man, but his whole being. It was categorical. It is no wonder that He cared little for politics. Whether He espoused republican or monarchical principles, freedom or despotism, general suffrage or property qualification, is a question of comparative indifference. Interminable talk as there has been on these questions, how much good has it done?

The religious teaching of Christ is equally simple. It requires no demonstration. Any sick nature with the slightest remnant of health in it, can accept it. It says—Dost thou feel within thy heart any discomfort, is there any uneasiness in thy mind, anything of which thou feelest the least ashamed? That is sin. Out with it by repentance and faith! This seems to me the gist of Christ's religion. His appeal to the will and not the intellect, to man's power to act rather than his power to reflect, may be called a vertical,

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moral action, in contrast with the elaborate philosophical arguments of Buddhism which we termed horizontal in their reach.

The theology of Christ is not more complex. He taught what any one of open conviction can accept without evidence or apology—that there is God Who is the Father and Who is Love. He does not take trouble to demonstrate the Divine existence. The fact was so plain to Him. And indeed, if we but retire to the chamber of our own heart and commune within ourselves, the discovery of a God requires neither logic nor science.

I believe the tripodal doctrines of Jesus Christ were the Fatherhood of God, the Divinity of Himself, the transcendent power of Love.

As regards the Divinity of Christ, what controversies distract our poor minds! What man, with language which is no higher than the imagery of his own wit, can convince his own spiritual nature of things which surpass his earthly understanding? The tongue of man, as Kossuth says, is a poor interpreter in the realm of emotions. We may add, it is utterly inadequate in the realm of spirit, in the kingdom of Heaven.

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Ah, I wish I had with me a copy of Pascal as I write these lines! Of all the men I have read, he seems best to express the subtleties of the spiritual life.



A FLASH OF THOUGHT

THE Formosan savages, in their primeval forest-home, read their fate in the flight of birds. The Romans, masters of the world, in their Eternal City did the same. The cloud, which fleets across the sky, carries in it rain to succor the parched soil. The lightest fancy which, for an instant, darts athwart our brain, only to vanish as it came, may bear momentous tidings.



THE INSULAR SPIRIT

How often do we hear the disparaging term *Shimaguni konjō*, insular spirit, applied to the mental limitations and moral aberrations of our own selves! The expression has become a hackneyed explanation of our lack of sympathy, the restrictions of our intellectual horizon, the smallness of our world-conception. Not only has it become an explanation of, but a stereotyped excuse for, our racial defects. This implies two unfortunate ideas. One is that we make our defects a natural and therefore unavoidable consequence of our geographical location. The other is that we make ourselves—I mean individuals, each one of us—largely irresponsible for our frailties. Am I wrong in charging scholars who have over-read Buckle or misread Wallace with beliefs like this?

Island life does not necessarily act dwarfingly upon the soul. Stand on the beach of a little islet, turn your face landward and your vision will be cut short by hills and trees, and your mind may fail to reach beyond these barriers; but turn toward the sea—the boundless sea—whose liquid surface encompasses the globe. What is there to limit your sight or bound your thoughts? History's greatest achievements have been the

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work of insular peoples. Greece and Italy were practically islands. Of England, why speak?

Professor Kirchoff has, in a recent speech, dwelt upon the manifold influences of the sea upon the peoples whose shores are washed by its life-giving waves. He has told us of its unifying influence upon the nations inhabiting islands. He has told us of the advancement in handicrafts which seafaring demands. He has told us of the birth of sciences, notably astronomy, among a navigating folk; but I should say that the most precious gift which the sea dowers upon man is the broadening of soul and growth in manliness.

Our so-called insular spirit, with its narrowness, crookedness, suspicion, petty pride and bragging, rigidity and over-strained sense of honour, is not a product of our geography. I shall not be at all surprised if, sometime, ethnologists shall demonstrate that it is all due to a continental culture, namely, the influence of Chinese studies.



NEW YEAR'S GREETING AND RESOLUTIONS

To the thousands of readers of *The Student*, whose glance may now rest upon its pages—be this in the light of the Hokkaido snow, or reading it under the shadow of Fujiyama, or perchance, perusing it where waves the Formosan palm—and to other fellow-students of the English language, we extend our heartiest greeting for the new year. May it be an auspicious year for you and for the nation at large, indeed for the whole world.

May it be above all a peaceful year. Long enough has the Far East been overcast by the foreboding clouds of war. May the new year see the Sun of Peace dispel the darkness, or, if war there must be, let it be an honorable and glorious war and yet—can war ever be glorious? We are reminded at this juncture of the words of the purest of American statesmen, Charles Sumner, whose admonitions deserve to be listened to by all the nations of the world: “The most inglorious peace,” he said in his famous Boston oration, *The True Grandeur of Nations*, “is more glorious than the most glorious war.”

State affairs and political problems are not our direct concern. We allude to them only as they

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relate to our intellectual and moral growth, and, inasmuch as we take no active part in matters of that kind, we may briefly dismiss them by expressing our sincere hope and earnest prayer that the year just dawning may verily see peace established under these far eastern skies.

Few may recognize any connection between our magazine and the large question above alluded to; but it is easy to see that two nations, forming a political alliance, must already have had some bond of sympathy and unity which they must henceforth cultivate more closely. Such a tie is not possible without mutual understanding, which in turn is best realized by the study of the language natural to each.

Grave as is this subject of a mutual understanding, I dare to say, without disparaging our own literature, that we shall be more of gainers than of losers in the present instance, though the linguistic study be not mutual, though it be only one-sided and that on our part; for the study of English is in itself an ennobling intellectual pursuit. The treasures which English literature hoards are beyond compute. Is there any thing in the dominion of letters comparable to it? Greek literature may indeed compare with or even surpass it in beauty and force and originality; but, for us, English has advantages that Greek has

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not. It is the language of a living race. It has imbibed the best of Greek thought, and added to it Hebrew strength and Christian sentiment. It is the language of commerce; it is the medium whereby the largest number of people on earth can exchange ideas; it is the language of the race which, with all its faults, we must, willingly or unwillingly, admit, is the chosen people of this modern age.

My dear readers, I have strayed far from my theme, our New Year's greeting; but you have no doubt heard "Akemashite omedeto!" from every passer-by in the street and every caller at your door. You have no doubt received innumerable post-cards with "Kyoga Shinnen!" from your friends far and near. Pleasant as are the friendly greetings, do they not disturb you in your quiet reading amidst the Hokkaido snow, or where looms the glory of Fuji, or under the palm-tree?

Our part shall be to do more than send a mere formal greeting; for a New Year should be an occasion not only for official rejoicing and conventional salutations, but a proper one for turning a new page in our life. It is a peculiarly appropriate time to make, afresh, good resolutions. Do not laugh scornfully at the New Year's resolutions, so often made and so often broken.

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Never mind, dear friends, if your last year's resolutions seem to have borne no fruit; for be assured that they have somewhere borne some fruit, though it be here unseen and unknown. We are indeed such poor creatures that what we resolve to-day we break to-morrow. The promises we make to ourselves are the easiest to violate, and promises once violated are longest remembered. Yet we are also strong enough to resolve to rebuild again to-morrow that which we have shattered to-day. Failure to carry out a decision should be neither a discouragement nor an excuse for not making it anew. If along the path of life we stumble ten times, we have only to stand up ten times. What distinguishes the great man from his weaker fellows, is his decision of character. I wish to say to my younger friends: Make for yourselves the best, highest and strongest resolutions on this New Year's day. Put them down in black and white. Carry them in your pocket. Gauge your daily conduct by them as standards. Every honest resolution, be it never so short lived, leaves some impress upon the moral fibre. If a scorner comes to you and says, "Thou fool! Thou hast done the same thing before. Thousands of people have done the same, but none has ever fully carried them out;" then say, "Get thee behind me, Satan! Behind me! Into

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the years which are behind. It is now an angel that guides me—an angel of a resolute will, and of a pure heart."

January, 1904.



PLEBEIANISM

WE have heard much of *Bushido*, or, as some would rather have it, of *Shi-do*—the precepts of knighthood. It has been the foundation, the corner-stone, the pillar, of our national morality; but the times are changing, and the *samurai* are no more, though the precepts which moulded their character survive them still. These precepts must find a new application to changed circumstances; they must be democratized. The light which illumed the summit and the breast of society, must now enlighten its broader basis. *Shi-do* must be transformed into *Min-do*, the precepts of the people. With advancing education, *bushi*, fighting nobles, will recede and *heimin* (ordinary—or let us rather translate it *peaceful* people) must come to the front.



A DEFECT IN OUR EDUCATION

THERE is no denying that a great deal has been done by our Government in the cause of education. There is no denying that it has undertaken a gigantic task, inasmuch as the education of the Meiji Era is not a continuation of that of the pre-Restoration period, but an entirely new divergence. There is no denying that this new educational system has succeeded too well. It has succeeded in making machines of us; in depriving us of the sterner qualities—the love of righteousness; in one word, in depriving us of character, which was deemed the highest aim of education by our fathers. What boots it all—the pride of intellect, the acrobatic balancing of logic, the hair-splitting niceties of logomachy, the endless researches of science—if these only turn us into thinking or talking machines? What avail the pedagogical systems of Fröbel and Herbart, if they make spectacles of our eyes and not living organs?

We make an idol of the head, forgetting that only in coöperation with the heart can it grasp higher truth. A pure heart and undefiled can perceive more than a microscope and a dusty tome.

I believe that there is in man, within his Holy

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of Holies, the divine, which alone can recognize and understand the hidden divineness of the universe. It may be that truths of higher order, even in the material world, are difficult to express in words, though they may be clearly felt by a responsive heart or perceived by a seeing eye. It is here that science and philosophy, with their interminably long words, come somewhat to help.

It seems to me that all the wonderful discoveries in science have long been anticipated. In other words, that science has always lagged behind human premonitions.

First, a Socrates, with a seeing eye, with noble thoughts and a clean, pure heart, communing directly with his *Dæmon*; then a Plato, putting into eloquent and stately words what lay inarticulate within his master's heart. Then comes an Aristotle, arranging in formulas and systems what his predecessors have comprehended and feelingly uttered. If an Aristotle can follow his *Dæmon* as faithfully as did Socrates; if he can comprehend the mind of the master as sympathetically as did Plato, there can not be the least objection to his science and philosophy. If, however, he must be scientific at the sacrifice of noble sentiment, or philosophical at the loss of spiritual insight, it is a grave question whether he is the superior product of human culture, culture in its

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fullest sense.

Our education has devoted all its energies to making little Aristotles at the sacrifice of a Socrates. This is selling our birthright for a mess of pottage. This is proving disloyal to the best traditions of our race. This is a mere aping of European culture. This is a partial view, and a very partial one at that, of the peoples whom we now-a-days regard as our superiors; for what constitutes the greatness of the Anglo-Saxon race? What is the secret of its growth?

You will scarcely admit that the Anglo-Saxons have produced the greatest or the most thinkers. It is not a fact that science is most advanced among them; nor, with all its wealth, can English literature claim superiority over the Greek? If, in some respects, English science and English philosophy and English literature are superior to the science and philosophy and literature of the Continent or of Asia, there is a deep cause lying behind these intellectual manifestations, a cause which can be summed up in one word—character. Anglo-saxon superiority is not due to intellectual superiority.

Mr. Kidd is right in insisting upon the possession and exercise of plebeian, common, everyday virtues, of diligence, truth-loving, honesty, as the cause of the grandeur of his race. Little wonder

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that Monsieur Demolins should emphasize this as the chief characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race.

If Japan is to be a country of art, as a whole and in detail, as some sentimentalists would have it; if we desire to make the people themselves as picturesque as the land itself; if we are to accept it as our destiny to be toys for the rest of the world, we may go on instructing our sons and our grandsons; not in the sterner qualities of our fathers, but in the charm of grace, debonair manners and thus make ourselves picturesque, as are the Latin peoples in the present stage of their decadence.

But this is no time to be posing or to be grinding out mediocre poetry, or to be studying stage gestures. "The next gale that blows from the north, will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms." Manhood and manliness are the chief inheritance left by our fathers and mothers. It is therefore with profound interest that we watch the development of an idea lately made public by our Minister of Education—that the guiding principle in our educational policy henceforth should be the building of character.



PREPARE IN PEACE FOR WAR AND IN WAR FOR PEACE

INDOLENCE and lethargy may be sweet for a time, but they soon exhaust their charms. They contain within themselves seeds of self-destruction, hence temptations to be idle cannot be permanent. Man is never happy unless he is "up and doing." Both his mind and body are framed for work, and activity alone accords with their nature. The ease of peace, its indolence and lassitude, may lull us to sleep for a while; but it is well-nigh impossible to slumber longer than our wonted number of hours.

When the *Samurai* was warned not to forget war in times of peace, it was not such an onerous task to deprive himself of his full measure of nightly repose, or to betake himself to a tournament in the frost of the winter dawn. Exercise is in itself exhilarating. When his comrades round about him were astir, it required no special incentive for him to rouse himself to further sedulity. Add to his own animation the general bustle of his surroundings, and he had more than personal exhilaration to keep up his spirits.

Far more difficult is it to keep in mind peace in the crisis of war than to remember war in times

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of peace. There is no doubt that peace is our ideal of existence. War is not an end ; it may be a means, a road, to peace. In the course of national as well as individual life, a state of peace is the rule and war the exception. Peace is a normal condition of existence, and war is but a temporary device to make that condition sure. Youth, however, is prone to forget, in the momentary excitement of war, the more permanent interests of peace. When the blasts of war sound in our ears, it takes great courage to curb our swelling spirit within rational bounds. Reason does not enjoin, much less emotion, that we be somber over our victories. No! No!! let us be jubilant over every conquest we make ; let us rend the air with our hurrahs and *bansai*, and yet—and yet—!

Think of the thousand issues which one victory involves ! Of its price calculated in *yen* and *sen*, I will not speak. Of the dead, however, and of what their death entails upon those left behind, we must not be unmindful. What our ultimate triumph (of which we feel so sure) will bring in its train, economically and morally, who can prognosticate ? Who can predict the full measure of the responsibilities which will devolve upon the coming generation ? These are by far the greatest issues of the war, of which every young man

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must feel the weight and for which he must equip himself.

I appeal to the youth of our land! Do you hear the bells of the vendors of *specials*? Get your news, by all means; read it well; be well posted about battles on land and sea; mark on the map where the fight took place and how the army advanced; do not omit to note the efforts of the bravest regiments; but all the while remember that the enemies, whom you will have to combat, will be more formidable than the Russians, though their weapons may not consist of rifles and torpedoes. Reserve your overflowing energy for a more glorious warfare than that of the present. Store your mind with strategetics for the coming contest, and burden it not with sham fights on paper. Fortify yourselves with all due equipment of knowledge and science. Sharpen all your instruments of the spirit, and see that they tarnish not before the appointed time. Thus alone can you make yourselves ready for whatever may come to you and your fatherland at no distant day.

April, 1904.



AMERICANISM IN THE EAST

TOGETHER with a newly coined phrase, "the Morganization of industry," another, "the Americanization of the world," is afloat in the air. Though it found its clearest spokesman in Mr. Stead, the tendency which it denotes has become visible and audible in many quarters of human activity. The world tendency is American. We cannot get rid of this fact. We see it in industries, in education, in social manners, and in human thoughts.

But fifty years ago, at the time Perry came to and upon us, the world pictured America as a huge, unformed and unreclaimed prairie upon which roamed, with their tomahawks, fierce savages, in quest of scalps, while here and there stood towns of frame houses, within which was heard the nasal twang of the Puritans, reading aloud from the Scriptures. In many a country-place in Europe, there are still those who think of New York as a hamlet of Indians and of Chicago as an outpost of fur-traders. All the same, American wheat feeds these identical people and American cotton clothes them.

Only twenty years ago, few dreamed of America as a land of art and science, of literature and philosophy. We could not reconcile cities of a

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few decades growth with collections of ancient art or even with modern masterpieces. We believed that the Muses would not inspire a nation so earnestly bent upon earthly welfare. We thought philosophy would scorn democracy. But the case proved otherwise. The great Republic is appropriating all the gifts which grace our existence; it is making the world its very own.

Japan could not refuse the advances of the United States. She had many, many times repulsed the overtures of other nations, but when the time came for America to represent the world-spirit, we could no longer reject it. To have done so would have meant disaster to us, if not ruin. We glory in the thought that we have been divinely guided at every momentous turning-point of our career. At no time, however, has the guiding hand of Providence been more manifest than it was fifty years ago, upon the occasion of Perry's expedition to our shores. It was then that our Ship of State launched into the world-current, that we ourselves became an integral part of the modern world. Russia, through her amiable Czar and her whining diplomats, is trying to demonstrate that we do not belong to the modern world, to modern civilization. Mr. Brooks Adams evidently anticipated this charge of Russia, when he explained that Japan is in the vanguard of the New Empire—

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an Empire not governed by a political sovereign, but by irresistible forces and influences.

We represent in the Far East what may be called American ideas, or, if you prefer to call it so, Anglo-Saxon ideas. It is not only as a sea-power, that we are allied with the Anglo-Saxons. Freedom is more precious than power over all the seas. Russia is trying her best to sever us from our Anglo-Saxon friends, on the ground that she belongs to the same Aryan stock as they, whereas we are only Mongolians! She forgets that blood is not the only tie between kindred spirits, that there are friends who stick closer than brothers.

Whenever American influences have found their way, be it among the savage Indians or the Negroes; be it in the semi-barbarous Hawaiian Islands or in the Philippines, or in the Far Eastern seats of alien and ancient civilization, they have been mainly educational, and these educational influences have even existed, not unconsciously as a necessary consequence of a policy uneducational in its motive but consciously and steadily. Columbia is the greatest school-mistress the world has ever seen. She knows how to educate—that is, how to draw out the best in men.

A few years prior to Perry's arrival in Japan, Creasy had prophesied that changes of vast magni-

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tude would be wrought by the advance of American power in the Pacific, and, even a generation before the English historian wrote, Crawfurd had expressed a presentiment that the United States would open Japan and China. Seward, too, foretold that "the Pacific Ocean, its shores, its islands, and the vast regions beyond, will become the chief theatre of events in the world's great Hereafter."

All these prophecies have been fulfilled by the hand of America in the short period of half a century. But nowhere has American enterprise borne more fruit than amongst us. Only lately has the greatest American authority on diplomacy voiced the satisfaction of his people. In his new work on "American Diplomacy in the Orient," Mr. Foster says, "It is especially gratifying to Americans to note the triumphs of Japanese wisdom, persistency and patriotism—to feel that they were instrumental in awakening that people to the high ideal which they fixed for themselves, and that they have stood by them as their adviser and friend in their long struggle for regeneration and independence."

It is a matter of happy augury that the waters which lave the shores of the two countries were named *Peace*. May it bind the two nations in still closer ties of friendship!

This year we celebrate the golden wedding of

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America and Japan, and when, twenty-five years hence, the diamond wedding comes, may we and our sons and daughters not only rejoice in the good will between the two nations, but may we also invite the other nations to our banquet spread amid the blessing of universal peace and friendship!

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TWO STANDARDS

Two standards we must possess—the one to measure our neighbor's height and the other to fathom our own depth. Let that wherewith we gauge our neighbors be short, and that wherewith we try ourselves be long. The *kane-shaku* is for others—the *kujira-shaku* is for us. Do our neighbors possess virtues to the same degree as we, count them in so many *kane* inches, and let us admire and love them; but, for ourselves, let us reckon in *kujira* inches and be ever conscious that our stature falls far short of the mark.



OUR MANNERS AND CUSTOMS

OUR manners and customs have been the subject of too much praise by foreign tourists and friendly residents, though I dare say there is a refinement in our manners which is rarely found in those of more advanced peoples. At the same time, compliments and flattery should not blind our eyes to some of the grave defects which are perceptible even to casual observers, much more to such as have been among us long enough to learn the utter emptiness of some of our social forms.

The disintegration of the social fabric of feudalism and the simultaneous introduction of foreign ideas, European customs and American manners, have brought it about that we are now a nation *sans* manners of our own, and—alas! no manners means rudeness. There is little ground for encomium. How, therefore, can we deserve it? When strangers from other lands speak well of us, we must remember that the subject of their praise is a relic of pre-Meiji training. The Meiji era, so far as manners and customs are concerned, has been a period of vandalism, of grossness, rudeness and crudity. We began reforms at legal ends, priding ourselves that we were forming a jural state. We speak as though nomocracy were

the highest form of political organizations. A government by law is a certain proof of civilization. Its character is the measure of a nation's enlightenment. But they are an utterly worthless people who are ruled only by laws, who feel no stronger or higher sanction than what is legibly put in black and white on the pages of statute books. Manners and customs should be the original material from which laws are framed, for these are the expression of the ethical status of a nation; but, in our haste to be jural, we have reversed the natural order and are trying to evolve ethics from laws. Whatever does not transgress the letter of the law passes as harmless, legitimate and, if not always exactly right, still never wrong.

Look at this man seated beside me in the car. His dress almost stinks; his cigar emits smoke of vilest odor; the coarse voice in which he reads aloud his newspapers violates all laws of music. He spits anywhere on the floor; he leaves his orange-skins on the seat; now he stands up, denudes himself entirely and puts on his night-gown, takes a drink of *saki* and belches in my face. Obviously, none of these acts infringes upon a single article in the six codes of the Empire; he feels that he has done no man wrong and that he has only exercised his right to make himself comfortable. He certainly is not a criminal in a

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jural state ; but he is worse than a criminal in the society of gentlemen and beyond pardon in that of ladies. The respect we pay exclusively to laws has deprived us of the reverence we should observe towards culture, refinement and the genteel instincts of men and women which are too subtle, and I may say too high, for any code of laws to touch.

Politeness is a virtue ; it is an attribute of the soul. It is not a mere form ; it is not a gesture ; it is not a pose. It is a manifestation of altruism ; its ulterior motive is love. Take politeness from your manners and they sink into mannerism, a hollow show.

I have nothing to say against teaching manners to youths and maidens in our schools ; but it is the poorest sort of an education to pursue them as an end in themselves or even as something in themselves invaluable.

Their value lies in being “the shadow of virtues.” Our manners should be, as Foster said, a part of our soul, as is the style of a writer of genius.

Unless real and substantial virtue is at the bottom of the genteest behavior, the most refined manners do not save a man from being a boor and a clown. A man may have solid virtues and lack manners, and still remain a gentleman and

APPROBATION AND REPROACH

hero. Such a man has substance, not shadows—he walks in the light of the sun when it is in the zenith. His uncouth ways are forgotten; his social foibles are not noticed, as they dwindle into obscurity in comparison with his larger nature.

The thousand little hints about propriety, the thousand instructive “don’ts,” the thousand precepts of the Chesterfields and the Ogasawaras are as nought compared with the teaching of “Shiking,” “Let no evil thought lodge in you.”



APPROBATION AND REPROACH OF CONSCIENCE

WHEN men praise me, I retire into my closet and ask, “Is it Thy voice I hear in this applause?” A calm comes over my soul and the loudest adulation does not elate me.—When men hate me and speak all manner of evil against me, I front them boldly and say in my heart, “Is it Thy voice I hear in these reproaches?” Strength comes over me, as it were the strength of ten, and the harshest tongue shall not harm my soul.



SLAV PERIL VERSUS YELLOW PERIL

STRANGE that Europe—at least some ill-boding individuals in that part of the world—should have nightmare over a new Mongolian invasion. Stranger still that some accept the belief of its possibility, and many blindly follow them.

I thought the West had more self-respect, a firmer trust in its institutions, a deeper confidence in the principles which underlie them; for I remember having seen more than once, in books written in different European tongues, mention made of the stability of European society, and of so-called Christian civilization being based on the eternal and impregnable rock of truth. Was this the mere bombast of a braggart? Does Europe really believe that her civilization is a rickety framework to be easily upset by a horde of Asiatics? Go to! It is nonsense this, the whole gabbling and babbling about “The Yellow Peril!”

I am of yellow blood, but I know there is a more adhesive fluid than blood. “There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.” Remember it was Solomon, a wise man, a clannish Jew, who said this. They are sadly deceived who believe that blood and race affinity are the strongest ties. Look

SLAV PERIL VERSUS YELLOW PERIL

at the European chess-board, and see how the Slav intrudes between two Latin figures, tearing the French from the Italian ; see how the Teuton joins with the Roman against the Gaul ; see how the English and the French combine with heathen Turks against Christian Russia. Why, I have seen my dog fight another dog to death on my account. Our canine ally is more faithful to us than to his kith and kin. Is our species less true ?

When Goethe is quoted, as he so often is, as saying that blood is "a peculiar fluid," it is well for us to remember that he puts it into the mouth of Mephistopheles. "The Yellow Peril" is a Mephistophelian phrase, an utterance of "the spirit that always denies," it is an invention of the Evil One. It is well to remember, too, that the famous picture representing the theme was the work of Mephisto's countryman.

If there is danger of any race dominating all mankind and using its predominance in a way subversive of good order and law and altogether opposed to the best social instincts and demands of humanity, that race is the Slavic. I appeal to facts. What is there in Russian history, not to speak of the shameless and blood-stained private annals of the Romanoffs, that raises in us any hope that her domination will advance the welfare of humanity ?

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Simply because a narrow piece of her territory adjoins Western Europe, has Russia adopted and presented an appearance more like Europe than we have. Pierce into the interior of the Empire of the Czars—how far is it European? It is not in the blood but in the lay of the borderland that the Slav Empire is called European and Christian. It is ridiculous for a Russian to call himself a fellow-bearer of the “White man’s burden.” Hegel is not wrong when he sums up European history as the progressive unfolding of liberty. Now, how much of Russian history fits Hegel’s description? Nor is it an accident; for Russia makes it her principle to wipe away liberty at any cost from the face of the earth. It was said that where Tartars trod, no grass grew; Slavs make it their boast that wherever they set their foot, freedom vanishes. Here, choose, ye who so dread “The Yellow Peril,” between Mongolian and Slav invasions, and say which ye prefer—Grass without liberty, or liberty without grass! I have seen a people in Montenegro inhabiting bare *karst* land without grass, happy and strong in the love of liberty. Horses alone prefer fodder to freedom!

Is the yellow race so hopelessly unresponsive to European culture? Which is more European in the best sense of the term, Hungary or Russia? That Hungary is what she is, is the best proof that

an alien people is capable of being Europeanized, that European institutions and ideas, far from being jeopardized by the admixture of a new element, can even be made richer and fuller—*provided* Europe is intrinsically superior in vitality. A really superior culture has no respect of persons: it makes converts of the most reprobate. What one race attains, another can reach. Beware of drawing too grave consequences from the dilettante science of Anthropology. Neither Philology nor Ethnology has yet said its last word; it is doubtful if it has said its second even. Many hasty conclusions have been drawn from meagre premises by these sciences, to make possible the belief that an insurmountable barrier exists between Asia and Europe, yellow folks and white, Christianity and Buddhism. We know there are many valleys and passes by which the Ural can be easily crossed; and the Caspian Sea is common to Europe and Asia.

Attempts made to emphasize the two systems of human thought—one white and the other yellow—do no credit to the former. The Kaiser's well-known picture shows but faint faith on the part of the artist. He seems to be full of apprehension lest Christianity succumb to Buddhism, unless defended by the allied military forces of Europe. What a far cry from Constantine! The

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Kaiser points out his Krupp gun to Christ and commands, "Conquer by this sign!" and his fellow defenders of the faith say, "Amen!" This Hohenzollern who sounded loudest the alarm of a "Yellow Peril" confesses in his picture his wavering faith in the stability and vitality of Christendom. Not so, we, who, while earnestly believing in the possibility of Japan's future growth, accept without stint European institutions as superior to ours, and therefore highly worthy of adoption. I repeat, there is no ground for a "Yellow Peril,"—first, because Japan is sincerely convinced of the superiority of the West; second, because we believe that a truly superior culture is the common property of all mankind; third, because European civilization forms an invincible bulwark against any Asiatic onslaught. I also repeat, if there is any menace to Europe and to the rest of the world from one dominant race, it is from the avowedly enslaving power of the Slav.

August, 1904.



GRATITUDE

WE are too prone to forget the benefits which others confer upon us and as prone to exaggerate the little services we render. We do not calculate all the sacrifices which others make to help us and at the same time we count the smallest fraction of our least favor bestowed upon them. We accept kindness from others as though the world owes us something, whereas we do what stern duty forces us to do, as though none have claims upon us.

I say we must have two measures—one which will magnify the virtues of others and another which will minimize our own.

Man's unhappiness comes largely from applying wrong measure to his own and others' conduct.

We complain that the world is ungrateful, and behold, it is we who are more so. We blame others for forgetting the good we do them, and lo! 'tis we who do not remember. Yes, we too often forget that we have no particular claims upon the good-will of our friends. If a child gives us a cup of cold water, it is folly to think that he does it because the whole infantile community is under obligation to us. If a stranger passing by greets us with a gleam in his eye, it is ridiculous to think that it is because we have a right to the homage

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of mankind.

It would be ingratitude in us to regard the death-struggles of our soldiers as something quite apart from ourselves or as something to which we are entitled simply because we pay a few dollars for taxes to keep up the army. As far as possible, we ought to requite their sacrifice with our prayers and sympathy, their blood with our tears.

We must bear in mind that in the most menial chores of our servitors, there is a spiritual element we cannot repay with wages. All unpaid service only puts us under further obligation to be grateful.

But is there any service for which one returns the last farthing of its value? Count for one day all the benefits you have received, on the debit side, and put down on the credit side every cent you have paid. Calm reflection will soon convince you that there still remains much for which you have made no adequate compensation.

Kindly feeling or a sympathetic smile has no equivalent in money. Gratitude alone can settle the account for these.

AUTUMN THOUGHTS



AUTUMN THOUGHTS

“Where in early spring
Verdant blades alone we view
Autumn breezes bring
Flowers of many a hue.”*

THE sun has passed its zenith: the glare of the summer sky fades into the gray of autumn: the rosy blossoms of the crape myrtle wither one by one, telling the world that its fervid labor of a hundred days is drawing to a close: the shrill note of the cicada tones down to the gentler chirp of the cricket. Autumn proclaims her arrival not only by the “single leaf that flutters down,” but by many sounds and sights. Yes, she is here—the beloved of the poets and the abused of the sentimentalists!

I have been waiting for her all these summer months. I have loved her from my early youth. She must know that I am standing at the outer portal of summer to welcome her return. More than forty years has she visited me. Never has she failed to bring her cornucopia filled with flowers to gladden and with food to feed poor mortals.

*みどりなる一つ草とぞ春は見し、秋は色々の花にぞありける

THOUGHTS AND ESSAYS

Each year does my *Aki* come with gifts other than those of food and flowers. Now again I hear the soft trailing of her garments. She is near! Again I listen to her gentle query, “Art thou still here among thy mortal kind?” Then say I, “Thou findest me still among the living. Each time thou leavest me, I face thy brother, Winter, with some misgiving lest he take me away; but, here I am where thou last didst leave me.” Autumn fixes her steady gaze on me, and repeats the question she has been wont to ask of me for many years past, “I see in thy hair a few more streaks of white than when I saw thee last, and is thy soul whiter? Thou hast grown older; hast thou waxed riper in wisdom as well!” I dare not answer. I hide my face for very shame.

Next year when she comes, I must be ready to give her a more worthy reply than hiding my face. I must exert myself to be better, to think purer thoughts, to act more nobly.

Friends and fellow-students! The summer heat is behind us. The season propitious for work is nigh at hand. There is no excuse for indolence. To work then! to earnest and serious work! Autumn’s melancholy is proverbial; but to indulge in it were a criminal luxury in times like these,

AUTUMN THOUGHTS

when our brothers are grappling with death on the plains of Manchuria. Let us each to his own vocation or avocation.

Refreshed by a long vacation, we come to view our responsibilities with clearer eyes. What in early spring impressed us as vague and obscure duties, have now assumed definite shapes and vivid colors. Early this year we expressed our hope that war-clouds might not overtake us : now we are in their midst. Though we are lovers and advocates of peace, we shall not be forgetful or unmindful of the results which War in general, and the present war in particular, brings in its train. It is only meet that we should face facts manfully and prepare ourselves to cope with their worst consequence.

Yes, *Aki* brings not only food and flowers, but sternest duties and the call to work. Let him that hath ears, hear ; let him that heareth, obey..

September, 1904.



LONELINESS

WE cannot shake off at times that terrible sense of being lonely which every one of us must have felt and must ever and anon feel. It overtakes us in the midst of the "madding crowd," as well as when we are apart from our fellows. Sometimes it visits us when we are most busily employed and sometimes when our hands are folded for rest. Visitor in woods and rural paths, it dogs our steps in the forum and the market-place, and may assail us most painfully when all about us are gayest. It wakes us in the small hours of the night and overtakes us in the broad light of day. It does not get away from us, neither would it be well for us to get away from it. As long as there is a vestige of the spirit kindled within us, loneliness will at times be our lot. One needs no mountain retreat to commune with it or in it, for it is an attitude of the soul. Only spiritual death will free us from it.

It is the soul's confession of its own greatness. It is an assertion of that divine nature within us, which the world does not silence nor satisfy. It is an evidence of dissatisfaction with our own human selves, and with our companions, animate or inanimate. It is a passive revolt against the dictates and trammels of the flesh. It is the

LONELINESS

yearning of the spirit for its rightful claims and for conditions congenial to its heavenly nature.

Great souls have therefore often travailed in loneliness. Perhaps it is not very far from the truth to say that the greater the soul the greater the sense of solitariness.

At certain periods of life--particularly I believe at the period when youth merges into manhood--in other words, when the soul, as well as the body, is undergoing most radical changes, loneliness takes possession of us most frequently and deeply. That is the time when youths are called upon to make a decision for life. They stand at the parting of the ways. Some, in their attempt to get away from painful feelings betake themselves to gayety and frivolity, drowning the still, small voice of their conscience in the jangling tunes of the *samisen*. Little do they know that they stifle thereby the first intimations of their greatness, nipping in the bud the tree of life.

Drain to its last drop, its bitterest dregs, the cup of loneliness. The moments when you feel it most, are the moments when your spirit is growing, or your energy waxing, or your thoughts maturing. Every soul must be prepared to accept loneliness as a necessary stage of its development. Let it groan under, but not kick against it : let it pass through it but not leap over it. Only in

Gethsemane is strength born for Calvary, without which there is no uplifting of the race and no emancipation of one's own soul.



SADDER CHANTS

IT was from a woman's throat and a woman's lips that the heyday songs and careless laughter came ; but to me they sounded far sadder chants of dirges than the saddest breeze of autumn sighing through weeping willows by the bridge near by.

What deep sorrow lay concealed beneath her gay apparel ! Behind loud merriment and mirth what doleur lurked ! Her smiles bespoke more clearly than tears of the pain of life. In all her revelry I caught broken wails of woe. She knows too well that hilarity is no nepenthe.

Strange that the sobs within her breast, as they pass through her lips, turn to articulate words of song : yet when they reach my ears, they turn back into the plaints of a spirit.

BEWARE OF NATIONAL CONCEIT



BEWARE OF NATIONAL CONCEIT

DELIVER us, O ye Powers, from untimely pride !
Cease your praise of us, O ye friends !

Foreign journals, especially American and English papers, have recently been filling their columns with words that not only make glad our hearts but that may elate them beyond reasonable limits.

Many a promising child is spoiled by excess of love. Flattery is more fatal than censure. Aදulation elevates its victim for a while, only to make his fall the greater.

Pleasant to our ears sound gilded phrases,— such as “Japanese endurance,” “Japanese pluck,” “Japanese bravery,” “Japanese heroism,” “Japanese foresight,” and what not. Surely we deserve most of the epithets. Sad it would be if we did not. Let the world’s praise go as far as it is deserved, but no further.

When praise is loudest, when our virtues are most known, then is the time to ponder most deeply on our manifold weaknesses.

“Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.”

When Rikyu, master of æsthetic tea, taught

THOUGHTS AND ESSAYS

“ ‘T were better to praise
An undeserving deed,
Than to pass unpraised
A deed well deserving,” *

he be e himself an artist and not a philosopher.

It is wonder that Columbia and Britannia,
the two nurses and teachers who have helped us
at our birth and have watched us all along with
true maternal care and caresses, should be over-
joyed at the stature which we have now attained.
Accept their sympathy and their good wishes—
but beware of their praise.

Few peoples on the face of the earth are more
sensitive to others' opinions than we. A frown
that would escape the notice of an Englishman
cuts us to the core, and in the same proportion
does a sweet word, that would drop unheeded on
the ear of a German, elate us beyond reasonable
bounds. Woe unto him who inclines his ear only
unto sweet sounds !

“ The way is long, and heavy the burden,” as
Iyeyasu said. How the phrase fits the present
war. Thus far we have done well; I have but

* いはりと思ひながらも譽めぬれば、譽めぬ誠にまさりぬ
るかな

BEWARE OF NATIONAL CONCEIT

little fault to find with my own people. But should success thus far attained be made ground for self-complacency—should it pander to our ambition—should it magnify our estimate of our own selves—should it bloat our self-confidence into a notion of “Japanese superiority,”—we would soon be doomed to the same fate that befell the mightiest monarchies of antiquity.

We are still far behind America and Europe. Instead of being self-satisfied, our duty still is, and will be for some years to come, to be conscious of our inferiority.

Realizing that we are still far short of our goal, let us press on toward it in humbleness of heart, but with steadfast purpose. Our ideal is neither Anglo-Saxon civilization nor German culture; it is higher and further than either. So much the more reason why we should strive the harder. To reach the mark we have set before us, we must not only rival but outrival them.

So far yet from our goal, it is no time to fill our ears with words which may lull us to self-contented repose.

October, 1904.

WEEPING WILLOW ON THE
RIVER'S BRINK

“ Wherefore with drooping head, so woe-begone,
Dost thou, O weeping willow on the river's brink,
Waste so unprofitably thy days—
And idly gaze upon the stream,
Its ceaseless course pursuing ? ”*

As I sauntered one evening on the bank of the Kamo, I heard a little boy, scarce six summers old, singing at the top of his voice this well-known ditty. To me the song was not new. In various places and on widely differing occasions had I heard it—bawled by drunkards in their gay moments, hummed by a solitary pedestrian on a moonlight night, or set to music by a sweet-voiced maiden to while away her melancholy ; but never before had I heard it from the lips of a little child, and the incongruity of the whole episode impressed me strangely. A mere infant, to whom just the pictures of the lay, the weeping willow and the river's brink, were alone intelligible because physical ; the boy's utter lack of comprehension of its real meaning ; the merry tune to which he sang it ! After I had gone some distance, I could still hear him shouting, and the

*何をくよくよ河端柳、水の流れを見てくらす

HEAVENLY VISITATIONS

burden of the poem, as it floated on the evening air, forced itself upon me, emphasized the more strongly by the contradictions of accompaniment.

The childish voice roused me from my sad reverie and made me shake myself free from aimless dreams. So, often does Heaven speak through the instrumentality of little children to whom, in our self-sufficiency, we give but little heed.



HEAVENLY VISITATIONS

EVEN as a rent in the storm-cloud gives us an assurance of the sun, so a break that comes now and then to one's darkest hour brings the promise of heaven. This may come as a flash of lightning to our soul, and, so often do we fail to catch its meaning and make it a permanent possession, that it flies past and leaves us poorer than we were before its gleaming. How heedless we are, and unresponsive to these rare celestial visitations !



THE HARVEST

THE harvest is well-nigh over. From all quarters of the Empire come reports that the crop of the year is abundant. From an area of some two-and-a-half million *cho* planted with rice we gather nearly fifty million *koku*. A record-breaking yield this! Rejoicing is heard everywhere; only, it would be louder were it not for the war.

In many a country home is the voice of gladness hushed. The old people talk of the plenteous harvest in a whisper, for fear they may wake the ashes of their sons just returned from Port Arthur. Abundance does not call forth a smile from the pale lips of the lovers and widows, while orphans stand in vain at the wicket-gate to seek among the reapers their loved father's face.

O, thou pale, cold moon, who hast seen the aged toiling among golden sheaves, and hast the self-same night shone upon the livid corpse on the frosty plains of Manchuria, what thinkest thou of carnage? Ah, I had almost hated thee for thy cold, pitiless beams! Why should I not? No! Why should I?

The night dew moistens the parched lips of

THE HARVEST

the wounded, the harvest moon awakens their dim eyes ; they open them for the last time upon its glorious light, and in its glory behold the long past years of peaceful childhood. Once more the hare is seen pounding the *mochi* in the mortar ; they read on its crystal face the forms of their loved ones. They hear in the distant shouts of victory the rustle of ripened stalks, and in the clinking of horses' hoofs the merry and busy sickles. They dream of home and of the dear land they left behind. Happy visions flit before them, visions of garnered grain and piles of straw. Glad laughter and harvest songs faintly fall upon their ears. They smile to Luna their joy and affection and confide to her their last secret.

In the harvest moon gleams, not only a sickle,
but the scythe of the Dark Angel, Death !

Turn we from gloomy thoughts. Let the weary reapers take for themselves a day of rest, ere cometh the threshing. It is an auspicious time to celebrate the birth-day of our beloved and august Sovereign.

While the grain is drying, let the joy of the maple season refresh the hearts of the toilers. While the plain is yellow with rice, the hills are ablaze with maple and *icho*. Nature paints upon her canvas

THOUGHTS AND ESSAYS

a feast of colors, in which the poorest may revel without stint. Children clap their dimpled hands at the many-colored garments of the trees, and maidens in their gay dresses vie with the brocades of the forest. Age bends over the brook that carries on its flowing breast the hues of autumn to their unknown destiny. Never is Nature more lavish of beauty, turning the very gutters into filaments of gold and crimson.

Even here the Great Reaper has his reminder. Unbidden comes to our lips an ancient ode :—

“More frail than the maple-leaves fluttering in
the wind, is the life we breathe.”*

But let not our thoughts pause at this dismal point. Frail beyond doubt are the maple-leaves, and still more so is our life ; but they leave behind them their beauty, and should not our life do likewise ?

To each created object comes a period of greatest service, “the fulness of time.” Such a service is often synchronous with deepest sorrow or harvest sacrifice. Of the maple in the height of gaudy splendor, of the rice at its most golden stage, it is required that they surrender their pride and riches. *Selbst-tötung*, as Goethe taught, is

*もみぢ葉を風にまかせて見るよりも、はかなきものに命なりけり

THE HARVEST

the beginning of all real life. Only thorough tribulation, that peculiarly Christian word and sentiment, is "the fulness of time" attained.

While abundant harvests enrich our granaries and the bright maple gladdens our eyes, we are not unmindful that the rice must be brought to the *tribulum* and the maple-leaf must vanish in the air. Men, too, nations or individuals, must bleed under tribulation, to reach the measure of the stature assigned to them. Let us then take heart and let not affliction or trial quench our spirit; let us offer thanks for the harvest, bless the autumn moon and rejoice in the wealth of color. With a brave and thankful heart we will each and all pursue our allotted tasks, so that, let the Great Reaper come when he will, that day may be for us "the fulness of time."

Takao, Formosa, December, 1904.

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PREFACE FOR THE POLISH EDITION OF BUSHIDO

THE great *Analects* of Confucius opens with the sentence, "Is it not delightful to have friends coming from distant quarters?" This is as true now as in the days of the Chinese sage, and as true in Japan or Poland as in the Celestial Empire. The kinship of spirit, however, is now-a-days, thanks to better means of communication, far more easy to realize than in days of yore. If difference of language is a barrier to the freest exchange of thought and formation of friendship, even that barrier is not insurmountable ; for, two nations, if so debarred, can find a mutual linguistic companion and intermediary. Japan can speak easily with Poland through England or Germany, and each can thereby draw near to the other in the common bond of friendship.

That I should be given the privilege of a hearing among so brave and gallant a people as the Poles, is a most unexpected delight on my part, akin to that of a call from a distant friend.

Twice have I had the pleasure of treading the ancient dominion of Boleslas, Batory and Sobieski, and each time, the second even more than the first, was the impression strengthened which I had

obtained long before by reading the patriotic history of Kosciuszko and Beniowski and the no less patriotic songs of Niemcewicz and Mickiewicz. A people so intensely loyal to the memory of the past, so ardently attached to the land of their fathers, so gifted with manly virtues and possessed of so chequered a history, will find many points in common with us. Even our words, which may at first strike the Poles as mere jargon and barbarous, will, if their meaning is made clear, find equivalents in their vocabulary and parallels in their history. Such terms as *daimio* and *samurai* may convey no adequate sense of their importance to Polish ears, unless they are perhaps rendered respectively *castellini* and *starosts*. Likewise, the story of the *Forty-seven Ronin* will contain no sense or romance unless the Polish readers are told that their career is as favorite a theme with us as is that of the members of the Convention of Bar with them. The very name *Yamato* will fall flat upon their ears without simultaneously recalling the heart-stirring name of Sarmatia. I am well aware of all these and many more difficulties which a translator has to encounter.

I wrote Bushido originally in English, while I was spending a few months in America. This fact will explain why I have drawn largely for

THOUGHTS AND ESSAYS

comparison on English and American literature and customs. Had I written it in Polish, I should have tried to study Polish history and literature. But, as I have said, excepting a few extrinsic hindrances, the Poles, known for their chivalry, patriotism and bravery, will not find my feeble presentation of our moral ideas strange or over-drawn. I do sincerely hope that you may also recognize in us a country and a race at once intelligible and congenial, eagerly bent upon extending the sacred principle of liberty, pursuing what is just and great, and ever emulating what is noble and virtuous.

Now at this juncture of our history, nay of the world's history, a mighty struggle is going on. The whole world is witnessing another Hellas grappling with a Persia, yet geographically reversed, for it is the strange sight of a small Asiatic folk fighting in the cause of Justice and Liberty, against a gigantic power of European pretensions. The near future will reveal on which side the God of the Universe will smile—whether He is partial to those who profess His Name only with outward lips, but whose heart is set upon persecuting the harmless and upon suppressing freedom, or whether He is more truly the God of light and right, who hath no regard of persons and races. Whether the spirit of Bushido, which animates our people

THE POLISH EDITION OF BUSHIDO

from the lowest to the highest, from the least to the greatest, is not more truly His Spirit breathed into mortal flesh, waits to be seen. Let coming events show what ground exists for the alarm of a Yellow Peril! Meanwhile I shall be thankful, if the Polish public will indulgently study and understand where the Japanese race stands morally and spiritually.

My treatise is but a humble effort to interpret in a measure my own people to Europe. The subject it treats of may fitly be clothed in that masculine language which, as Casimir Brodzinski proudly said, "has the murmur of an oak of three hundred years, and not the plaintive and feeble cry of a reed swayed by every wind."

December, 1904.



THE OLD AND THE NEW

THE heritage of the Present—how vast and glorious!

It is said mankind has not advanced much since history began to take cognizance of it. On the world-stage has been repeated over and over again much the same drama. Surely in many ways the record of humanity has been a dismal repetition, and, while man has won at some points, he has, too often, gone a few steps ahead only to retrace them. Still, were it not for the past, where would we be? Were it not for the gradual —however slow—revelation by means of glorious beacon-lights or of flickering lesser ones, could we even know that we had retraced our steps?

It is the past which pushes us forward, it is the dead who lead us onward. Neither is all the past dead, nor are all the dead past. The corridors of the ages are lined with trophies that arouse a feeling of emulation, and the dead still speak to us and in us and for us. In every New is the Old made alive, and in every Old is hidden the promise of the New. Vast and glorious indeed is the heritage of the Past!

We can summon at our will the ancient sages, and make them repeat their wisdom; or heroes

THE OLD AND THE NEW

of yore, and make them show forth their exploits. Even as I write, Socrates sits beside my desk. Strange!—yet I can see the careless form of the son of Sophroniscus seated in a rocking-chair, his protruding eyes fixed upon these lines I am scribbling and his bald head nodding assent. It is not Socrates alone who is an inmate of my study. All the heroes of Plutarch, not to mention the more recent leaders of thought and men—and of all nations—rise before me, to teach me how to live worthy of their lineage or to avoid their faults and mistakes.

We, too, are of the lineage of the great of all ages and races. They have bequeathed to us their deeds and their wisdom, a countless legacy in sooth,—on which no inheritance tax is levied!

“I the heir of all the ages,
Foremost in the files of time.”

For what are all those muniments? Are they there only to ornament the museum of History? Are they for idle spectators to gaze at? Poor use were this of the priceless treasures we hoard! The heritage of the Past is open to all, but none have right to it without claiming it. Like the kingdom of heaven, free to all, it suffers violence and the violent alone can take it. The dead do not utter one word unless we listen; the past is

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hidden unless our hand lifts the veil. We ourselves are the key to the past. "The present is the conflux of two eternities." Only by our exertions can we unlock the riches of time; only by strenuous effort do we discover the New in the Old. It is only for knocking that the gates of wisdom will open. It is only by seeking that God can be found.

The passing year will leave no lesson for us if we seek it not; nor will the new year contain any message unless we incline our ears to it. "He is truly wise who keeps cherishing his old knowledge so as continually to be acquiring new." Such an one, Confucius said, "can be a teacher of men."

Christmas is fraught with history. It stands for the grandest event in the records of man, for a world's tragedy, for a "divine comedy." It marks the watershed of the spiritual experience of the human race. We await with breathless expectation the fall of Port Arthur, forgetting that Christmas is the anniversary of the fall of the strongholds of the power of Satan. The birth of Christ—or, to make it more real, the appearance of the Nazarene Martyr,—is a historical fact well worth pondering over: it is the most precious boon that the past has bequeathed to us. It were an abuse of treasure merely to put it in a

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT

historical show-case, when it contains within itself lessons and powers of untold significance. Blind is that man who sees in the Christmas season only a time of jollity and merry-making, and deaf is he who hears not the carol sung by an angel-choir. He is wise who from its oft-told narration can derive new lessons, who from "the old, old story" can face the new year with new strength and new spirit.

January, 1905.



THE PAST AND THE PRESENT

HIM will I not hold blameless, who in moments of bereavement forgets the favors of the past, nor him who fails to remember, in the transient ecstasy of delight, the bitterness of by-gone tears. Neither do I blame such an one unduly. For human memory is short. Each passing minute engrosses the mind with its cares and duties, its pains and sorrows, its pleasures and joys. The infinitesimally short Present swallows the eternal Past. The reveries and memories of the Past are only meat to feed the Present. Old buildings totter, the mahogany pillars and *tokonoma* ebony decay and become only kindling wood to warm the Present.



CHILDREN

THEY govern us—these prattling little ones. Our heart is subjected unto their sweet will and our will is swayed by their humors. Strong men fight and drudge for them and women spend sleepless nights over their restless, slumbering forms. The Czarevitch is not the only colonel of a great army.

It is a moral law that these tender, weak ones shall inherit the kingdom. Helpless infants are rightful heirs, the crown princes of the Empire-to-Come. “Of such is the kingdom of heaven ;” to such also belong the kingdoms of the earth. What is genius itself but “the power,” according to Coleridge “of carrying the feeling of childhood into the powers of manhood ?”

It is a strange but an indisputable fact that, in this world, where fraud and roguery seem to have greatest power, mankind is never lastingly duped by cant. The best in man and nature, in the end, gets the better of what is base and false. Goodness in the weakest is a strength no giant can defy or withstand. The story of David's killing Goliath is the expression of an eternal law.

The power of children is born of their genuine goodness, their innate purity of heart, their unal-

CHILDREN

loyed sincerity. Such earnestness, too, is in all their undertakings that we unconsciously make way for them to march on.

Transparent their eyes—who can resist their appeal? Celestial their dialect—who does not feel the charm of its eloquence? Heaven sanctioning their right—who can resist their unuttered claims? Lords of the earth, future inheritors of its treasures and duties, who denies them right to creep or toddle wheresoever they list? They kick against all laws of propriety; but neither the Chesterfields nor the Ogasawaras can bind them to any hard and fast rules. They themselves, being above petty social laws, offend not in one iota of their requirements, conforming to that higher and greater law—the law of Love. Herein, indeed, lie the greatest charm and the greatest power of the little ones. If anywhere on this wide earth you find a permanent conquest of any sort, one heart subjugated by another, a strong man paying homage to a weaker, or warriors ready to die for a woman, you are sure to find, under the rubbish of arms or constitutions, a genuine love, working miracles. The perennial interest which attaches to the Child Christ is not due to the doctrines the Man Christ taught, nor even to the divine sufferings of His later life, but to the response which the Lamb of God awakens in our

THOUGHTS AND ESSAYS

affections. Theology and philosophy may busy themselves with what He said and with what He did not say ; but religion will be content with the adoration of the Infant Savior.

I see in every child that prattles and toddles an image of Heavenly pattern ; a newly created form, full of celestial beauty ; a messenger from above with ever fresh intructions for me. Yes, all this is true, else why should I be moved to tears by the little one's voice or touched to the core by its radiant looks ?

Ensuiko.



HEAVENLY VISIONS

AT rare intervals, heavenly visions flit before me. They vanish as quickly as they appear. Even as a flash of lighting they come and go. Would that they might stay longer, that they might permanently abide !

But ah ! why should I measure the work of the Spirit by seconds or years, any more than survey the road to Heaven by chains or milestones.

As with God a thousand years are as one day and a day as a thousand years, so a flash is as a steady light and a long-enduring light is as a flash.

Tainan



A MOROSE SPIRIT

I MAKE it a matter of daily concern not to hate or despise anything, for to do so is kicking against reason, since everything is backed by reason. I mean to say that nothing exists, the ugliest object or the most beautiful, without *raison d'être*. Only—there are some apparently harmless things so radically harmful that in my heart I do despise them. A morose spirit is one of these. Though a man may suppose he has good reason for being morose, I can but disdain that reason itself.

"To secure and promote the feeling of cheerfulness," says Schopenhauer, "should be the supreme aim of all our endeavors after happiness."

It is every one's duty to be cheerful. It is his privilege, too. It is criminal to be walking about the streets of this small country town of Life with a long face, spreading wet blankets on his neighbors and fellow passers-by. A man who does not meet his fellows with a cheerful countenance or a bright smile should be tabooed from society. Such a man is as dangerous as pest; for one morose face infects the whole atmosphere of his environment and makes it uninhabitable for children and angels.



MANIFOLD MOONS

OUR ship anchors off the harbor of Takao, waiting for the tide. The deck is clear of men. I lean against the railing, looking up at the moon—singularly bright to night, then down upon the sea—singularly calm.

The zephyr moves upon the face of the still water and awakens it from its death-like sleep to rise in dancing wavelets. The one moon shining solitary above, sows its image broadcast on each dancing crest.* My thoughts ascend above the lustrous orb.

Adoration comes unbidden to my lips and I kneel to say:—"O Thou great Unnamable One! Thou alone art alive: Thou alone shonest. Without Thee the world were dead: without Thy light the universe were dark. The frail life of a worm, the fiery career of the sun, the luminous sea, the feeble breath I draw, are all alike reflections of Thy eternal Life!"

I raise my head again to behold in the moon a spirit akin to me, and I call her my sister.

Takao.

*二つなき月を川水いかにして、浪のうね々々薄き散らずらん



FLYING THOUGHTS

Why should my thoughts shoot off like sparks from my little brain, darting in directions no compass marks on its face and flying into regions no geography mentions in its pages ?

My thoughts are beyond my control. Restless, they start on expeditions to such distant parts of the mental world that I have no conception of their whereabouts. Sometimes they come back with a handful of *omiyage*—with mere odors of incense and balsam that must abound in those mysterious regions ; but oftener, alas ! they come back empty-handed and exhausted by their own exertions. The exhaustion is, however, but for a moment—as, in mountain-climbing and in the bath of healing springs, a sense of weariness accompanies the first few attempts ; but I am not without hope that, some time, the farthest excursions of my soul may have more worthy reward than fatigue or faintest puff of celestial flowers.

Kyoshito.



BEREAVED FAMILIES

EMPIRES are tottering; empires are rising. Dramas on the most gigantic scale are being played in the world's history. Brave men shed their life-blood in triumph and joy, and shout "Victory!" till they gasp their last breath. We call them heroes, erect monuments to their memory and forget the cost of their heroism. For us who, for one reason or another, do not join the army at the front, it is well to remember what unseen battles are fought in the home and what unnamed victories are won. There are voices near us sadder than the groans on the battle-field; there are hearts in stricken homes that are more heroic than those beating under a soldier's uniform.

Hark! even now I hear the deep sighs of a grief-stricken mother. I thought her hard drudgery of the day would give her, if not enough to eat, at least enough of "tired nature's sweet restorer;" but, no, her slumber is disturbed by the storm outside and the drops leaking through the thatch. The night is chilly; but she has not enough to cover her or her little one, who, cold and hungry, nestles close to her, feeling for her breast. Her caresses soon lull him to sleep; but she steals from under the *futon*, trims the lamp, takes from

BEREAVED FAMILIES

out an old brocade bag, her husband's only legacy, arrived but lately from the front.

Dimly burns the *andon* wick, but dimmer still are the eyes of the widow—so frail and worn she looks; but the traces of her brush show a steady hand, as she writes—

“This is the sword he wore;
'Tis all that's left of him;
And as upon its gleaming blade
Rest my sleepless eyes,
The midnight storm outside
Drains the torrents that gush
From my heaving breast.”*

“Mamma, mamma!”

“Hush, child! What ails thee? Sleep on.”

“Draw me closer to thy bosom. A man very like papa, only awfully pale, and, mamma!—blood-stained—awoke me and spoke to me.”

“What did he say?”

“He called me by my name and said: ‘I leave thee a sword. Thy mother will keep it for thee; but my son, she will give thee a better sword of her own!’ Was this a dream, mother?”

“No, it was not a dream. Here is the sword thy father left in trust with me. The morning he started for the seat of war, he called me to his

*なきつまのかたみのつるぎ取り出し、ひとり泣く夜に村雨
ぞ降る

THOUGHTS AND ESSAYS

study and took me by the hand,—the like of which he had never done before—and said, ‘I expect never again to cross this threshold in the flesh. I go to die for my Emperor and for my country. I shall fight with sword and gun. I leave in thy charge our precious boy. Teach him to be as loyal to his own *kokoro* as to his *Tenshi-sama*, to be as true to the Kingdom of God as to Japan; but, above all, to fight with the sword of faith.’’ He told me, too, to tell thee, that, when thou growest older, enemies much stronger and more numerous than the Russian will invade thy land. Dost thou understand, my boy?’’

“Not all, mamma. Where is the other and better sword papa said thou wilt give me?’’

“I have no other weapon than the spiritual. It is not visible like this, but it neither rusts nor breaks. It is called the sword of faith.”

“Is it, then, the sword that I once saw in a foreign picture, piercing through the heart of a mother?’’

The wick is near its end. The light flickers for the last time. The woman, the child, the sword, the *andon* itself, are all blurred. In the darkness is seen a halo, radiant round the mother’s head.

My eye is fixed on that light, while my ears forget to heed the crash of a falling and the shout of a rising empire.

April, 1905.

CAUSES FOR THANKFULNESS



CAUSES FOR THANKFULNESS

NOT at set hours of the day, nor in set seasons of the year, does my heart offer its prayer to Heaven. But it utters its thanks for each sparkle of a child's eye, for a maiden's modest blush, for each kindly look of the aged, for every sign of manhood's strength, and for every noble word of wisdom. The glorious sun and the melancholy moon call forth gratitude. Often, at a beaming smile or the slightest nod of a passer-by, have I taken off my hat in reverent prayer. For words of tested friendship I bow my knees to God. Every object of nature and every act of sympathy is an occasion of thanksgiving.

Goodness is the manifestation of God. To me every good thing is a proof of His character, of His existence. We pass heedlessly by the good that exists everywhere and in all things about us.

Arigatai--"hard to be!" It is not that good things are hard to be: it is hard for things not to be--indeed, not only not to be, but not to be good also. The hardest thing for man is to see that goodness is the soul of all things, and that in the soul of goodness lies the Divine Spirit.

Nihachi Sui.



ANALYSIS

OUR first mental process is division. Our social life begins with it. Before we learn that $1+1=2$, we know that $2 \div 2=1$. Look at infants sharing their cakes, look at children distributing marbles ; —their quotient rarely errs. Is this due to the anatomical fact that our brain consists of two lobes, and that our limbs are made in pairs ?

Whatever the reason, we cannot think without distinguishing or separating the objects of our thought. We begin logic with antithesis and antinomy. Classification is nothing less than dividing according to a set standard.

We carry division too far into things we ought not to divide. Speaking of a man, we chop him up into many pieces according to his mental capacity or his height of stature, his moral qualities or his color of skin, his religious faith or the shape of his head, etc, etc., and then try to put these into a scale-pan to weigh separately and collectively, before we pass judgment on him as a man. Speaking of God, we talk as though we conceive of Him as the One ; but right away we cut Him into three parts and then construct—with what success I know not—out of these a Divinity. What confused notions we have of God and man !

A PIECE OF NATURE

We are at the mercy of our logical faculties. The whole system of education has been made to foster them. Perception—the power to see things directly as a whole, the faculty to “look through,” to grasp the essence of a matter—has been sadly neglected. Our education has been to grind and polish spectacles, but the eye-sight itself has been growing weaker and weaker.

Hozan.



A PIECE OF NATURE

I HEARD a lark. It sang high up in the air. I listened with my eyes wide open to catch its song and form.

A peasant maid of some eight summers stood by and looked at me and then in the air. I asked what that might be which she heard and saw. “*Nan-nimo*” was her simple reply; and she gazed at me, turned and walked away with the evening twilight.

I had forgotten that the maid, the maid, even as the bird, was but a piece of nature.



POST-BELLUM WORK

Tinklings of *gogwai* bells, *banzais* rending the air, lantern processions marching through merry streets, flags flying gaily at every entrance—all tell, better than any words, that another victory is won. All their speech, however, is but a feeble expression of what we feel at the bottom of our hearts. Gratitude, even more than rejoicing, tries to voice itself through the sounds we hear and in the colors we see in the streets; but neither the loudest hurrahs nor the brightest lanterns do justice to what the nation's heart feels in its deepest chamber.

While our bosom heaves with buoyant gladness and our heart bounds in exultation, deep down we know a more stable joy, a more sedate happiness—the serene sense of gratitude.—O Heaven! not by might of our arms, not by brute force, not by man's wisdom or craft, but by Thy power, do we advance from conquest to conquest.

As Napoleon was crossing the Alps, braving the hardships of the mountains and the climate,—as, after ascending one height, another appeared before his toiling army, he uttered the memorable words, “Alps beyond Alps!” Yes! There never is an end to man's or to a nation's labors. Ford a river and you come to a forest: struggle

POST-BELLUM WORK

through a jungle, and you come to a hill. One victory never suffices to make men of soldiers. Height above height we must scale. "A victorious general ties again his helmet-cord." Russia's resources were not exhausted at Liaoyang, nor in the Straits of Tsushima. As long as she fights, we must, alas ! keep her company, whether she enjoys this or not. Or, even supposing she parts company with us on acceptable terms—supposing this war comes to a close, what mightier wars will ensue in its train ! It is appalling to think of the demands which will be made upon us after the war. The higher Alps, with well-nigh unattainable passes, tower before us beyond the present Alps. Courage ! my young friends, courage equalling our brothers', shown on the frosty plains of Manchuria and on the surging billows of the Japan Sea, is required of you. Do not envy the exploits of our army or navy ; for you will soon be called out to fight in harder contests—you who are now poring over your books at the desk.

Post-bellum work will call for the best intellect of our race and its highest exertions. How shall we pay back the money we have borrowed to carry on the war ? What must we do for the thousands of families left fatherless and widowed ? Wherewith shall we reward the brave ones who

have shed their blood or returned maimed and crippled? In what ways ought we to prepare for new conflict with new enemies? The present army and navy have to take charge of half-a-million or at most a million men. The post-bellum battles of Peace will involve our fifty millions of men, women and children. The army and navy have to command only men, and these the same order of men. The post-bellum leaders must control all sorts and conditions of men, and these, men who cannot be ordered about in military fashion.

When I think of the mighty task which remains for us after the war, the deafening sound of *banzai* dies in the distance and the glaring torches pale away.

A few points must ever be kept before us as we study in our closets in these times of great excitement.

First.—The care of the bereaved families. It is not enough to contribute money for their support. “The gift without the giver is bare.” There is propriety to observe in giving alms to a beggar. But the help we extend to the families of the soldiers is not charity: it should be in large part an offering of thanksgiving as well as a sacrifice to the dead. The Government itself has a gigantic task in the distribution of awards and

POST-BELLUM WORK

pensions, and the people will find it no easy concern to care for the deserving.

Secondly.—The settlement of Corea must be given special attention. A poor effeminate people, with no political instinct, with no economic “gumption,” with no intellectual ambition, is become the Brown Japanese Man’s burden. Something must be done to resurrect a dead nation. Statesmen alone cannot do it. Teachers and agriculturists, preachers and engineers, can work more wonders than diplomats and generals.

Thirdly.—The money we borrowed must be returned with interest. We need, besides, money for new works of divers kinds. Foreign loans may be more fatal to the independence of a nation than an invading army. No debt of ours can be paid with anything else than the products of our own soil, agricultural and mineral wealth or manufactured articles. The development of our physical resources is a question of national life or death. New mines must be discovered, and old ones better utilized; foundries must turn out iron, copper and steel for home use; factories must be started to weave silk, cotton and wool for foreign export; the soil must be more deeply plowed and virgin land opened; bare mountain-slopes must be planted with trees and grassy plains turned into pastures for more cattle.

THOUGHTS AND ESSAYS

Fourthly.—As our industries advance, so must our trade with the rest of the world augment. As we shall have more to sell, so must we order more things from abroad. As our commerce grows, so must we increase our merchant marine. We must have more ships, larger, swifter and better than we have. As navigation of our coasts and rivers improves, land communication must keep pace with it. We cannot be moving at a half or a third of the rate of American velocity.

Fifthly.—Our political relations with foreign countries will become closer in every way. Russia, which has been in the habit of despising us, has now learned to do otherwise. Germany and France, which have never taken us seriously, will cease to look upon us as a joke. England and America, which have patronized us as a child-nation, will regard us as an adult. The whole of Asia, which has looked upon us with suspicion and condemned us as traitors to Asiatic tradition, will follow us as their guide.

Sixthly.—The closer touch with Europe and America, through diplomacy or commerce, necessitates better acquaintance with the languages of the West and especially with English, the most common medium of international mercantile dealings. With some pride we watch the progress of our mother tongue in Corea ; but we must not

thereby allow ourselves to be deceived into thinking that it will be universally used. Pride and self-sufficiency should not blind us to the utilitarian (not to speak of the moral) value of the English language, for the peoples who use it will be the best customers of our wares.

Seventhly.—The more intimate our communication with the West, the freer must be the interchange of our ideas. We must know the West better, and we must be better known. There is still a wretched misunderstanding between the East and the West. A thick barrier stands between the two, which unprejudiced study of each other alone can penetrate. It is not enough that we understand English sufficiently to transact business at the counter ; we must be able to read and enjoy Shakespeare and Milton, Scott and Dickens, Darwin and Carlyle. Nor is reading enough. We must learn to write and to write well, in order to make our ideas intelligible and clear to the West. We must be our own interpreters, since we cannot look for a Lafcadio Hearn at every turn ; nor can one Okakura do all that is needed as a revealer of our own inner thoughts.

I might go on enumerating demands that will be made upon us in the near future ; but this cursory glance will give an idea of what the rest may be. There have been, in history, nations that

THOUGHTS AND ESSAYS

became great by war, but greatness so won is never enduring. No people can grow enduringly great by sham, cant or sin. As Napier says, "Success in war, like charity in religion, covers a multitude of sins." It only *covers* sins without eradicating or even repenting them. A nation's lasting happiness comes only by peace. But peace has its dangers no less than war. Unfortunately it is too true, that "war its thousands slays, peace its ten thousands." Peace is not in itself an absolute blessing. It is rather a condition of social and moral wellbeing. To attain higher ends, there must be strenuous effort and this is engendered by war. A truly noble life is impossible without action, and this too is learned in war. But neither is that end high nor that life noble which consists in ceaseless struggle without a purer motive or a broader view than immediate victory. Success in war is but a small beginning of the greater task of economic prosperity, which in turn is but a means to a closer bond of nations, the last being itself only a step towards the realization of the Golden Age, when men shall no longer regard their brothermen as enemies on the field of battle or in the marts of commerce, but "all men's good be each man's rule."

June, 1905.



MENTAL INDIGESTION

WHEN I was studying French in Paris, I had a teacher who used to brag of his mastery of different languages. To my question how conversant he was with Spanish, his reply was that he had paid a couple of thousand francs for Spanish lessons. When I asked him how much Italian he knew, he told me he had spent five months in Genoa and expended twelve hundred francs in studying the *lingua Italiano*.

I had never before heard of measuring linguistic acquisition in francs and dollars, but since then I have seen people who gauge education by the number of books they have read or even by the length of the list of book-titles they have committed to memory.

It is ridiculous to reckon one's knowledge or wisdom by pages or volumes. There is a greater difference between mastering and understanding a book than between understanding and reading it, and there is a still greater difference between digesting it and amassing knowledge. It is not the amount of food we take, but what we digest, that makes us strong ; it is not what we read, but what we assimilate in our minds and character, that makes us wise.

THOUGHTS AND ESSAYS

Our so-called education consists too much in reading. Children are made to swallow things their teachers themselves cannot masticate. Huge volumes, beyond their power to comprehend are assigned as text-books. Mental indigestion is the malady of the day. Unfortunately, it is dangerously contagious. It attacks the old and the young, men and women, the high and the low, though it is particularly virulent among students and teachers. Government and society in general seem to spread the germs of this disease.

Greatly to be regretted is the school-system, which, like a graphophone, simply grinds out articulate sounds. Idly futile is the scheme of education which displaces common-sense with commonplaces. Fundamentally false is any theory of pedagogics which stuffs the youthful mind with information instead of drawing out the innate powers of the soul.

There is much instruction for our teachers in the Spanish proverb, which says, "I never saw a man die of hunger, but thousands die of overfeeding."



HUMILITY WITH GREATNESS

THERE is at present a general belief in the public mind, a consciousness in the air as it were, that Japan is on the verge of a great rise in power and prestige. It is far from us to brag ; rather do we bow our head in reverent gratitude for the rare favor that is granted to our generation. If we are destined to rise, let us rise with a humble and grateful heart ; for nations have so often fallen from pride of heart and abuse of divine favors.

Personal virtues elevate a nation's greatness, as national virtues make more manifest personal virtues. It is ruinous to a nation, fatal to its promise, to boast of itself. Many a people has learned humility only at the cost of its pride—that is through humiliation. We are no exception ; but we do pray that we may never taste to the full the cup of humiliation, and, if we so pray, we must warn ourselves against its very cause, namely, undue pride.

Think not that the present war exalts our nation greatly. War is a double-edged sword. While it can kill one's enemy, it can wound one's self.

Admit for once that this war will raise our standing in the community of nations, I would fain

THOUGHTS AND ESSAYS

ask—How long will it keep us at a high level? Suppose we beat Russia, as I believe we must, that will not be such evident proof, as is often thought, of our great strength or power or discipline. It will only show that Russia has not as much strength or power or discipline as she boasted of. She is now paying for her pride. Let us not harp on our own superiority, because of our enemy's inferiority. There are powers far superior to Russia with which we have not crossed swords. Moreover, Russia herself will not forever remain weak. She has a noble folk and a land of superb possibilities—only an exceedingly imbecile government. Her malady is the incapacitating dizziness of her leaders on their heights of self-exaltation. This war would teach her humility. Should she repent in sackcloth and ashes (and she can repent and reform at any time) the splendid qualities of her people will assert themselves, and a truly great future will greet her.

On the contrary, if we go on singing our own praises; if we beguile ourselves into the belief that we are superior in power; if we have fallen into the flattering deception that ours is the strength of giants, simply because we have caught a sickly highwayman prowling about in the millet-fields of Manchuria, we may rue the day most awfully.

SUMMER FLIGHTS

We cannot help feeling our own growth. The full warm blood coursing in our arteries betokens it. The muscles tingle with power; the feet will not stand still; but, let not energy lead us into pride, lest we fall.

August, 1905.



SUMMER FLIGHTS

THOUGHTS, strange and dreamy, haunt me in the summer's broad daylight. They carry me beyond the starry regions into the vastness that knows no limit. For a moment the ME merges into the Infinite. Soon the lower earth, with its little cares and duties, calls me back to where I am.

But the momentary excursion, be it never so short, into the empyrean, refreshes my soul to better meet the cares and duties of this life. They shall not disappoint me by their littleness. They reflect in a small compass the heavenly images of the upper places. "The meanest flower that blows" gives a clue to the vegetation of the pre-glacial age and to the solar systems of the universe.

"To see a world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower,
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour."

(*Wm. Blake.*)



MOTHER-LOVE

THE mother-heart—who can plumb its depth? Science cannot measure it; philosophy is impotent to fathom its power. Most akin to the divine, maternal love is the highest expression of human affection. Sharing animal instinct, it is the most natural of human emotions. The chain which the mother's heart forges stretches from the lowest to the loftiest of creation, and binds with its subtle links one heart to another in bonds stronger than even chains of iron or of law. A mightier and purer love we cannot imagine. We are all partakers of it before we are born, and, far away as we may drift from it, we can never entirely forget it as long as we live. Can any mortal cut out his heart and live? Well, that heart is where "Mother" is enshrined and no depth of degradation or degeneration can rob it of her.

Fancy a world without mother-love! Dante himself could not conceive a more horrible hell. The presence of Beatrice might make a paradise for him; but surely the absence of mother would turn paradise to hell. If "be it ever so humble, there's no place like home," it is equally true be it ever so grand, no place is a home without mother. If she is gone, we supply her absence

MOTHER-LOVE

with her image or imagination of her presence. It is impossible for us—by delusion, or by whatever name you may belittle it—to drive from our mind the reality of her existence.

Ah! my good Christian friends, accuse me not of idolatry, if, on every recurring anniversary of my mother's death, I place her likeness on the *Toko-noma* and offer flowers in her memory and for thanksgiving. Accuse me not of vile heathenism, if, in the presence of her image, my head unconsciously bows in reverent homage. Her spirit is as real to me as if she were in the flesh. Have I joy? I rejoice in the belief that she is partaking of it. Have I sorrow? Its bitterness is soothed by the assurance of her tender sympathy. How often, in moments of temptation, her face has flashed before me and saved me. How many times, when courage has failed, her form has roused my spirit to work and action.

Once a year, at least, I open the scroll of all the epistles she wrote to me. I find there an inexhaustible fountain of genuine love, where I never fail to quench the thirst of my spirit. Yea, it is a Fountain of Perennial Youth, taking me back to my boyhood's days. She tells me to be a good boy, to become a better man, not to worry other people, not to catch cold, to work hard—but not too hard. “By becoming a good and great man, you can

THOUGHTS AND ESSAYS

best honor your parents. If you grow to be good and great, people will say that you are a son worthy of your father, and I shall be very proud of him and of you. But if you turn out to be bad and stupid, people will say that you are like your mother, and your dishonor will be my disgrace."

As I ponder over her words, I become more and more aware of my shortcomings, for, without reproof, she ennobles me. As the scroll of letters unrolls, the five and twenty years that have elapsed since she last trod this earth merge into the living present and I feel her soft hand, hear her sweet voice and listen to her step on "the conscious floor." The mysterious power of memory brushes away not only the present but the last quarter of a century, making me live again the time when I was still a boy and my mother in the prime of womanhood. Love knows not space nor time —it can make the old young again; death itself receives no recognition. Such strange power has a mother's love! It at times seems to transcend natural laws, assuming a superhuman proportion and character. Victor Hugo has well compared it to the miraculous bread which God distributes and multiplies.

July, 1905.



SUCH PEACE AS THE WORLD GIVETH

PEACE is come at last—but such peace ! There is a peace of God which passeth all understanding. There is a peace which only the world gives. Peace in itself is a blessing ; but it is a low philosophy which teaches that the end justifies the means, and peace, itself so noble and so blessed, does not wipe out the blot on the ways by which it has been attained. Can there really be peace of any permanency when it is bought at the price of justice ? Peace may be but a makeshift, a temporary device. It may even be a scaffolding built by fools or a palace to be occupied by devils. I have seen many a building apparently at peace with itself, while all the time canker-worms were gnawing its foundation. I have seen a proud structure, erected by artisans of rarest skill, fall under the stroke of a careless hand ;—but peace reigned over the debris ! What but peace can reign over an inert mass, where there are no carpenters or masons to disturb it more ? Such is the peace which the world giveth.

As in the days of Jeremiah, the great ones of the land may heal “ the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly, saying, Peace, peace ; where there

THOUGHTS AND ESSAYS

is no peace."

Far different is the peace which the Savior brings into the heart. No peace compact between the most Christian kingdoms can compare in sweetness and durability, graciousness and stability, with the covenant of peace which God makes with us.

To be concise, we must learn that there is a national and a personal peace, a political and a moral peace. When moral peace is broken, mobs and riots and greater troubles are sure to follow which no political power can calm. Only that national peace is permanent which secures and insures peace in the home and in each person.

Statesmen who force down the throats of an unwilling people a wretchedly bought peace must make up their minds to make amends. At the same time, those who look to national peace as the sole guarantee of their happiness and progress would better know that they are doomed to disappointment. They will fare worst who sacrifice an inward peace for the sake of an outward and temporary peace.

Greatly to be pitied is the nation which peace, instead of blessing, only demoralizes. For such a nation, greater problems than the present peace are in store.

The autumn sky is blue and high; the moon

SUMMER CAUTION

never so serene ; the insects' hum stirs the dew-wet grass,—but we must be preparing for another winter's storms.

September, 1905.



SUMMER CAUTION

Now, at this height of summer, when the earth is covered with luxuriance of vegetation, and the air is full of the busiest, the noisiest and the gayest of winged creatures, man's place in nature seems to dwindle into insignificance. The very sun threatens to sap his energy. At no time of year does man so frailly succumb to nature as at this season. The ponds are ablaze with the pink and white of the lotus, and the air is redolent of its fragrance. The colors and the odors impart a weary dreaminess to the languid air and make these days seem "always afternoon." Man eats of the fruit of the lotus and melts away into tropical lethargy, dozes, slumbers, dreams. Our soul hibernates in summer as some animals do in winter. Only beware lest the dormant soul lapse into eternal sleep.

August, 1907.

USES OF WAR AND OF PEACE¹

LIFE, like Sai-o's horse, now brings blessing and now a curse. Joys and sorrows alternating make up our life. Two threads, or rather innumerable threads of two shades—somber and gay—are so intricately intertwined that, while our eyes rest on one, we lose sight of the other. He is a truly wise man who estimates each at its right value. It is no wonder that utilitarianism offers to disentangle them, and put in one pan of the scale the somber hues of pain and in the other the gay colors of pleasure and strike a balance between them.

So with War. Is it a blessing or a curse? A question like this may shock the pious and stun the timid, for it seems to be a self-evident truth that War is a scourge and a curse. It no doubt is evil; but an evil fruitful of manifold lessons. It has often been asked whether adversity is a blessing or a curse. In itself, even the most resigned will not hail it as a god-send. Whoever courts it for its own sake is a fool indeed, but who can deny that it can bring forth blessings. Adversity of itself has no power to destroy or save a man. It is a negative power, or rather a negative condition of life. It lies in the man himself what use he makes of it. I have seen a rock which one builder rejected, as

USES OF WAR AND OF PEACE

being in his way, made in the hands of another a corner-stone.

Life-swallowing War, grim and gory ; emitting fire and blood ; beating down with one hand vigorous manhood in its prime ; clutching with the other the throats of frail women and babies ; trampling under foot the aged in their feebleness ;—terrible War !—it too has its uses in the Divine economy of the universe. Nations have been wiped out by it, and nations have waxed great by it. Some grew proud by conquest, only to fall through haughtiness of spirit. Others have been humiliated by defeat, only to rise from their depths, higher than the conqueror.

We hail peace with all our heart and soul ; but peace in itself is no more a blessing than adversity or war. It has often sapped, worse than war ever did, the sinews of a nation ; sucked its blood and ruined its character. If it has not, like war, destroyed the nation's sacred temples by fire, it has not done better in desecrating them by a vile worship. It has so weakened by disuse the arms as to unfit them either for wielding the sword or holding the plow.

As my pen traces these lines, I hear the crackling of fire-works and the boom of cannon, and, in the distance, the shouts of a vast concourse of people. There is no warlike din in all these demon-

strations—they are the signal of peace and of joy. The whole city of Kyoto is astir in its best attire ; men in their robes of etiquette, girls in their gayest dress, to welcome the hero of our day—Togo. Let us all join in wishing him long life and a useful career. Let us join with the crowd in *Banzai!* But—joy is transient and work is lasting. This halcyon day passes with the night ; then will follow days and years of sober work. Let then the gleesome spirit which elates our bosom make our future labors buoyant. Not with heavy heart and dragging feet, but with a cheerful spirit and light step, let us face the stern duties before us.

Kyoto.

December, 1905.



A CROSS

EACH bears his cross, be it large or small, heavy or light. It never is so small or so light that it is not felt : nor is it ever so large or so heavy that it cannot be borne. Peace, joy and blessing are to be sought only where the flesh is crucified.

Fling not the cross lightly away, lest we grow light of heart by the loss of what will lighten our load.



JAPAN'S NEW DUTIES AND RESPONSIBILITIES

*“Die Weltgeschichte ist das Weltgericht.”*** All nations have to stand before the judgment-seat of History, where verdicts are passed in the name of God and of justice. The Past is our judge. The deeds done in the body excuse or accuse us. We may entertain the highest thoughts and noblest sentiments, but, unless they are lived up to, they will only be accusers at the bar of history. The road which leads to the temple of success and glory, is not paved with ideas but with deeds actually accomplished.

Japan has made a record in the history of the world—a record that is record-breaking. It is well that a record disgracefully kept in letters of blood—that Europe may take any liberty with the life and land of Asiatics—should be broken. Mankind has now opened a new page in the story-book of European aggression in Asia, hitherto full of infamy and injustice. Let now the sleeping millions of Asia's children awake from their slumber of ages and assert the birthright which God has given them. Let them show themselves men and not slaves. But before their birthright is claimed, let

* World-history is a world-tribunal—*Schiller*.

THOUGHTS AND ESSAYS

them first see to it that it is deserved and that they will not abuse it. The dazzle of Japan's success should not blind their eyes and incite their vanity. In soberness let them study the cause of her rise and her victories.

And the while we teach our neighbors their rights and their strength, their duties and their responsibilities, it is highly fitting that we ourselves should, in all soberness, study the whereins and the wheresores of our brilliant success on the field and our sombre success in the halls of council. It is imperative for us who pretend to teach that we be first taught ourselves.

It is not enough that we have demonstrated our military ability, neither is it sufficient to pose solely as a military leader. Have we not experienced, more than is to our liking, that success on the field alone does not carry us very much nearer the goal we set before us? We feel something is still lacking to make us what our instincts murmur we may become. We have ideals after which to strive and a strong impetus to urge us on. The best in us is still latent in the breast. It still remains for us to unfold our noblest gifts on the world's stage, as we have so bravely unfurled our sun-rise banner on the Manchurian plains.

The cause for which Japan stands in Asia, is not that of the domination or aggression of a yellow

JAPAN'S NEW DUTIES AND RESPONSIBILITIES

race. Pigment is not a boon precious enough to be exalted into a cause for martyrdom or warfare. The race, irrespective of color—the whole human race—in one word, humanity, is the one cause worth fighting and dying for, and it is this humanity which is suffering more in Asia than in Europe. If our suzerainty over Korea fails to alleviate her suffering, we have no right to claim any supremacy over her. It is poor statesmanship and an ignoble policy to exercise power over a weaker nation in a way inimical to humanity. If Korea should lose her political independence, her people should at least be paid for it by better treatment from their new masters ; but if instead they receive kicks and blows, it is indeed sad proof that we are unworthy the name and place of an expanding nation. If our influence in China should foster a "yellow peril" in its worst forms, to the menace of civilization and to the detriment of humanity, it will only argue that we have no right to hegemony over Asia.

Whether our coming record on the continent will contribute to the progress of justice and liberty, the sense of law and order, or whether it will end in worse forms of despotism than Europe or native tyrants would place upon it, let coming history judge.

October, 1905.



WHAT O'CLOCK IS IT IN JAPAN?

TELL me, young men of Japan, What time is it with you? What hour is the clock of Japan striking?

We are so prone to forget the hour of the day. In these days, when watches can be had for a *yen*, everybody has his own timekeeper; but, whatever their disparities, there is a standard-piece to which they must all conform. And what does this standard clock say of our time of day?

The sun-dial marks for Spain five o'clock in the evening. Spain had her noon-day some three centuries ago, when Campanella wrote that it was the will of God his country should govern the world; but God willed that the Spanish sun should gradually sink and we now behold its winter afterglow. The French dial points its finger at three in the afternoon. It stood at twelve when Louis Quatorze was at the height of his grandeur. Since then, how speedily her sun has gone coursing down, only to pause, as it were, for a moment to look upon the unfinished career of Napoleon. In England, the clock has just struck twelve. The sun is right overhead, and, while we are watching, we notice it slowly passing the meridian. In Germany, it is not yet eleven in the morning, and her

WHAT O'CLOCK IS IT IN JAPAN?

people have just warmed to their work, while in America, the Yankees have full two hours before their sun will reach the zenith. In China, it is still night, and, invisible to human eyes, the ravens are flying in the darkness ; but the four hundred million pig-tailed heads are resting on their pillows, dreaming of gold and a past millenium.

With us, the sun is just rising, or at most has just risen. It is now five in the morning in this part of the world, and the eastern horizon is aglow with the splendor and freshness of dawn. The early laborers have already left their warm beds. The housewives are preparing the morning meal, and the smoke curling from each hearth tells better than words that the nation is up and astir. Don't you hear the tap of the *hataki* on the *shoiji*? Wiping and sweeping are vigorously going on. Children are having their faces washed, while the older ones are being equipped with bags and *soroban* for school, as some must walk two hours to get there.

How gloriously the sun rises ! It does not menace, but the night-clouds flee before its rays. It drives the spirit of darkness to the regions of the past. The young day dawns. Fresh hopes possess and new duties call. Awake, ye who slumber ! Up, then, ye who are awaking ! To work, ye who are arisen ! The fairest land,

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Nippon, invites every one of her sons to bring his gift to her altar. Neither Togo's fleet nor Oyama's army has wound up the history of our nation. Far from being the *finis*, they are the first paragraph in the history of New Japan. They have opened a broadened vista for our eyes and have widened the fields of labor for our hands.

What was good for the night avails no longer. "Let the dead past bury its dead." Fold your *futons*—taking care to air them first. Nay, take up your beds and arise! The little lights, the smoking lamps, the flickering *andons* are utterly useless now. Let us lay aside our nightgowns and put on garments fit for the day and for its work. New skins must be provided for the new wine. Let feudal Confucius rest among the books of antiquity. Let obsolete forms of *bushido* lie with the bones of their followers. With spirit new and renewed, let us hail the breaking day and the task of the morning.

November, 1905.



NEW DUTIES OF THE NEW YEAR

As the old year dies and the New Year is born, my thoughts again linger between the dead and the living, between the gone and the coming. As the infinitesimally short Present links the two eternities, the past and the future, so does *Gwanjitsu* connect our two lives, the one belonging to history and the other still unformed in the womb of time.

The sun, in its fiery career, brings to earth the seasons of the year, and each season, in its eternal round, brings to mankind its special duties. In their idyllic days, our fathers thought it sufficient work if they followed the hints of the seasons. They assiduously, but blindly, tilled in the spring, weeded in the summer, reaped in the autumn and hoarded in the winter.

The Pastoral Age is a theme of poets and we think of it as one long continuous picnic, riding on the back of a slow-pacing cow and tuning the flute to the scarce audible music of the stars : but agricultural life impresses us not much less favorably as an easy comfortable existence, free from care and from discordant notes.

Our fancy flies to pristine simplicity and our

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heart sighs for it.

Part, as we will, with the Past, we are chained and enchanted by it, and it attends us at every step, now pulling, now pushing. "Man alone," says Wundt, "is conscious of his connection with the past. The animal consciousness is continuous, as a general rule, only from moment to moment; in any case its continuity is confined to the limits of the individual life. The continuity of the human consciousness, even at its lowest level, embraces at least the tradition of several generations." We are a product of the Past. Like fresh buds on old branches, each generation shoots out on lichen-covered branches of universal history, to grow into twigs that shall bear fresher buds of fruits and flowers. So, as grapes stick to the vine, does our heart cling to the Past, and we long for the legendary golden age of yore.

But our duties lie not in the Past. It belonged to our fathers' fathers.

The never-resting sun has brought other times and other duties for us.

Times are changed. Pastures are enclosed and turned into furrowed fields. The fields themselves are fenced to make room for factories. The cow-boy's flute is heard no more: the planting

NEW DUTIES OF THE NEW YEAR

songs and tick of flails are dying away in the distance. Rural sounds grow fainter everyday amongst the din of engines, and rustic sights disappear behind the smoke from a thousand chimneys.

With the change of times, our everyday duties also change. Every generation, every year, every season, has each its distinct demands. Wise is he who can rightly read the signs of the times, and happy he who fulfils its demands.

“The Present loads us with burdens too heavy to bear: the Present is full of iniquities hard to pardon: the Present stenches with wrong and corruption.” Such wailing and lamentation rise from the lips of dark prophets. Ah, seers so-styled! Your gaunt figures stand between your brothers and the sun; and it is your own long shadows cast on the ground that make the earth so dark. Rob not poor Diogenes of his light and warmth!

Nothing is wrong with the world, and as to Man—he still remains the image of his Maker, possibly better than when he was first created. The light that was lighted in his breast has never been entirely extinguished: perennially it burns; and when it only faintly flickers, as though it had

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been smothered, how often the fault lies not in the wick or in the oil, but in the atmosphere ! Either the oxygen is not sufficient or the wind is blowing.

The human heart is not altogether gone astray ; nor is the Present. The corruptions of our age do not stifle a saint or overpower a sage. Its iniquities do not multiply except in the eyes eager to search for them and in the ears bent to listen. To a swine the world is a rubbish heap, and to it a rubbish heap is as good as, if not better than, a paradise. The pure in heart pass through the world, finding all men noble, every woman pure, and each place a temple. Such a heart endorses the "cosmic emotion" of Marcus Aurelius, "I am in harmony with all that is a part of thy harmony, Great Universe ! For me, nothing is early, and nothing late that is in season for thee. All is fruit for me which thy seasons bear, O Nature ! "

What is it that Nature's season is bearing for us ? What is it that Nature's God requires of us now in the fulness of His time ? What does the world expect of us ? What does our heart prompt ? What are the messages that we have to deliver to humanity ?

If fighting is all or the best we can do, we are

NEW DUTIES OF THE NEW YEAR

not much better than Huns and Tartars. Even Romans did more than mere fighting.

The work of the coming year and of the years to follow will be largely of an economic and moral character.

The main business of War is destruction. Its destructive effects are not confined to its fields of action. It acts, alas, disastrously on the thoughts and morals of society. Lord Wellesley himself has said that the standard of morality among soldiers is and must be very different from that whereby good citizens are judged. Peace must have its heroes to worship. The period of reconstruction must engage a different set of workers from that of the period of destruction. You will not, certainly, hire a band of firemen to build your house.

The War has left many a wound on our body politic, and it will gape and smart worse if not duly attended to.

Let us have heroes of manufacture, of commerce and of farming,—captains of industry and knights of labor. Let us now beat the blood-stained swords into plowshares and engines. Our next fight is not with gun and cannon, but with abacus and ledger: it is not in Manchuria, but in

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the markets of the world, not with Russians, but with all the nations of the earth. Let the best youths, the picked brains, join in the contest of a great and invincible industrial army.

This, then, is a duty that is newly laid upon us—that we develop our natural and economic resources. Failing in this, our victories over two Empires come to nought.

Economic conquest is not enough to make us great, nor can it be lasting without a more solid foundation or a loftier idea than mere love of lucre or of power. The commercial supremacy of England is not based on a rickety pedestal of greed : even Germany's recent rise does not rest on avarice : much less is America's brilliant career due to a mean worship of the "Almighty Dollar."

If there is anything astir anywhere, you may be sure that there is a force working stronger than that which is stirring. Have you seen a grain of sand move on a beach ?—there was a gale blowing or a wave dashing, stronger than that grain of sand. Have you seen a star fall through infinite space ?—there was some gigantic power attracting or else repelling that stellar body. Have you seen a nation waxing great ?—there you may feel assured some hidden mighty potency is to be found leavening the whole mass. Such a power is the moral

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character of the people.

As we stand on the water-shed of Time,—the dividing line of the Old and the New Year,—and turn our eyes upon the former, we have every reason to be thankful for our history, and as we survey the latter, our heart rejoices at its promises, and we feel like falling upon our knees to make a solemn resolution to be and to do better, in order that we may be more worthy of the heritage so freely promised to us.

January, 1906.



JOYS OF LIFE

WHEREVER we roam, things beautiful and gladsome surround us. When we are moody and gloomily saunter along life's path, they overtake us, pat us on the shoulder, and beaming upon us, almost force their blessings upon our unheeding souls. Yet we carelessly disregard them or else carefully avoid them. Such fools we are !



A WINTER THOUGHT

IT is now nearly ten years since I last saw a northern winter. I had almost forgotten what it was like. The chilling wind had long ceased to blow in my ears; the snow-clad hills had grown dim in my eyes. For years Whittier's "Snow-Bound" had lain unopened on my shelf.

Now I find myself again in the midst of a northern winter. Its sharp blasts numb my limbs; its howl pierces my ears; its storms blind my eyes.

But there is indescribable beauty and purity in Winter's storms. All around me are hills white to perfection and beyond tower mighty peaks sublimely without blemish. The crystal rivers lie glistening on the bosom of the earth, like a diamond necklace on the breast of Beauty. I ride on roads paved with translucent marble, through forests ablow with spotlessly snowy-petalled flowers. I forget for a while that Winter can ever seem dismal and dreary.

All life seems to be resting. In the plants the sap stops flowing; the wild animals hibernate; the birds have flown to a sunnier sky. But man is more than a plant or a beast. He feels life stirring within him. The coldest night does not check the blood coursing through his veins. The sharpest

A WINTER THOUGHT

wind does not blight his warmest hopes. Ruddier and ruddier glows the hearth, around which domestic joys gather.

Winter beckons us to work. Activity alone imparts health and joy to our body and spirit. Grimly and sternly does the hoary season say, "In my kingdom there is no other alternative than to work or to freeze. The indolent shall perish and only the hardy and the hard-working shall survive. Make thy choice." If there is nothing else to do, hew wood, fetch fagots, shovel snow. In work is your salvation. Energy and sturdy manhood are the gifts of the North; they outlive the lashings of the tempest and the icy solitudes. Modern civilization was born and nurtured in the North. The South gives its sons food in plenty and time for contemplation.

Still I will not make man wholly subordinate to nature. I will not term him a mere puppet in her hands. Whether he nourish himself with the food which the southern sun spreads before him or bloat himself as a gourmand; whether he obeys the mandate of the North to be up and doing, or cowards into the *kotatsu*; whether he braves the challenge of the storm or flees at its approach—man must decide and act for himself. It is in him and not in nature to become his own master or the slave of his surroundings.

Can philosophy never prosper where equinoctial fervors glow? Has poetry never graced the frigid dales of Iceland or the frozen fiords of Scandinavia? Must Formosa be forever doomed to coolie culture and Saghalien to sordid fishery? No, no! Man is greater than nature. He can harness Winter and ride in the chariot of the storm; he can defy the heat of the tropics and make it turn his wheels.

Sakata.

January, 1906.



IN HIRAIKUMI

My thoughts are again with the dead, as my feet wander among these fields on the banks of the Kitakami and the Koromo. Why, indeed, should I call them dead, who teach me, more vividly than the living, at once the glory and the vanity of human life? Even if the master epigrammatist sings,—

“The summer grass!—
"Tis all that's left
Of ancient warriors' dreams,”*

I will not believe that the waving weeds are all that remain of strong men's aspirations and endeavors. Their brave deeds are ours still.

*夏草や武者どもの夢の跡

SPRING THOUGHTS

THE winter is past or passing; its cheerless days and frosty nights, its winds howling through leafless boughs, its rivers frozen rigid, are all gone. Genial spring is come or is coming. At its approach the ice melts, the streams flow smooth, the breeze blows fragrant, the brown sod turns verdant.

Every object in nature seems glad. The birds chirp their welcome. The trees show their joy in new buds and leaves.

The *ume* expresses in its quiet genteel manner its satisfaction and the *uguisu* joins in it with its notes of praise. The air is full of sweetest scent and song.

Man, too, as a faithful child of nature should join in the universal merriment of the season.

When the earth awakes from its wintry slumber, to renew its task of the long year before it, shall not man, too, be roused to labor and fresh exertion?

We feel the warm blood coursing through our veins; we feel our hearts beat with fresh vigor. New energy seems to seize our whole being. We cannot sit still in our dingy rooms. We must go out into the world and the fresh air.

I, for one, will not hold young spirits from frolic

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and joy. I rejoice in their vigor and activity. But take care lest you spend your energy in things frivolous or harmful.

Pleasures, to be lasting and beneficial to body and soul, must be of an innocent sort. Guilty pleasure is for a moment. A poet says,

“ How oft is transient pleasure the source of
lengthened woes ! ”

Spring has just arrived ; it will advance day after day, and, as it advances, it will unfold more and more of its attractions, and these may lead us into forbidden paths which are everywhere hidden among its manifold beauties.

When the cherry season comes, the air is softer, more birds sing with fuller notes, more flowers blossom with richer colors, and—shall I say it ? more youths go astray, carried away by their own passions and appetites.

Spring bestows unrivalled pleasures in its brief duration ; but remember it also offers innumerable occasions for lasting griefs and regrets. Our caution must be, in tasting of its sweets, to avoid whatever may turn out to be sour or bitter.



ASCENT OF BUSHIDO

BUSHIDO is a gradually shaped mountain with a slope of gentle gradation, not, however, without some sudden breaks and steep paths here and there.

This mountain may be roughly divided into five zones, according to the character of the inhabitants.

Along its base swarm rude boors with untamed spirit and undisciplined physical vigor, who brag of their possession of brute force and are anxious to put it to the test upon the slightest provocation. These are what used to be called the "boar samurai," who formed in war the rank and file of the army and in times of peace an unruly element of society.

Higher up in the scale dwells another type of men—a grade removed from the occupants of the jungles at the base. It indulges no longer in brute force. It delights, nevertheless, in the exercise of its limited power, though, unlike the boar-tribe, it takes no pleasure in wanton cruelty or practical jokes. It is proud and haughty, and is fond of browbeating its subordinates. Nothing is more to its taste than to feel its own importance, to be obeyed. Nothing arouses its ire so much as

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to have its authority trespassed upon, to be opposed. In field action it furnishes efficient petty officers and, in ordinary times, an exceedingly disagreeable class of bureaucratic clerks.

Above the habitat of this type, lies a zone whose denizens are neither brutish nor overbearing. They like more or less intellectual pursuits, read books—mostly short courses in law and political economy—and talk of big themes. Outside of law and politics their vision does not extend far. Their literature ceases with novels and cheap poetry. For science they care nothing beyond what they read in the daily papers. Their manners lose the awkwardness of "the boar" and the rigidity of the class immediately below them. They are easy in the company of their fellows; but one finds them stiff among their superiors and domineering towards their inferiors. They may be called novitiates of esoteric Bushido and their number is large. From among them are recruited officers for the army and civilians for the business routine of government.

There is a region higher up where thrives a nobler order of samurai, embracing generals in the army and leaders of thought and action in every walk of life. Affable to those below them, they ever maintain their dignity. Civil to those above them, they never lose their self-respect. Under

their gentlemanly manners lies, however, more of sternness than of meekness. In their kindness, there is more of conscious condescension than sympathy. In their loftiest spiritual mood, they show more of pity than of love. They say kind and wise things to you, and you understand their meaning; you hoard their words in your memory; but their voice does not live with you. They look at you and you are struck with the clearness of their gaze; but the lustre of their eyes is gone when they have passed from you.

Would you see the highest type of *Bushi*, ascend by a steep, craggy path to the loftiest zone. Here dwells and greets you, a gentler race of men—they are unsoldierlike and almost feminine in appearance and behavior. You would hardly suspect them to be samurai. You may at first even take them for a very ordinary set of people, so unpretentious are they. You can approach them with ease. You may think they are approachable because liberty can be taken with them. Afterwards, you will realize that you drew near to them because you were irresistibly attracted. They are at home in any company—high or low, great or small, old or young, learned or ignorant. There is something more than mere urbanity or refinement in their manners. Affection beams from their eyes and quivers on their lips. They

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come, and a refreshing zephyr blows. They go, and a warmth of the heart is left behind. Never pedantic, they teach. Never patronizing, they protect. Never proselyting, they convert. Offering no service, they help. Without doling out alms, they succor. Without herbs, they heal. Without argument, they convince. They play and laugh like children. Their play is more than innocent, for it puts guilt to shame. Their laugh is more than hearty, for it restores the weary soul. Their childlikeness makes a sinful conscience envious of purity. When they weep, their tears wash away your heaviest load. The zone where these samurai dwell is shared with the followers of Jesus.

“ Who is the Happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in aims should wish to be?—
It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought;
Whose high endeavors are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright.”

Wordsworth.



THE SWORD AND THE PEN

SWORD ! What a train of brilliant deeds, of historic fame and of chivalrous valor, is associated with this single monosyllable ! It carries our reflections far back into those by-gone days, when Joshua drew his Sword for the cause of the Lord ; through those warlike ages of Greece and Rome down to the latest event, wherein the sword was the chief instrument. It brings fresh to our minds the mighty deeds of Gideon and David, of Alexander and Cæsar, of Peter the Great and Napoleon. In legends and traditions the sword is the deliverer of princesses and virgins, and in real history, too, the stories of magnanimity, of self-sacrifice, of justice, of patriotism are often the story of the Sword. Often as it is the emblem of authority, oftener still, alas ! does it tell doleful tales of sorrow and dreadful tales of brutality. Just picture to your mind tens of thousands of the suffering poor, of those that are slain in the prime of manhood, of those that are bereaved of their brothers, husbands, fathers and sons, of those that are left naked and penniless ! Yea when we, even in imagination, dwell upon the horrible scenes of bloodshed and its more horrible consequences, we are not at all surprised to see brave Wellington wiping from the corner of his

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eyes the tender drops of sympathy, as he, one evening during one of his campaigns, surveyed the battle-field and thought of the dead, the widows and orphans. Carnage and famine attend the footsteps of a misused sword. Famine is followed by depopulation and this checks production, commerce, art and sciences, and with halt of these civilization itself stops. This is an exaggerated view of war, but not the less logical. Such is the Sword, at once the power and the canker of state.

But free from blemishes of a bloody sort, what a pure and lofty air does the pen breathe into the breast of society ! P-E-N, easy for a schoolboy to spell, what a mystic spell does the word convey ? Were it not for the pen, what were "the vast accomplishment and brilliant fancy of Cicero, the withering fire of Juvenal, the plastic imagination of Dante, the humor of Cervantes, the comprehension of Bacon, the wit of Butler, the supreme and universal excellence of Shakespeare" more than a light under a bushel, unseen, unfelt ? Blind Milton touches it, and before the astonished world, in all its beauty, rises the Happy Land of Paradise. Wonderful power ! Civilization owes its progress to thee ! Science adores thee ! Literature finds its life in thee ! "The pen is mightier than the sword" is an old adage and a true one. But even the Pen is not without its abuses.

THE SWORD AND THE PEN

For if it bequeathes the life of one generation to the next, it likewise perpetuates the vicious influences of vicious productions: if it propagates right principles, that is not all it can do and does; it also diffuses the baneful effects of injurious writings. "One good, one evil." If Dante's "Divine Comedy" taught deep spiritual truth in its pictures of a hell which lies not only under Florence, but yawns at the feet of every one of us, if the Shakespearian drama enriched the world, if the "Novum Organum" changed the whole phase of philosophy, if the "Principia" explained the complex problems of nature, if "Pilgrim's Progress," and "Paradise Lost" have done vast good in their several spheres, equally vast if not vaster have been the counter effects of the "Philosophical Dictionary," a storehouse of falsehood, of the "Age of Reason;" of "Decameron" and of other writings akin to them. The circulation of obscene literature pollutes many—who can estimate how many?—promising youths. Indecent novels and love stories slowly but surely work their pernicious way into the hearts of maidens, and like the termites of Africa, undetected by any outside symptom, gnaw the center of morality, religion and intellect; and, while their victims appear well and at ease, stealthily comes the crash of their ruin. Such then is the Pen—properly used, the benefactor of

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nations, misused their enemy. Hence, mark it, "the pen is mightier than the sword" is true only in that sense, in which we speak of water as more powerful than fire. Their actions are reciprocal. Their fields of operation are totally distinct; the one deals with the physical, the other, with the moral part of man.

Written 1880.



A SUPPLICATION

I ASK for daily bread, but not for wealth, lest I forget the poor. I ask for strength, but not for power, lest I despise the meek. I ask for wisdom, but not for learning, lest I scorn the simple. I ask for a clean name, but not for fame, lest I contemn the lowly. I ask for peace of mind, but not for idle hours, lest I fail to hearken to the call of duty.

For these and much more, O Father, do I crave, knocking at Thy door; and, if I dare not enter, yet Thou caust dole out the crumbs fallen from Thy table.



ON THE SEA

SINCE leaving Moji our ship has been rolling and tossing in such a fashion that the dining-room looks deserted, whenever the bell announces the meals. Whether I will or not, I must fast, and hunger and fatigue lulled me last night into a deep slumber.

This morning I awake to a new world, and new feelings come over me. The weather changed in the night and with it the sea. The gloriously blue sky is above and the smooth, mirror-like water below. Never before has the ocean so impressed me with the glory of creation ; never before has navigation so impressed me with the triumph of human invention. These words rise to my lips—words which habitually come with similar emotions—Marvellous are thy works, O God ! and what willest Thou that I do on earth ?

In vain do I put forth my hand to grasp what lies beyond the horizon, or even one inch beyond the stretch of my arm. In vain do I strain my eyes to catch a glimpse of what is hidden from mortal ken. Only vaguely come to my mental view the marks of an Almighty Power, which, when traced, here grow faint and there clear.

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The sea contains marks of such a twofold character. Its vastness surpasses the ability of the senses to comprehend ; its depth is deeper than anything I can imagine ; nothing is calmer than its placidity and nought more furious than its angry billows. I behold the sea-gulls sport with the sparkling waves ; but I can fancy leviathans underneath. The aged fisherman in his fragile craft plies his trade with his little daughter's help ; they smile and float on the tranquil surface, little recking what mighty forces and giant monsters are below.

Peace and war, love and hate, gentleness and ferocity make up the sea ; they make the world and human life. Incongruity and inconsistency are glaring to our limited vision. But somewhere—deeper in the scale of God's creation or higher in the grade of His spiritual plan—there must be a place where all incongruities cease and inconsistencies no more exist.

As I stand on the deck of the steamer and look upon the sea, my mind wanders from one theme to another ; but as my gaze grows more intent and my thought more intense, the questionings that vex my soul vanish, and one consciousness remains—God.

*On board the Saikyo Maru,
February, 1906.*



RUINS OF AN EMPIRE

I STAND among the rubbish of past splendor. Around me are, in mouldering heaps, the palaces of kings, whence were issued orders for the governance of millions of human beings ; the chambers of queens, gaudy with gold and brocade, where jealousy, intrigue, romance and gayety, held their court ; the temples where gods of many a mighty religion—Buddhist, Confucian, and Taoist—had their seats and their rites ; libraries where, for hundreds of years, the wisdom of the ancients was kept in sacred awe and for blind reverence—all these grand edifices are now in different stages of decay, some tottering and feebly leaning on pillars worm-eaten to the core, ready to fall at any moment under the weight of the shattered tiles that form the roof ; some in complete collapse, a mere heap of dust, from which trees large enough to shelter you from the glaring sun are growing in verdant luxuriance ; even the best preserved have their venerable roofs overgrown with weeds and shrubs, while their interior affords safe refuge for birds and bats.

Not only the palaces of the founder of the present ruling dynasty of China, but the sacred town of Mukden where it arose to might and power,

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are in partial decay. Its outer walls are fast returning to the element out of which they were raised—namely clay ; its inner walls, a massive and once impregnable pile of stones, show signs of crumbling ; the turrets and gates stand roofless, warning the passers below against falling fragments of masonry.

If the courtiers swarm no more the corridors and the pavements of the palaces, the denizens of the town still carry on their ancient trades, unmolested on the streets, buying and selling, haggling and peddling. The princes and lords have departed, leaving the people to go on as in days of yore, “marrying and giving in marriage,” trudging in the ways of their fathers.

Gone to utter corruption is the government of the land ; but in the people is living fire and tremendous vitality. Never in history has a worthier nation been ridden over by a worse administration. There is but little affiliation between the governing and the governed. Like oil and water, the lighter greasy fluid floats and presses upon the heavier liquid ; the water feels the pressure but it bears it so lightly that it moves and acts much as if the pressure were not there.

The time is coming for the people to feel any unnecessary burden irksome, and for the government to find that corruption costs dear.

As I stand here among the rubbish, rapt in contemplation, I am aroused by the sound of hammer, axe and saw. The carpenters and masons are busy, plying their various crafts, in bringing to order again the chaotic mass of ruins. Not by slaves or by forced labor, but by free and well-paid artizans, is the ancient splendor to be restored, and, when the work is done, may no despot occupy the throne, no illicit queen defame the chamber, and no sycophants sit in the council halls !

Mukden.

May, 1906.



AT THE MIDNIGHT HOUR

THE last *udonya* has retired to his lair. The hum of insects is hushed. No nightingale sings to-night to keep a poet awake, nor does an ominous raven disturb the unlucky in his sleep. To the ear, the earth is as good as dead. I sit up alone to watch the stars "climb the ancient sky." Why do I fail to catch the rhythmic cadences in which the constellations march in their courses ? I fain would listen to the faintest notes ; but I only hear my own poor heart beating :—

"The impatient throbs and longings of a soul,
That pants and reaches after distant good."



IS CHINA AN ANSWER TO CONFUCIUS?

SINCE coming to China, the question has been haunting my mind, "Is this the land of Confucius and Mencius?" This initial question has raised others, "Is this government the moral result of the precepts of these sages?" "Is this people the logical outcome of the principles which these wise men taught?"

If this country, this people, is the creation of Confucianism, I am sorry I ever did him reverence.

What utter rottenness is hidden or manifest in the whole fabric of this government! What mean characters sit in high places to dictate commands to four hundred millions of people! What unjust creatures mete out "Justice" to their fellow-beings! There is something disgustingly disappointing in the whole structure of administration.

The root of the matter lies deeper than in the system of government; it lies deeper than in the personnel of administration. Does it not lie in the teaching of Confucius? For, whatever he may have taught, however he may have preached, there was lacking a power, an impulse for action. He spoke as one who had no authority. He spoke as an outsider, as one who looked on life. One feels as

though he sat on a perhaps slightly elevated platform by the roadside, and talked in a fine, resonant voice to the millions who passed by. But many of his beautiful phrases, for lack of genuine sympathy and heart-felt love, fall flat on the ears of those who labor and suffer.

Hence a profound gap was formed between the teacher and his hearers. These incline their ears to the noble sound of his voice, little comprehending what he meant, but feeling that there must be something back of grand and grandiose periods. The teacher, a cool, shrewd Chinaman, very proper and polite, strict and upright and righteous, utters in short, pithy form, precepts of practical import. The master piped to the people and they danced —awkwardly enough : he mourned and they wept —crocodile tears.

The mission of Confucius strikes me here as a failure. His words may be intelligible to the educated of his countrymen, appealing to their intellect ; yet they are without power to convict them of sin or convince them of responsibility. As to the unlettered millions, he is a vague personage, unreal to their imagination (of which faculty they are but scantily possessed), pouring forth a stream of golden words which they never expect to translate into action.

Mukden.

May, 1906.



THE GROWTH OF JAPAN

How fast has our youthful nation been growing of late years! Not only in population but also in territory, not only in industries and wealth, but also in intellect and power.

Just think that at the time when the present Emperor ascended the throne, even the Loo-Chee Islands were not clearly his possession; the boundaries of Saghalien were not definitely settled; on Formosa we laid not the least claim; Corea was of course her own master; the Liaotung peninsula lay beyond any dream of our control.

As to population, we could scarcely count thirty-five million, at the beginning of the Meiji era; now there are nearly fifty million. Forty years ago, there were very few Japanese in Hokkaido, which, under the uninviting name of Yezo, was considered as an island cold in the extreme, and full of danger from wild beasts. If you should go to Hokkaido now—which you can easily in two days from Tokyo—it would be hard to see an Ainu hut, and so far as a bear or a wolf is concerned, I am afraid you would never make his acquaintance in his own home. The old haunts of these animals are now turned into plowed fields; and where they once roamed in unmolested freedom, you find in

their steady children playing ; where two decades ago, you heard the hungry howl of wolves and the angry growl of bears, you hear the sweet notes of school songs. Nor is it in Hokkaido alone that you meet your kith and kin, away from their places of birth. You take a steamer at Kobe, and after three short days' sailing, you land at Japan's new possession, well known in ancient lore and legend as the happy isle of Takasago. This is no other than Formosa, so called by the Portuguese because of its beauty. It lies near the tropics and has naturally a very warm climate ; but here, too, different as it is from Hokkaido in many respects our race is thriving. Japanese children are as easily born under the shade of tall southern palms as under the spreading branches of northern elms.

The Yamato race, thus far confined to an insular life, has, within the last few months, taken hold of a continental. A year and half ago, a million sons of Japan, armed for the defence of her rights, marched in battle array over the plains of Manchuria. The war is over ; but her sons, not armed indeed for fight, but provided with hoe and abacus, are now going in crowds to the continent for a more lasting conquest than by sword or gun.

Mere growth in population and territory means very little, unless it is accompanied by growth in wealth and intelligence. And how has Japan fared

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in these respects? Has she squandered her money for wanton purposes and grown poorer? Does she, proud of her new territorial acquisitions and her increasing population, neglect to attend to her higher vocation?

There are many proofs that our wealth has grown with great rapidity. I need not enumerate mines of gold and coal, as well as of other metals and minerals, that have been opened in the last forty years. You can see with your own eyes new railways that are being built every day. Each year sees thousands of acres newly broken and won from wastes and underbrush. Shipping—well, few nations have made as much progress as ours in this regard. New steamers have been constantly bought abroad and new steamers made in our own dock-yards. Russia has been generous enough to make us a present of several men-of-war!

We are glad we are richer now than we were; but wealth amounts to nothing unless it is put to right use. Many a thoughtless son of a wealthy father has become a profligate debauchee, because of the money he could command. With nations, too, it is true that wealth may prove detrimental to their best interests. We must know what use to make of money. Education, intelligence, intellect and above all sound judgment and upright

THE GROWTH OF JAPAN

hearts can teach best how to utilize wealth.

Nothing, therefore, gives us more satisfaction, in reflecting upon the progress we have made as a nation, than to see the increasing number of schools that are built, of children that attend schools, of students graduating from colleges and universities, of books published, of periodicals issued, of newspapers printed, of scientific discoveries and mechanical inventions.

A glance at the recent growth of Japan is sufficient to make us proud and self-confident. But we must always remember that as soon as pride and self-confidence get the upper hand, we are doomed to decay and possibly to destruction. We must be conscious of our shortcomings ; we must remember in how many points we are still behind the West. Let us be grateful for what we could achieve thus far, and, with a grateful heart, let us address ourselves, without haste and without rest, to the long path still lying before us.

May, 1906.



COMMERCIAL MORALITY

IN the first place, I must make an apology for my great unwillingness to accept your invitation to speak here this afternoon. That I was unwilling to accept it is true, but as this is an honest confession I know you will at least give me credit for honesty. My reasons for this reluctance are, first, that I was born a brown man and not a white man. It is, in any case, awkward to speak in a foreign language ; but it is specially difficult for a brown man to speak in a white tongue to a brown audience. In the second place I have lately been closely occupied and had no time for preparation ; so I came here with no paper, and without a single idea in my head. My third reason—and this is my last—is that it is my habit to take an afternoon nap, and this being just the hour for that nap, I must confess that my eyes are even more reluctant than my mind to disclose themselves.

For these very good reasons, which you will all accept, you will agree that it was proper that I should have consented with a great deal of unwillingness. Yet, when I came here and listened to your orations, I felt amply paid for the sacrifice of my afternoon nap. I listened to the different

* Address at the Kobe Higher Commercial School, May, 1905.

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speakers with great surprise, and wonder, and with admiration of their ability to prepare such brilliant addresses, and to stand before such a large audience and speak out their mind. I was greatly pleased with the progress that you have evidently made in expressing yourselves in a foreign language ; but, more than that, I was pleased with the strong moral under-current that ran through all that you said.

In view of this, I can see that the future of our commercial community is bright. I have often been ashamed of the absence of integrity, of the utter lack of a sense of honor, on the part of many of our merchants. I could boast to foreigners of our country and its history ; I could boast of the high ideals of our knighthood ; I could boast of our triumphs on land and sea ; but, whenever conversation turned on commerce, there was not the least occasion to boast. I often asked myself the questions : "What will our young men do after the war is over ? Where will they find an outlet for their ability and energy ?" Some of you will reply : "In commerce. Have we not ships to carry on our trade ? Have we not succeeded in borrowing millions of foreign capital to start new enterprises ?" Yes, very true. But are ships enough ? Is commercial knowledge enough ? Is your capital enough ? Oh, no ! These things

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are nothing compared with the one thing needful —character. Honesty is all, all else are outcomes from it.

As I thought on these things while sitting here, you furnished me a subject to talk about. When I entered this hall, I asked Prof. Kokubo if some one would not suggest a subject, and a slip of paper was handed to me on which I find "The Best Way of Studying English;" "The Distinguishing Characteristics of English Literature Compared with German and French;" "Bushido and Merchants." All these are highly interesting themes, and if you would kindly allow me to speak in Japanese I think I could speak for three hours on any one of them; but, my tongue being tied to English, I will conclude my discourse in about fifteen minutes.

My speech will, however, comprehend all these subjects. It is to be a very comprehensive one. First, to continue the line of thought started while I was listening to your orations, I understand from what I heard that you all agree on the necessity of a moral foundation for commercial progress. Our nation, in her mad haste to catch up with the progress of other countries, has only half understood how the West has waxed great in material civilization by more than material means. In striving to grapple with the competition of Europe

we have built up systems to secure this end. Japan has endeavored to mould body and mind, and even soul itself, into machines to produce gold, little knowing that machines are not sufficient. To take an illustration from agriculture, they tell us that one who uses a plough must have ideas above a plough.

Now, to make good merchants of you, they teach you to be adept in calculation—I do not mean your teachers here say so, but the spirit of the age does, —forgetting that honesty and integrity will make you adept in commerce. It is so, too, in legal or any other career.

All tend at present to proceed in a mechanical way. There is a general “ mechanization ” of life, if I may coin the word, and the whole Empire is about to be turned into a huge machine.

We boast of having conquered a mighty nation and say that it was due to our system of education. I beg to dissent from this opinion ; for if we had had a really good system of education, we could have beaten the Russians in two months instead of in twenty. It is a surprise to me that with such an imperfect, mechanical system as we have, we beat them at all. It was not that we were so great, but that Russia was so corrupt. But, I tell you, the next war will demand much more of us.

I know not when the time will come when the

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nation may call you into the battle-field, where sword and gun will decide the fate ; but I know that soon you will all be called into a more peaceful but none the less strenuous battle-field, in which it will never do merely to move like machines. There you must have moral convictions of your own. Not, as on the battle-field, can you move at the word of command from a general, but each must move at his own command. Now, are you ready for this ? What will help you to prepare yourselves for such a conflict ? For our warriors there was a preparation made through the precepts of *Bushido*. But in the new warfare you need something better than *Bushido*.

In the coming warfare of commerce and trade, it will never do to confine yourselves solely to commercial morality; for it is too narrow and its limits lie within those of a civil code. It only says, If you make contracts you must stick to them and then you will be considered good merchants. A very small thing that ! Think how low that standard is.

Suppose an *obasan* comes to your store, poorly clad and shivering with cold, and wishes to buy some stuff. You say that you have some at two *yen* a *tan*, but she has only one *yen* and eighty *sen*. You, as a merchant, can stick to your price and say, "I'm sorry, Madam, not to

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oblige you ; but this is a one price store and I can not sell it for less ! ” Every one would say that this is perfectly correct, that as you do not change your prices you are a reliable shop-keeper. Well, you may be hard-hearted as a man, but as a merchant you may thereby only enhance your credit. This is commercial morality. But suppose she continues, “ I lost my son in the war and though I got some money from the government I was swindled out of it,” will you give her the stuff she needs ? Such charity is not required by commercial morality at all, but it may be required by a higher and wider law.

Commercial morality need not comply with Christian demands. As far as business is concerned, if you stick to commercial ethics you will be successful. “ Honesty is the best policy,” and commercial morality is no higher than a policy. It pays to be honest. Shall we then be satisfied with it and with nothing more ? Among no people is it on so high a plane as among Anglo-Saxons. But shall we be content with it, even as it is shown by its best exponent ?

Here I come to a new question. Low as it is, can commercial morality be successfully carried on without something to back it ? Can a merchant be really honest, simply because of a sordid purpose to make money ? Is there not something higher ?

THOUGHTS AND ESSAYS

That is a question I wish to leave with you for contemplation. For myself, I believe that there must be some Power that can inspire a man with higher ideals. If I see a grain of sand on the seashore move, I know that some Power greater than the grain of sand has moved it. If I see a star fall in the sky, I know that some Power greater than the star has moved it. If I meet a merchant dealing always honestly and with high integrity, I know that some Power greater than the man has moved him. If the Anglo-Saxon is highly developed in his business dealings, I know that some higher and stronger Power has moved him to this higher level.

What is this Power? You may say that it lies in the inborn genius of the Anglo-Saxon race. There is a book called "Anglo-Saxon Superiority" by Desmolins, a Frenchman, which ought to be a text book in every school. If you read this book you will get the idea that there is in the Anglo-Saxon race something inborn that makes them succeed so well in life. Though I believe that a large part of their success is due to this inborn genius, I also firmly believe that this race, unless it had something to back it up, unless it had some Power to push it forward, could not have moved as it has.

I believe that the Anglo-Saxon race and the

Germanic race are by nature inferior to Oriental races in the gentler virtues. It is no wonder that all religions based on love and pity should be born on Asiatic soil. No Occidental race could have conceived the great pity of Buddha or the surpassing love of Jesus. The Occidentals could not originate such doctrines as theirs; but, when once they learned the greatness of the love of Christ, and turned their hearts to follow him, then all their brute forces were diverted in a new direction and they came to combine manliness with gentleness, all their stout manhood being made mellow by the doctrines of the Son of Man.

I was one day talking with Count Okuma, who is a great admirer of the Anglo-Saxon people. I expressed regret that everything in Japan had become Germanized. The University is German, the army is German, the navy is more or less German, the laws are largely German. And I asked him why it was that he admired the Anglo-Saxon civilization more than the German. "If you ask me why," he replied, "I can not give a good reason, but my instinct tells me that their ideas are in accord with those inculcated by *Bushido*. What *Bushido* taught me to reverence, I find the English and Americans reverence, and with great earnestness. That which *Bushido* taught me to despise, I find that they despise, and

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that they despise it more heartily."

Instead of taking the Anglo-Saxon race merely as a pattern of commercial morality, I wish you would look deeper and search for a higher ideal in their literature. Think high in your study; feel nobly in your closet; speak gently in your family; —then in your transactions in the market, you cannot be a bad merchant. Cicero taught long ago,—“When a man descends from heavenly things to human, he will certainly speak and feel more loftily and nobly on every theme.” Read your Shakespeare, and read your Milton; your Carlyle and your Macaulay; and know, through all of these, that the Anglo-Saxon people, in all their dealings with other races, have been moved by some motive higher than sheer business calculation. If you desire to be good merchants, learn from them something higher and grander than commercial ethics. That is the message I wish to share with you to-day. That is the thought which has been haunting me for a long time. It is my sincere desire that, in the next step of our progress as a nation—that is to say, in our coming stage of economic evolution as a commercial and industrial people—we may not belie the high reputation we have won as warriors.



CULTURE AND RESTRAINT

IT is evident—too evident to require any proof—that there is a tendency in us to like and follow evil. Unless this propensity is checked, there is no telling where it will land us. St. Paul, a man of deep intellectual insight and large spiritual experience, said, “The good that I would, I do not ; but the evil that I would not, that I do.”

Constant effort must be made to eradicate the noxious weed, as soon as it makes its appearance in the soil of our mind, or else it will grow so fast that it will in no time, not only outgrow the useful herbs, but overshadow them so completely as to kill them all.

Many saints and sages have struggled hard to subdue the carnal element in our nature, so much so that some of the more morbid among them looked upon what they called “the natural man”—that is one who was not converted to Christianity—as possessed of no redeeming feature in himself. Hence they taught and practised self-denial and often self-torture, believing that the subjection of the flesh would bring about the enlightenment of the soul.

Precepts and practices like these are clearly needed in our daily life; yet they have naturally

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their proper bounds, beyond which they entail more harm than good. There is danger in bodily pleasure; but there is a certain degree which we must observe when indulging in it; below this degree it may be harmless, may even be beneficial, but above it it may mean death of body and soul.

We must forget the enjoyment of the pleasures of the flesh, if we would taste fully the fruit of the spirit. Without renunciation and sacrifice, nothing deep of life can be known. Carlyle calls Annihilation of Self "the first preliminary moral act." Self-denial is the beginning of true life. Selfishness is not real life; for, whereas it is a characteristic of all sound life that it perpetuates itself, propagates its like, imparts vitality to others, selfishness deadens the spirit, begins and ends in itself.

But we must also keep in mind that self is not all badness; for within us dwells a noble element, a divine essence, a heavenly light.

George Fox called it the Seed, by which he meant the seed of goodness with a power of growth—a power to grow into a large and fruitful tree. At sight of the poor and the suffering, pity springs involuntarily in our breast. At sight of noble deeds of great men or pure women, admiration comes unbidden over and within us. Whether we will or not, we bow before "whatever things are true, whatever things are honest, whatever things

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are just, whatever things are pure, whatever things are lovely, whatever things are of good report." There is an innate sense of righteousness and love. Man is born with a heart to love, and with a mind to perceive right. As says Mencius, "Who does not rush to the well, when he sees a child in danger of falling?" Everybody does. Many a cold hearted murderer sheathed his cold blade when it could find no fitter object than a crawling babe. This divine instinct of sympathy, deeply rooted in our nature, is inseparable from it. It is an integral part of our larger Self.

There are a great many people who refuse to attribute anything worthy to human nature. They insist that man is but a worm and dust, and if there is a spark of divine flame, it does not properly belong to him. To such people, man is vile and vicious, hardly the equal of a brute.

It is not my purpose to discuss here the origin of the moral sentiments. They may have come from above, and from afar. Whencesoever they be, we know they are here, alive and living, enshrined in the holy of holies of each individual conscience. These sacred instincts we must cherish and nourish to the utmost. As they are tender plants they must be tended with most delicate care. Under proper culture they can thrive and grow unto tall trees with wide spreading branches

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to shelter men and deasts. These noble sentiments being part of our self, they must needs grow with our growth and decay with our decay, or we shall grow with their growth and decay with their decay. When they die, we are dead also, living no more in spirit, though perchance we may continue to breathe through our nostrils.

So, two natures are lodged within us. Two principles are fighting one against the other on the battle-field of our mind. The one—the evil one—is strong enough to assert its power ; it can even overpower us. The other—the good—is tender and too tender to grow without care.

The act of resisting evil is called Restraint, Self-abnegation, Renunciation, Self-repression. In its philosophical and religious aspects, it becomes respectively Stoicism and Asceticism. And, as these teachings were most rigorously prescribed and most rigidly followed by the Hebrews, under the Mosaic law, they are also called Hebraism.

Opposed to the above is the art of encouraging the growth of our better nature. Its advocates say, “ Develop your own self. Expand your faculties. Give free play to all your inborn powers.” This is called Culture, Self-expression, and because it was best exemplified in Greece, it is known as Hellenism.

Both have their merits and dangers. Both have

their places in the scheme of moral evolution. They are not opposed the one to the other. They are complementary, and in their proper union lies "the golden mean."



AMONG THE TOMBS

I WANDER among the tombs. Time mocks here the ambition of its sons to perpetuate their memory. Ruthlessly it wipes their names out of the crumbling stones or buries them under the moss.

What is a name or fame?

The deeds done in the body in the name of righteousness and mercy, are the only lasting souvenirs that mortals can leave behind them in their pilgrimage here below. The faintest marks scratched on a rock by a bleeding finger as a warning for those "sailing o'er life's solemn main," the dimmest footprints left on the sands for forlorn travellers to follow;—they outlive all titles and epitaphs carved on marble by the hand of pride.



DUTIES OF THE PRESENT

HAVE you seriously thought or deeply felt in what a grand and critical moment of our history we are now standing? We so often forget the Present and dwell upon the Past or yearn for the Future.

“We look before and after,
And pine for what is not.” |

The “Golden Age” is of our own making. Age in itself is neither golden nor leaden. It becomes either by our own thoughts and deeds. If we think loftily and act nobly, we can make any period of time “golden.” Mean thoughts and base actions render the best year inglorious. In old Greek mythology, we are told of a god, Midas, who possessed the mysterious power of turning everything into gold by a mere touch. We, too, share such a power; for we can turn our own age into a golden, if we only will.

Said an ancient Chinese sage, “We respect our ears too much and despise our eyes;” we think that important of which we hear, such as the events of the Past, but neglect to pay due attention to that which we behold with our own eyes, such as the common occurrences of every day.

DUTIES OF THE PRESENT

Our primary duty is to incline our heart to the demands of the living generation, "the eternal present," as Emerson calls it.

When we reflect upon the great events that have transpired during the last twenty months, when we meditate upon the unbounded possibilities of the coming years, do not our hearts rejoice that we are living *now*? Can our lips refrain from singing and from uttering thanks for the duties that are incumbent upon us?

My young friends! The Future, greater than the Present, awaits the fruits of your present endeavors: the deeds of your fathers urge you to do the work of this day: the Present loudly call for your earnest efforts. "The present," Goethe has taught, "is a potent divinity; learn to acquaint thyself with her power." There is but one way of learning the power of the present; and that is, by obeying its behests and doing its duties.

Happy and wise the man whose hands are engaged in the duties of the *now*!



SILENT HOURS

THERE is a suggestion I wish to make to my young friends, and that is to form the habit of devoting some time every day to perfect silence. Carlyle said very truly, "Bees will not work except in darkness; Thought will not work except in silence." It is in the hour of silence that we can best know ourselves. It is well that each sometimes, indeed often, commune with his own spirit. We should make it a rule to retire for even ten or fifteen minutes each day and solemnly dwell in the silence for a while.

We know how pleasant it is to make friends with congenial souls ; but there is no friendship more profitable or more lasting than that of our own spirits. Shut the gate that opens to the noisy world ; shut the *fusuma*, asking your own people in the house not to intrude,—then speak with your own spirit. Ask, "Is this right ?" "Is that mistaken ?" "Am I honest ?" "Is my motive sincere ?"—and your spirit will give you proper replies.

Before he began to do, or after he finished doing, anything, Socrates used to consult his spirit which he called the *dæmon*. In our soul dwells and works a Power that can excuse or accuse us.

SILENT HOURS

When this ceases to act, all is dark with us. The Bible calls Him "the Light that lightens every one coming into the world."

Because this Power has a capacity to grow, it was called by George Fox "the Seed." He and his followers also named it "the Inner Light."

Wang Yang Ming calls it the Conscience or Inner Mind, and his Japanese disciple, Miwa, does not hesitate to give to it the name of "a god in the heart of man"

Thus it possesses many names. But these various names mean one and the same thing. Only this wonderful power is too often hidden and crushed in ourselves. We do not cultivate this seed with sufficient care. It is denied proper occasions to show itself. We are prone to neglect its voice. When it calls aloud, we do not heed it. It may give us the best advice and warning; but we do not listen; because our ears are either dinned with other voices and noises or else pleased with notes of alluring music.

It is well, therefore, that, we shut tight the gates of our mind against the world now and then, and listen only to what the *demon* has to say to us in the privacy of our communion.



AMONG THE KAMI

IN the subdued light, under the foliage of ancient trees, we walk. The blue of the sky is visible only in specks from beneath the rich green of the leafy boughs.

Almost with awe we tread the sacred precincts of Yamada. Our voices are hushed, or, when we do speak, it is in whispers. No music in the shrines, no chant by the many pilgrims, not even the shrill clarion of the cocks that roam unmolested the courts or perch among the tall cryptomerias, disturbs the silence of the place. Only the Isuzu, just now swollen after several days of rain, lends to the air the sound of impetuous waters.

Every thing and all things suggest the Past. I am ashamed of my modern habiliments. Leather shoes strike me as desecration: I ought to go barefoot, or, at most, in straw sandals. A felt hat is ridiculously unbecoming,—a *fuki** leaf would give sufficient shade. It seems like dire sacrilege to appear here in a cut-away and trousers, —a hempen cloak of roughest weave should suffice to cover my nakedness.

But the *Kami* know that I am their child. Neither a Parisian cut of frock-coat nor the newest

**Petasites japonicus*.

theory of sociology can efface the fact that they are my fathers. Yes, the most heretical doctrines, subversive of their authority or dubious of their existence—if I should happen to entertain such—will give no cause of disruption between them and me. And if they will not receive me as their own, I shall insist upon my right of inheritance and shall appeal to all mankind and to *Kami*-kind for my claim.

Modern Japan is no bastard. She is the lineal descendant of Pre-historic Japan. The flowers that are blooming from day to day in our gardens have been nourished by the humus accumulated for ages.

Primeval Japan belongs to the Past, and the *Kami* too. Old things must go, leaving their wisdom to the new; old régimes must vanish, imparting order to the new. Each age has its new duties and our fathers left us spirits ever fresh and young to meet them. It is vain to yearn for the dead Past. If the Past is dear, let our hearts be set upon the living Past—the Past which is still alive and which deserves to live, which is immortal and eternal. The Past should be no burden to weigh us down, nor a cord to tie our feet and hands.

Make the revered Past a new impulse—an impetus to urge us on. Our fathers' voices must stir us to fresher deeds and newer actions. The Old calls us to the New. The terrestrial *Kami* in-

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vite us to celestial gods. Our vision rises from one existence to another. Through rifts in the thick foliage of hoary ancient trees we see glimpses of the boundless sky.

Yamada, Isé.

June, 1906.



NO HERO AMONG US

THERE is a discouraging feature in our national psychology. It is that petty, peevish, hyper-critical trait that marks the young and old of our land. People delight to find faults and to magnify them. Unworthy criticism is a characteristic of fools and little minds; because they can not see anything but faults, they themselves being all faults. "Every boor," says a German proverb, "can find fault; it would baffle him to do better." They deem it beneath their dignity to admire anything. They have no comprehension of greatness in the flesh or goodness in the concrete.

No hero is tolerated among us. We boast we are a nation of heroes. Is a hero impossible among heroes? Is it not heroes that can raise up a hero? A nation that has no hero, can never be a nation of heroes.



THE LASTING FRIENDSHIP OF SCHOOL-DAYS

THERE were times when hills and dales were new to me, and, though those times are gone, the hills and dales still remain. The memories of childhood days come back like fanciful dreams of a summer eve; but the experience of those days has sunk deep into my soul, and I am largely now what I then felt and thought and did.

Years ago I formed friendships with some choice spirits, and, though those years have since rolled away into the darkening past, yet the friends still remain in their ardor and fidelity. Boys we were, working side by side in the school, and though our walk in life is now in different paths, still remains strong "the blest tie that binds our hearts in Christian love."

Our youthful talks were full of fun, but withal earnest and serious. How often we used to gather near the belfry in Uyeno Park (since no fee was charged there) and, sitting under the shadow of the spreading boughs in the mellow twilight, boldly but gravely exchange our views on themes from which philosophers would have shrunk in dismay.

Life's greatest issues, men's noblest end, the

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immortality of the soul, were discussed—to no conclusion, and yet directing our thoughts beyond our narrow every-day sphere. All through our argumentation, justice was done the sumptuous feast of roasted peas and *senbei* we had spread on the sward. Another of our favorite resorts for rendezvous and study was the Public Library, the old Seido building, which, in those days, was the only institution of the kind. That was in our eyes a magnificent edifice! The imposing flight of stone steps leading to the entrance was solidly built and always clean. Silence reigned in the halls through which the cooling breeze blew, while outside the cicadas, lodged among the branches of the crêpe-myrtle, reminded us that the dog-star held sway.

Whenever I turn my thoughts back upon those days, a sensation as of drinking at the fountain of perpetual youth comes to me, with an enchantment possessed by few other memories. Sincere and early friendship, the congenial companionship of school-days, have charm to change the very sands of Gobi into the gold of El Dorado, the eventless past into a glorious history. Ah friends! Coming back to the haunts of my youth, I stretch my hand across the space of three decades to clasp your hands. We have traveled varied paths. How wan and tremulous, brave Kan, are

thy hands ! They show marks of a long struggle. Thou hast fought well thy battles,—battles of thy innermost soul and against the mockers of thy faith. And, thou, dear Kin ! with what plodding patience thou hast pursued the way thou didst choose, and what as a boy thou dreamedst of, as a man thou hast attained. Thy studies have crowned thy name with honor and in the shrine of Science thy name is inscribed. And thou, Isam ! with thy many gifts of mind and with thy large heart, thou didst for awhile wander in the fields of human knowledge ; but, once fixed in thy life-work, so steadily hast thou grown in service that not only our Fatherland but the wide world recognizes thy goodness and ability.

O my readers, forgive me ! I am dreaming of times gone by. Could I do otherwise, seeing I find myself among the surroundings of my youth ? As I take my seat under the crêpe-myrtle and hear the shrill cicadas repeating the old song and see the boys passing by in jolly comradeship or serious converse, my old school-days loom up from the past with a brightness and clearness, that suggests the joyousness and celerity with which the fire flies flit across the darkness of the night.

September, 1906.

STUDENT IMMIGRATION

WITH the return of a new academic year, thousands of young men and young women are again flocking to Tokyo—each to his or her school. Each train brings hundreds from seashore and countryside. They have left behind them in the distant woods the smell of midnight oil; they have washed away their pallor in the surges of the ocean. They bring with them, into the school-room and the dormitory, the healthy incense of their pine-clad hills and the salt vigor of the sea. They carry into the heart of the city the vital force bred of the country. Pure blood which is more or less impoverished in the city, flows back in trickling streams through youth and maiden.

It is well-nigh demonstrated, by vital statistics, that the physical life of cities is ever refreshed and replenished by the rural population. Were it not for the immigration of the red-blanketed *inakan-mono*, all the cities of the world would have been turned long ago into a desert of tombs. It is country blood that keeps a nation alive.

So far, well and good. But what about the application of the newly won vigor? Vitality is in itself a small fraction of human existence. To be sure, it is the basis whereon life is built;

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but, with advancement in culture, the superstructure waxes so great in magnitude and importance that mere health is regarded not as an end but as a means to some higher object.

Professor Giddings' classification of men into the fourfold grades of Vitality, Mentality, Morality and Sociality is worthy of deep consideration and we shall have frequent occasion to allude to it in these pages. Vitality is not all. Its importance is to be measured by the assistance it renders in realizing the higher aims of existence.

The serious question which confronts us at this moment concerns the influx of youths and maidens into the metropolis. To these we should like to refer this query;—What use are you going to make of the renewed energy, the strong passions, the fresh courage, the new will-power which you bring from your summer haunts? Are you going to use them for the upbuilding of the life of the city and the nation at large? Or—are you going to waste them in frivolous dissipation and selfish indulgences?

Vast opportunities await you here for good or for evil. Japan's greatest gifts are offered to you. You can study to your heart's content in the best of libraries that the country affords, with the best of teachers Japan furnishes, or—you can idle away your life in the grossest of pleasures or the vilest

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of enjoyments.

When you left your country home, you formed resolutions to lead an unblemished life and ultimately a brilliant career. Your decision was to rise with the sun, bathe in cold water, take morning exercise, and begin your day's task with a clear head and a clean heart. You pictured to yourselves spacious halls, packed with ambitious young men—all eager to hear some renowned men of learning; then you fancied yourselves shut up in a small room leaning over your desk in the small hours of the night, delving in the wonders of science, philosophy and history. Your imagination turned to new friends you would make—all of noble aspirations and blameless character. Your simple ideas of student life were high and pure. May you live up to them! May no tempter entice you away from the path of your resolution. May you dedicate your bodily strength to highest ends.

Brace up, boys and girls! For the temptations of a great city are everywhere—hidden or manifest, and unless you pray every morning, "Give us *this* day our *daily* bread," the bread of the spirit, you will fall an easy prey to them. One by one your ideals vanish, your energy slackens, your resolutions weaken. The things you hated begin to grow less hateful. The sights

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from which you turned in disgust gradually become attractive. In the glance of an eye, where your clear vision could before detect venom, you think you discern a gleam of affection, and what your best instincts deeply despised grows into an object of admiration. As the light of your conscience is dimmed, the palace is desecrated into a den,—the den is elevated into a palace. Hobgoblins are transformed into angels, angels into hobgoblins. Such reversion of judgment is not uncommon among the young whose immediate surroundings are changed from the peace of the country to the excitement of the city. Only a strong will, assisted by a sound body, a prayerful heart and a pure mind, brought from rural retirement, will arm the young to withstand the temptations of the "madding crowd."

September, 1906.



CHEERFULNESS

UNDER the burdens which call forth groans from weaker brethren, in spite of the loneliness that oft overtakes him, and in the heat of battle which distracts cowards, a great mind is always cheerful.

Circumstances which may justify peevishness in smaller souls never occasion disturbance in the serenity and placidity of a well balanced mind. It is ever cheerful.

It does not laugh at sorrows, but sorrows fail to deprive him of equanimity. It is never morose. It is true that large souls are often wrapt in loneliness, but it is more true that sickly and puny spirits are apt to be gloomy. The pettier the mind, the more easily is it overcast with little and fleeting clouds.

Alone and lonely a good man may tread the earth, but it furnishes him joy and companionship. He talks, as with a friend, to the brook that babbles by, hears the hymnal of praise in the hum of bees and rustle of ripening corn. The gay *sakura* and the sombre *hagi* are alike among his dearest friends.

A truly noble soul comprehends messages of nature and apprehends no evil from its many catastrophes. His thoughts are above calamities,

CHEERFULNESS

though at their coming his hands are busy with succor of the victims.

Cheerfulness is a characteristic of a loving spirit. How else can he be but cheerful, whose heart overflows with affection and enlivens with affection all objects around him? Such a man is supremely happy. His whole being bubbles with love: it is a fountain, whereof thousands may drink freely.

A real man of action is full of cheer. He can afford no time for gloomy forebodings and dismal fears. If the sword of Damocles hangs above his head, he does not tremble. He knows his life is insured against harm and pays his premium to Heaven in noble deeds and noble thoughts.

Can you imagine a rose shorn of its thorns? Sorrow, deprived of its pang and sting, is an uplifting agency in the hand of Providence. Hence the religion founded upon the worship of sorrow works wonders not explained by philosophy. Instead of dejecting, it elevates the spirit. Instead of furrowing the forehead with frowns, it sweetens the lips with smiles. Instead of bedimming the eyes with grief, it enlivens them with fresh lustre. The clouds that darken the world of ordinary mortals, only help to warm and brighten its worshipper.

Thus does a trustful soul keep up its cheer, joyous and rejoicing, pleased and pleasing.



THE USES OF SORROW

Is there a place where sorrow is not, where it was not or where it will not be? Is there a soul whom sorrow has never visited, or whom it does not or will not visit? Unhappy the place or the soul that has not at one time or other felt its visitation. For Providence evidently wills it, as the lot of all living creatures, that they taste of this divine dispensation, in order that they may be perfected. Bitter to the lips, it is medicine to the soul.

He who has not drained its cup knows not half the meaning of life. To each individual soul is given a separate chalice, of which he alone is required to drink. I can not exchange mine with yours, as we do in a Japanese banquet. Sometimes, as in a feast among Formosan savages, two or more may drink from the same vessel, thereby feeling less the unpleasantness of its contents. But common or communal sorrows do not stir our souls to their depths. We must all suffer individually and separately.

Of the many names that his followers have given him, the one that endears Jesus most to our hearts is, "the Man of Sorrows." He is not capable of true joy who has not passed through

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tribulation ; for only he who has walked through the valley of the shadow of death, can feel the blueness of the blue sky.

But mind you ! Sorrow is not a blessing in itself, any more than is the bitterness of herbs. If pharmacy can distil from cinchona bark a sweet essence of the same medicinal efficacy as quinine, so much the better. The virtue of quinine lies not in its bitterness, neither does that of sorrow in its pangs ; hence he errs who, to avoid suffering tries either to defy or flee from sorrow itself.

" For sure, 'twere better to bear the cross,
 Nor lightly fling the thorns away.
 Lest we grow happy by the loss
 Of what is noblest in the mind."

There is a sweetness in sorrow which the world does not dream of. Pleasure there certainly is none in sorrow, but instead blessedness abounds therein. If we manfully accept it and gracefully bear it, its hidden meaning will become clear and we shall grow wiser for the pains we endure. In the mysterious chemistry of the spirit, pure crystals and beautiful can be formed from bitterest tears. Only, for such a chemical process there must needs be a catalytic action, which is called Divine grace. The uses we make of sorrow are the measure of our spiritual growth.



A SOUL OF GOOD IN THINGS EVIL

THERE is no place so dreary but that some verdure does not enliven it. There is no being so dead but that some promise of life exists. There is no creature so utterly corrupt but that reform is possible. There is nothing so evil that it has not some redeeming feature. You may give the worst report of your enemy ; but I am sure you have omitted something that can be asserted in his favor. The devil himself is to be admired for his patience and energy. When a man tells me that his friend or his foe is so clean gone to the bad that he sees not the least ray of hope, I begin to suspect that the speaker himself is a case of greater despair than the object of his solicitude. Says our poet-Emperor,

" Plant, and this for thyself know :—

 There's no land howe'er forlorn

 Where flowers refuse to blow :

 For, 'tis from heart's core alone,

 The baseness of flesh doth grow."

This world is not the work of Beelzebub, nor is it ruled altogether by His Satanic Majesty. God is not dead, despite Nietzsche's repeated as-

*植ゑて見ば 花の咲かざる里も無し、心よりこそ身はいやしけれ

sertions ; neither doth He sleep. Everywhere are not only seen His old footprints but are heard His living steps ; nowhere are lacking His finger marks of not only olden days but of the present as well. We can trace His goodness in the darkest corner and in the gloomiest hour.

Are your burdens heavy ? They contain articles of value, perhaps gold. Are the shadows dark ? It is a proof that the light is strong. Do you wander in a desert ? Look out for an oasis. Is your lot cast in a wilderness ? Wait for the manna to fall. Roam where you may, green mountains are before you, if you have a mind to discover and enjoy them.

A hopeful spirit, bright and cheerful, never fails to find in things evil a soul of goodness. Wher-ever he goes, he carries light to brighten not only his own narrow path but a broad highway that skirts it. By the sick bed he sees the hour of recovery. Under the thickening clouds he catches glimpses of their golden lining. In the wretch that cringes and crouches by the gutter, he still descries a divine spark. To him "all men are heroes, every woman pure, and each place a temple." Without grumbling, without groaning, he pursues the even tenor of his way, making glad the while the hearts of his fellow-men, light-enning their burdens and flavoring the bitterest life

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with sweetness. He accomplishes more than all the reformers can achieve with their noisy blasts of trumpet and their nasty pryings into evil and exposures of shame.

A pure heart and guileless, shedding rays of love and illuminating with sympathy the chambers of sorrow, bringing by its mere presence repentance into the dens of sin, is the nearest approach to God.

In a Sanyo train near Miyajima.

October, 1905.



I CANNOT TELL

I BOW my head,—and yet I can not tell what presence demands my reverence. I bend my knees,—and yet I can not tell what power claims my adoration. I utter my prayer,—and yet I can not tell who hears my supplication.

I can not tell all that I know. I can not know all that I feel.

If I could know all I feel, and feel all I know, I should be kneeling in deeper reverence.



A DECAYING NATION

THIS is a clear, beautiful evening. As the sun is sinking, the northern sky is tinted with blue, and above the western horizon hangs the salmon-hued promise of the morrow's fair weather.

Now I seat myself in an arbor erected, over a century ago, by a Korean monarch, whose ambition it was to make this place the centre of the world. The builder christened it with a long and poetical name—"The Cottage where Flowers are Sought and Willows are Followed."

A plain of paddy-fields extends northward to the foot of the Kokyo range, whose rugged peaks stand in purple and violet sublimity. In the west lies a peaceful, smiling hill, clad with venerable pines. What a treat it is in this country to feast our eyes on hills covered with trees! Far away to the south where the "Flower Mountain" touches the horizon, the river Qua runs in one straight line, and near by a pond, from which a dragon is said to have ascended to heaven, still shows marks of former care. The luxurious water-gate, like the arbor where I am writing these lines, shows that time and the hand of man have dealt heavily with it since the death of King Sei-So. Once the banks of the Qua were lined with graceful willows, whose

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scanty survivors even now droop over the dry, gravelly bed, and O, my friends! is that thin thread of a stream, trickling among the stones, tears shed by the weeping willows? Not a sign remains of the myriad flowers which once made the hills gay. Where are the princes in spotless white and the damsels in richest brocade who flocked here to "seek the flowers and follow the willows"? The stone walls and the pavements of the water-gate are crumbling to pieces—an easy prey to frost and heat. The mountains are bare; the forests devastated, exposing the rocks they once covered with verdure. The exhausted fields no longer make a generous response to the turning of the plowshare or the sickle of the reapers.

Worst of all, the energy of the people is sapped to the utmost. Gone is all the spring of endeavor. There is no incentive to exertion. Men sit in their white robes, smoking their long pipes, dreaming of the past, heedless of the present, hopeless of the future. Only when spurred by hunger do they bestir themselves just enough to earn a scanty meal. Women—poor women, on whom the hardships of life fall heaviest everywhere—are forever engaged in pounding or washing the white clothing of the family, while boys of tender age, with faces fair as those of girls, are loaded with burdens sufficient to crush an adult worker.

A DECAYING NATION

As I muse among the willows to-night, a feeling of sadness steals over me. It is the same sensation I remember to have had in Granada, Cordova and Valladolid. With the air so dry why should my eyelids be moist? In an atmosphere so clear, what is there to so depress me? I feel as though there were a slowly working fatal poison in the atmosphere.

Certainly the fault is not in the air or the soil, neither do I find it altogether in the people, who are so worn they can do but little harm. Where, oh where, then, lies the root of the evil? who or what is it, that has led or rather misled this pitiable band of ten million souls into this slough of despond? Is it this man or that woman? Or is it a nondescript amorphous mass of forked radishes, which we dignify by the term of a people or a nation? Or is it that certain uncertainty that man in dire despair calls fate? Let History judge the guilty, as she has been wont to do and will do with increasing certainty.

Suigan, Korea.

October, 1906.



PRIMITIVE LIFE AND PRESIDING DEATH IN KOREA

NEITHER its climate nor its soil is to be held responsible for the decay of Korea. One may here apply with equal fitness the adage which the Spaniards are wont to repeat. "Both the heavens and the earth are good; the only bad thing is that which lies between." Yes, "only man is vile," and it is from him that all offence cometh.

I am riding through the fields of Zenshu. This is one of the largest plains of the peninsula. Clear and high rises the autumn sky. There is sharpness in the air, but it is bracing. Innumerable flocks of wild geese are sojourning here for a while on their way to a southern home. Hark! That is not the cry of geese. Lo! The classic cranes spread their royal wings and soar above and near us. The early rice is harvested and the paths are thickly covered with sheaves laid there to dry. The swains, all in white raiment, are cutting the late crop, singing as the sickles move. As groups in the village yard beat the sheaves on logs of wood, to thresh, they keep time with hilarious songs. Tiny mud huts, thatched with straw, compose the hamlets and villages. Now

and then, through broken fences, I catch glimpses of women busy with pestles, pounding the grain in wooden mortars, while their little ones, in red coats and white trousers, peep out at the Japanese passers-by, their eyes opening wide with wonderment and fear.

Life is Arcadian. I feel as though I were living three thousand years back, in the age of our *Kami*. Many a face do I see that I should have taken for the likeness of a *Kami*—so sedate, so dignified, so finely chiselled, and yet so devoid of expression. The very physiognomy and living of this people are so bland, unsophisticated and primitive, that they belong not to the twentieth or the tenth—nor indeed to the first century. They belong to a prehistoric age.

Nowhere else, I believe, do the living walk and work so near the dead as in this land. The hills and fields are literally strewn with graves. Where I am riding even now the road is lined with mounds, and with straw coffins awaiting burial. Not a few among the latter have decayed and their contents are exposed to view. But no Hamlet passes by to pause for contemplation on the skull of a Yorick. This is indeed like treading the corridors of a Pantheon, where are lying in

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state the village Hampdens, the mute inglorious Miltons, the Cromwells, guiltless of their country's blood. But no Gray sits among these mounds to write an epitaph.

Only the rudest peasants saunter, labor and rest under the constant reminder of the dead and of the past—so constant that they not only heed it no longer; they grow callous to their message. They sit on the mounds to take their mid-day lunch. Children play about them while the cattle they tend are grazing. The bleached bones of a nameless ancestor are kicked about on the roadside.

There is an inspiration that hallows death with affection, and honors the past with veneration—connecting the mean present with heroic traditions, filling the fainting heart of the living with high memories of all the generations gone. But when the remains of our fathers are desecrated, and become the commonplace objects of every-day association; when a corpse in process of decay offends our nasal sense; when the dogs are seen sporting with human bones, death is turned into so realistic and so physical a fact as to exercise no spiritual influence. Rather does it act like a heavy load on the spirit of a people and, instead of uplifting, it depresses, and far from inspiring, it causes despair. A people so closely related to death are

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themselves more than half-dead.

The Arcadian simplicity of the folk gives no promise of primitive energy; their habits do not remaind us of the untamed vigor of Homeric songs, nor of Tacitus' description of early Germans, nor indeed of the fresh chronicles of the *Kojiki*.

The Korean habits of life are the habits of death. They are closing the lease of their ethnic life. The national course of their existence is well-nigh run. Death presides over the peninsula.

Zenshu.

November, 1906.



SORROW'S DISPENSATION

Sorrow reigns everywhere—in the gilded halls of a prince as under the thatched roof of a peasant. Neither wit nor beauty can bar its gate against it. An infant has an inkling of it in its unconscious cry. Youth feels its presence in solitude. Age cannot part company with it.

With the silken rope of sorrow, nature binds mortals in bonds of compassion, training them to a fuller and larger life of mutual toleration in society, and preparing them for the higher and final existence in the kingdom of God.



THE SENTIMENT OF THE SEASON

WE stand again at a dividing line of time. This is not the first time, though it may be the last, that we see an old year out and a new year in. We cannot avoid some strange sensations which accompany a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year—an *Omisoka* and an *Aratama*. We may try to shake off sentiment, but there are sentiments which cling to occasions. Christmas, with its beautiful story of a new-born babe, prepares the mind at the threshold of a dying year for the prospect of a new lease of life, making the somberest English temperament "merry" with child-like joy. The old and the young join in the carols the angels sang. The new year takes up the strain and elevates the chorus from merriment to happiness.

Sentiments befitting the seasons are so thickly strewn along the by-ways and highways of English literature, over the plains of social customs and on the streams of tradition, that none can escape the invasion of thoughts peculiar to the time.

With us, too, the *Omisoka*, the great last day, is the doomsday in which should be settled all the accounts of the year. It weighs the indebtedness of one to another, clears and cancels,

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rendering white again the pages of the ledger page. We can then open a fresh account at the beginning of a new calendar. With the new calendar we renew not only our debit and credit, but our whole thought. Our fathers have poetically called this change in time *Aratama*—renewal (*aratamaru*) or new life (*aratama*). It is well that we make right use of the season, and not let it pass by unheeded. What use then, shall we make of it?

Let Christmas have its full share of merry making—of gifts, of hymns, of good things to eat. Let joy reign in every household, Christian or not, remembering that Christ was born not only for the Christian, but for the world. His work belongs not to Church History only, but to Universal History. His life appeals not only to His professed followers, but to every lover of noble deeds. His death has not only hallowed Golgotha, but it has made sacred our whole planet. His spirit is in the very air we breathe, and whether we revile His name, or spit on His portrait, or trample under foot the crucifix, or criticize His life and doctrines—we are partakers of His work, recipients of His bounties and should be followers of His deeds. He is the greatest fact in history. Rejoice, then, all who can profess His name. Rejoice, also, ye who know Him not, because He knows you.

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Christmas is not an occasion for mere ebullition of merry-making. We make the day merry, not for the sake of merriment, but for peace on earth, good-will toward men. Without peace, without good-will, merriment is bacchanalian and may just as well be devoted to Bacchus.

The day being propitious for the birth of a new precept, the inauguration of a new ethical regime, we can profitably spend the remaining week of the year in contemplation and reflection.

On the great settling day of *Omisaka* let us review the past and fearlessly face the events of the closing year. We are instructed not to look behind, after having once put our hand to the plow. We must guard ourselves against misinterpreting the injunction. It betokens weakness to look back if it is to give up our work or to waver in our purpose. But it is highly beneficial, when our furrow is finished, to turn back and study whether it is perfectly straight and equally deep. Experience has proved that the best work of an English horse is secured, when a furrow is neither too long nor too short—130 yards is said to be the right length. Our experience shows also that it is conducive to spiritual health, if we can pause and turn at regular intervals to take a good look at the work of our hands. At the end of every furrow of 365 days let us pause and turn back, to discover,

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if we can, what errors have been committed and what blessings have been showered upon the up-turned sod.

There are, I believe, two things to lay to heart in the retrospect of the year. One is to remember all the blessings that have come to us, and the other is to count all the errors into which we have fallen.

No man, however cautious, is free from mistakes, whether wittingly or unwittingly committed. "To err is human." It lies in the very nature of mortal beings to be imperfect. "A man is all fault, who has no fault at all." It is a wholesome exercise of the judgment to see what faults have been committed and how and where. To own one's own faults is to clear the conscience. "A fault confessed is half-redressed." Every honest soul will, in closing the account of the year, fall prostrate before the tribunal of his own conscience and will repent in sackcloth and ashes. Only let not our contrition be morbid. No mortal's life, however wretched, was shrouded in utter darkness for a whole year. Gleams of joy, of hope, of good intentions and resolutions, could not fail now and then to enlighten his path. He must recall the good things that came into his possession from above or from within—the good things which sprang up in his bosom. Let him count one by

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one the color and fragrance of flowers, the songs of birds, the smiles of children, the glories of sunrise and sunset. Let him recall every kind word of his friends, and each gleam of the strangers he passed by. Neither must he forget or leave out of account the rays of the sun, as it shone however feebly through a rift in the clouds, nor yet an honest face among the throng of the riff-raff that surges on in the street. The most unfortunate creatures are never denied some drops of the milk of human kindness. The most miserable of wretches hears of a certainty a tender voice or witnesses an act of affection in the course of a year. Never as yet is human depravity so advanced that man does not show some sign of his divine origin. Things innumerable lie along our path that make glad our hearts, for which we give no thanks.

A thankful heart is a happy heart. Gratitude and happiness are so closely allied that the one hardly exists without the other—resembling a wonderful double web which presents beautiful designs on either side. Thus does a grateful *Omisoka* prepare for a Happy New Year.

December, 1906.



HAPPINESS FOR A YEAR

“A Happy New Year!” say we one to another. I repeat the same to you, my readers. And in repeating those words, I sincerely wish you not only a few days of happiness but happiness for the whole year.

Set phrases such as “*Omedeto*” or “A Happy New Year,” come to be uttered without a thought and to circulate without a wish. Very often they convey nothing but mere empty sound and might just as well proceed from the bill of a parrot.

If we ponder these words, they will reveal a deep meaning, full of sweetness and of the milk of human sympathy. They are a condensed and epigrammatic expression of our earnest desire that our friends may enjoy continuously and continually three hundred and sixty-five days of happiness.

Three hundred and sixty-five days of happiness! “Impossible! That is asking too much; for human life can not have continuous or continual happiness for more than a few days at a time; and, if there be any enjoyment lasting for a long time, it will cease to be happiness.” I do not think so, or else I would not wish you a happy new year.

I believe it is possible to be always happy. We

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must not confuse happiness with pleasure. We can very easily be satiated with, or tired of, any sort of pleasure. Moreover, most pleasures bring in their train misery, sorrow and ruin. In the words of Ruskin, there are "no pangs so sickening as the satieties of pleasure." An English proverb says, "Never pleasure without repentance." But happiness is different from pleasure.

The term happiness originally meant luck, that is anything good that comes through chance or by accident. The German word *Glück* is of the same root as the English *luck*. Happiness is derived from *hap*, chance, just as the French word *heureux* comes from *heur*, chance. Our word *saiwai* is also used in the sense of luck, and, we speak of *kofuku* as equivalent to *gyoko*. If happiness is chance, we can never expect it to continue for any length of time: fortune is fickle and never stays long in one place or by one man.

Our conception of happiness has developed and diverged greatly from the time when that word was first used. We do not at present associate it with pleasure or with fortune. It is more than either. It is both deeper and higher. A virtuous man can be happy without pleasures, just as a carnal man can gloat over pleasures without being happy.

Happiness, as we understand it, is a state of

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mind free from anxiety and engaged in the right exercise of its faculties. It is not unusual for people to think of happiness as a possession of some thing from above or from without, whereas it is a condition or state of our own mind. There are natures that are happy by what they attain, and others by what they disdain.

In order to be happy our mind must be free from anxiety and worry. It must be placid and calm. Keep it so day after day for 365 days, and you enjoy happiness for the whole year. You may raise an objection to my statement and say that anxiety may come from causes for which you are not at all responsible;—for instance, your father may fall sick. I know that sickness in a family deprives it of a large measure of happiness; but, even in such a case, if you do your best in nursing your sick father, you will feel in your heart a calm consciousness that you have done your duty, and this assurance gives you far more happiness than would be the case if a healthy parent and a strong son were quarrelling with each other!

Even sorrow can not take away the sense of happiness from him who does his duty well, and who harbors no ill feeling against his fellow-men. In the midst of greatest tribulations he lifts up his head and smiles and gives thanks. “Happy is

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the man whom God correcteth," says a saint.

If happiness does not depend on external conditions or on material benefits, we can carry in our heart the elements necessary to make us happy. If we hoard these elements, we shall continue happy. See to it, then, my friends, that you keep your mind in quietness and innocence and at the same time alert and ready for activity—then happiness will come to you as a natural consequence. Is it not within our power to hold our soul in peace? Can we not so exercise our will as to maintain the equanimity of our mind? I am well aware that only by vigilance and strenuous effort can we do so. Still as long as it lies in our power, is it not perfectly possible to be happy the whole year through? For if necessary conditions are fulfilled, the effect must follow. The conclusion of a syllogism succeeds the premises. I therefore, wish you "A Happy New Year!"

January, 1907.

THE MONTH OF JANUARY



THE MONTH OF JANUARY

IT is a beautiful story that Plutarch relates about naming the different months of the year. In his Life of Numa, he speaks of the great disorder in the calendar during the reign of the first Roman King, Romulus, and then continues the account of the reform, according to which the number of months in the year was increased from ten to twelve. Previously, the first month was called March, or Mars, as being holy to the martial deity—war being considered the chiefest occupation of the nation. Numa, when he made the change, added two months—not at the end, that is after December, which, as its etymology shows, was the tenth month, but at the beginning of the year, and named the first Januarius, or Janus, as being sacred to this god of peace. Some historians state that already, prior to his reform, the year had been divided into twelve months and that January used to be the eleventh. I leave the contention to antiquarians for discussion and settlement. Enough to me it is at present, that the bellicose Romans accepted and after them the whole of Europe, in spite of its constant wars and rumors of wars, has continued the use of the system of Numa Pompilius.

Who is this Janus who thus opens the year with

his august name? Whether he was a real personage—a Greek, who had migrated in prehistoric times to Latium and ruled and tamed a band of ruffians there, or whether he was an imaginary being, created by the reverent fancy of the denizens of the shores of the Tiber, he was an important member of the Roman Pantheon, ranking next to Jupiter and sometimes sharing equal honors with him. In all probability he was originally a god of light and of the sun—an Amaterasu—a masculine counterpart of Jana, or Diana. Unknown to the Greeks, from whom the Romans borrowed their mythology and religion, Janus was a strictly Roman deity, and was revered as the origin of all things on earth—the maker of seasons and years, the inventor of all arts, the first teacher of religion and civilization.

For these reasons the beginning of the year was held particularly sacred to Janus, and on New Year's day the Romans purified themselves and their dwelling, hanging at the entrance, over the door, wreaths and branches of laurel—much as we do the *shime-nawa* and twigs of pine. And, just as our *shime-nawa* was a sign of one's possessions and premises, marking the sacredness of property by a rope of straw, that none might trespass with impunity, so was the laurel believed to have the mysterious power of driving away intruding spirits.

THE MONTH OF JANUARY

On this day the people donned their best garments and forebore uttering any thing evil ; but spoke only things of good omen and repute. Friends exchanged gifts expressive of good wishes in the form of sweetmeats, consisting usually of dates or figs wrapped in laurel leaves, somewhat like our *chimaki*. To the god were made offerings of cakes, wine and incense, and similar oblations were repeated on the first day of each month.

As Janus held in his power the seasons, the years, the months and the days, he was conceived as holding in his hand the key of the portals of heaven. He was depicted with two faces, turned in opposite directions, one young, the other old—suggesting the alpha and omega of all things. Every morning he was invoked as the usher of a new day. He was worshiped by the husbandmen at the beginning of seed-time. The merchant in setting forth on his journey, prayed at his temple. Before undertaking any thing new, private or public, the Roman people asked for his aid ; for the beginning was held by them as of prime importance, a superstitious significance being attached to it. Especially was this the case in entering upon a new war, when the whole nation supplicated his aid, and while it lasted, the doors of his temple were kept open to show that he had accompanied the army to the front.

THOUGHTS AND ESSAYS

Why should I recite in these latter days the time-worn story of a pagan god and of his obsolete worship? Why should I not recount a tale so beautiful and instructive? Here I have no time to defend the position of the Romans in the history of the world. Whatever evil they may have committed, whatever good they may have omitted—this much is certain, that they had a definite place in the divine dispensation, or else how could one nation rule the world thrice—once by its arms, then by its laws and again by its language. And there is pleasure in thinking that this mighty folk invented and worshiped a god like Janus—a god of peace, of light and of the sun, of all useful arts, of all good beginnings; a god that encouraged gentle manners, friendly intercourse, and scruples in public and private life; a god who required no sacrifice of blood and no orgies for his adoration, but who accompanied his worshipers wherever their arduous tasks called them.



WHERE THE REAL MEETS THE IDEAL

MAN is so symmetrically shaped—at least in external form—that there is great temptation to systematize or even to schematize every thing. Because we have two hands of equal length and shape; because we have two eyes and two ears, we are prone to think of everything as being capable of similar distinction and classification. We speak of right and left, of right and wrong—in short, of duality in nature and life. Logicians teach us, in classifying things, to divide them, first, into such as possess a certain character or characteristic and such as do not; then, to subdivide them according to some other given standard into such as comply or do not comply with it, and to repeat to its ultimate issue this dual division.

In classifying flowers according to colors, we divide them into those that are red and those that are not red; these again into those that are yellow and those that are not yellow, continuing the process until each group assumes a distinct place in our minds.

So accustomed are we to view things from this stand-point of dualism, that we fall into the error of looking at the opposite extremes of things and

THOUGHTS AND ESSAYS

forget that there is a region where contrary ideas meet. If there is black at one end and white at the other, there is gray of all shades between them. Before a solid element can evaporate in gaseous form, it must pass through the intermediate stage of liquidity. I remember reading a description of an English coast by an eminent geologist, where a river so slowly joined the sea that at full tide the whole locality was water and at low tide it was land. In the interval between the tides it was neither land nor water or land and water together.

Even in our moral conceptions, where a compromise between right and wrong is oftenest condemned as weakness, there lies a broad neutral belt where the conscientious suffer pangs of agony at the dilemma presented to them, and where the less scrupulous justify and console themselves with commonplaces about "practical life," "necessary evil," "demands of utility," etc., and where the wicked feel at home "in mud and mire."

There is a border-land where history fades into myth or myth clarifies into history. Such a period was that of the demi-gods in Greece or of *Chijin* in Japan. There is a zone in the spiritual experience of man where intellect no longer suffices and where man leaves science to embrace religion; where philosophy ascends to faith.

Our every-day life offers us wide stretches where

WHERE THE REAL MEETS THE IDEAL

the meanest realities of life merge into the ideal, and where ideals materialize in most menial chores. Says one who had clearer visions of highest truths than most men—Phillips Brooks,—

“The real life, what is it? Is it the wretched, sordid details of earthly living, uninspired by a single suggestion that in their mud and mire there are seeds of any spiritual, transcendent fruit or flower? On the other hand, is the real life a vision of some experience beyond the stars which has no connection with the dreariness and degradation of many of the mortal conditions which it has passed through and left behind? Not so. The real life of a man is his highest attainment kept in perpetual association with the meanest and commonest experience out of which it has been fed.”

Whoever takes his bowl of rice with a grateful heart, thankful for the providence and thinking of the needy,—whoever attends to his daily round of labor, as though it were appointed of Heaven,—whoever gives a cup of cold water to the least of His children in His name,—he is in a fair way to solve the perplexing question as to where the real meets the ideal.



ANDROLATRY

AMERICA is a land of mighty dimensions. The Rockies and the Sierras soar high into the blue firmament; Mississippi and Columbias roll through limitless prairies; Colorado canyons gape fathomless; Niagara rends the air with its terrific roar. Each time I have set my foot upon its shores, the magnitude of the continent has impressed me with new and ever-increasing force. It is a characteristic of true greatness that the more one contemplates it, the more stupendous do its proportions grow in one's estimation and imagination, while little things and little men may for a time strike our fancy with an appearance of grandeur only to dwindle soon into their proper insignificance. God alone waxes greater and deeper, more mysterious and more wonderful, as man pries more profoundly into His nature and reaches a loftier height in the conception of His attributes.

Great and good men partake of the divine nature. They possess a quality of infinity. If we are not mere valets—with eyes and mind fixed upon the least and smallest parts and doings of our heroes—we constantly discover in the objects of our worship new reasons for adoration. I pity a man who

ceases to admire. *Nil admirari* is a diagnostic of a serious moral disorder. Noble men, and especially youths, should be full of adoration and admiration for something higher and larger than themselves. A man who cannot admire is like a dried-up well, no longer able to slake its own thirst or to gladden the fields through which it flows. As mountain brooks rush down in joyous torrents to meet a larger stream, as rivers run to seek the sea, as a mound forms a step to a hill and a hill leads to a mountain, so does a Themistocles yearn to join the heroic band at Marathon, so must each one of us aspire at least to attain, and if possible to surpass, the height won by Kenko in eloquence, and Kusunoki in loyalty.

Few men do I admire more than Lincoln, and the longer I study him, the greater he seems to grow. Nay, even his shortcomings come to lose their faulty traits ; they are not only excused but they become attractive. I know this is exactly the danger of androlatry into which we must guard ourselves from falling. But I confess I cannot help it ; nor are his shortcomings such as are harmful to the welfare of mankind. His awkward form, his uncouth manners, his ugly countenance—they are easily forgotten in his warm and benevolent presence ; yes, they become positively attractive as expressions, however imperfect,

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of his tenderness, simplicity and magnanimity.

As I write, his bust stands before me. The cold Cararra lips utter not a sound, but I can almost see them quiver with the words which I take dearly to heart—"With malice towards none, with charity for all." In the sunken sightless eyes there twinkle child-like faith in God and man. The deep furrows on his high forehead betoken sorrow and sadness which no amount of his "funny stories" can hide. There is a commanding authority in his strong brows and his straight nose. His mouth and chin are evidences of his decision of character. The long head covered with unkempt hair—more wonders does this single orb contain than the continent of America !

"An honest man's the noblest work of God," says Burns. The Creator, in bringing upon earth His last continent, roughly hewed out of the breast of the Rockies a massive piece of humanity, which he covered with the soft clay of the prairies, and, breathing into its nostrils His own breath of life, called it Abraham Lincoln.

February, 1907.



A SPRING THOUGHT

IT'S well to heed the messages of each season, as it comes along with the march of the sun. What delights and what instructions there are in the songs of birds and the colors of flowers !

It's well to incline our ears to the notes of the warbler and listen therein both to the inarticulate voice in which Nature speaks to us, and to the many-voiced utterances of those who left in black and white the music she stirred in their breast. To him whose heart is open upward, the chirping sparrows, too, bring their messages of heaven.

It's well to feast our eyes upon the verdure of the sward and upon each flower, as it shoots from out the brown earth. Is there not half hidden and half revealed the mystery of mysteries, Life, in a spear of grass ? "Flower in the crannied wall," in the hand of a philosopher, suggests a solution of the vastest of problems, the problem of God and man. The *ume* is now at its height. Who heeds not the treasures hid in its branches is so much the poorer for the return of the spring.

But mind you ! Nature is never aggressive, except when she punishes. She does not cry out her mandates or her lessons ; she is silent to him who will not listen ; she is dumb to him who

THE OLD AND THE NEW

accosts her not. Her messages are sealed to the eyes that refuse to see.

“Earth’s crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God ;
But only he who sees takes off his shoes ;
The rest sit round it, and pluck blackberries.”

Only he is taken to the privacy of her chamber who kneels at her door. Reverence is the key with which man can open her treasure-house, filled with things old and new, great and small. The deepest truths, natural or spiritual, human or divine, are best learned when our knees are bent and our head is bowed.

Science, in its curiosity and arrogance, boldly pries into nature with a scalpel and a microscope, and she yields to it what it seeks—bits and shreds but no more ! Sentimentalism throws a hasty glance upon nature, catches a frivolous song or two, and gives to the world more frivolous songs to decoy youths and maidens from her sterner and truer teachings.

Nature’s most solemn lessons—be they transmitted by a sweet warbler or a fragrant *ume*, by a chattering sparrow or a way-side weed, should bring us nearer to God and to man.



*CUM GRANO SALIS**

SELDOM is your hero so perfect as you believe him to be. More seldom is your enemy so bad as you imagine him to be. Only a few days in the year does Fuji reveal its glory in such splendor as that in which artists love to paint it. Still fewer are the days that are so dark and dreary that its form is totally hidden from view. Life is neither so sweet as optimists declare it to be in their songs, nor so bitter as pessimists tell us "in mournful numbers."

Cum Grano salis!—With salt we must season all things to suit our taste. So differently constituted are we all that none can agree exactly with his neighbors on every point, and none can accept the judgment of his friend or foe without some allowance.

When angels sing, gladly do I bend my ears to them, but not without remembering that their songs are turned to the highest pitch. When devils whisper, I listen to them to discover perchance some truth in their words. For, as gold is found mingled with sand and dust, there are often sparks of truth in grossest lies, whereas in truthful reports there lurk not infrequently unintentional

* *With a grain of salt.*

THOUGHTS AND ESSAYS

misstatements. In the meanest reality an ideal is present, and the highest ideal can be realized wholly or in part in an humblest act.

Cum grano salis!—Yet what care we must exercise lest the quantity exceed our need. Some use too much, making the sweetest thing bitter; others too little, swallowing unsavory meat. No liard and fast rule can guide us in fixing the precise quantity of salt. Each must have his own salometer. “Believest thou every letter written in the *Book of Record*, 'twere better nothing were written.” Read with discretion, study critically, consider reverently. Study with a reasonable reserve. Correct judgment and good taste are the indispensable requisites of life. Moderation, the golden mean, is the secret alike of right judgment and of good taste. Salt is the moderator!

There are few dietaries that cannot be eaten with seasoning, and fewer that can be eaten without seasoning. How repulsive our daily food would be, if it were not for a due amount of salt! No Delmonico, no Yaozen is conceivable without it. Scarcely anything can be taken pure, life itself being an adulteration, as it were. Far be it from me to abate the ardor of youth; but lest it sink in disappointment, let it provide itself with a pinch of salt, before it sets forth in search of an ideal.

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UNDER THE CHERRY

WE walk under the branches buoyant with the color of spring, feel the petals touch our cheek, tread the ground strewn with their fragrant pink. If human hearts are sensitive to the changes of nature, at no time are they more so than in these days when all the sleeping powers of plant and soil waken to their arduous task of the year. If pleasure is sweet, at no time is pleasure sweeter than under the outspreading bloom of the *sakura*. But beware ! lest we get lost among the flowers.

Pleasure is no sin as long as it hurts neither body nor soul. I would not be so Puritanic as to abhor all physical delights, which within proper bounds are as much the gifts of Heaven as are the enjoyments of the mind and the blessing of the spirit. I believe that even transient pleasures—which alas ! are too often “the source of lengthened woes”—can be so allied to intellectual and spiritual joys as to partake of a lasting, nay, an everlasting character.

Let us pause under the gay blossoms, inhale their fragrance to the full and let the scented breeze blow the petals in our faces ; only let them speak to our souls and raise our thoughts from earthly to unearthly beauty.



A LESSON OF THE NIGHT

WE pass unnoticed the things which are eternally existent. Each flower has its season. The *sakura* receives its due of glory and passes away to give place to its successors—the peony and the wistaria. Each age has its particular hero and each hero has his particular age—even “every dog has his day.”

But the stars—the constellations which to all appearance, and in the eyes of ordinary mortals, are fixed, immovable, in the unchanging and changeless vault of the sky, receive none of the tribute due to their glory, none of the homage which their splendor deserves. They are seen but not felt. They affect the senses for a time ; but rarely touch the sensibilities.

This evening I parted with my friends. They went their way and alone I walked mine. Whether we shall meet again, who knows ? I prayed in my soul that they may long be well and happy, and constant in love and friendship. Stars bright and clear twinkle, beaming smiles on the travelers here below.

Life's journey is ever lit with light from above. When the sun disappears and the moon is hid, the stars lighten our path with their penetrating

A LESSON OF THE NIGHT

irradiance. There is strength in the twinkling stars, "the stars of unconquered will." There is unbounded energy in Orion ; love and passion are felt in the Pleiades. Most rich in lessons is the firmament for those who have eyes and heart to learn from it. I can well imagine the Concord philosopher gazing upon the heavens in wrapt contemplation and singing,

" Teach me your mood, O patient stars !
Who climb each night the ancient sky,
Leaving on space no shade, no scars,
No trace of age, no fear to die."

Small to mortal eyes what grandeur is theirs ! At the rising of the sun they pale away. To the denizens of this little planet, the solar glory outshines theirs ; but they care not to vie with the suns. One need not borrow the light of the sun to hide the stars : " the burning of a little straw," as Carlyle says, can do it most effectively. But they shine out again, when the straw is burnt out and the sun has gone down.

I love to look upon the stars in the solitude of night, and humbly learn of them what real greatness means.



PRACTICAL RELIGION

RELIGION is not a matter of feelings, though it never fails to elevate and refine them. It is as far removed from vague sentimentalism on the one hand as from feverish excitement on the other.

Religion is not an intellectual process, however deep or high. While it does not check the fullest use of the mental powers, it delivers us from scientific intoxication or philosophical satiation.

Religion is largely the labor of the will. I feel like defining it as the exercise of our will whereby we bring it in accord with the divine will, or as the merging of our spirit in the Divine. Theology is but a by-product of religion,—not a very important one at that. If any one will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine. The knowledge of doctrines is a natural result of our action in following Him. Too often we reverse the order and try to get religion—or to get at it--without first doing His will.

Cicero, to whom, if I am not mistaken, we owe the term "Religion," has defined it as "the discharge of our duty towards God." But we shall never know our duty towards God, unless we do the duty that we know to man.



COURTESY

Courtesy may have been born in the court of a prince ; but it can dwell and thrive in the courtyard of a peasant. True courtesy is not an attainment of a knee-crooking courtier, bent in pandering to the freaks and passions of his lord ; neither does it belong to the courtezan to whom it is but an item of her stock in trade. True courtesy, by which I mean what the French distinguish as *courtoisie de cœur*, courtesy of the heart, is an exercise of good-will, of mutual respect, among men of worth. It does not consist in forms, in bows, in dresses, in exchange of polite phrases. It consists in the respect which two or more self-respecting persons pay to one another. It can never deteriorate into the cajolery of a courtier or the captation of a courtezan. Genuine courtesy is a characteristic of strong men. In our mediæval warefare, there was something exceedingly charming in the exchange of salutations, when two warriors met to fight in single combat. Even an enemy must have due respect shown him ; a man who is not worthy of your respect is not worth fighting with. I like to ponder upon the scene of the meeting between Cromwell and George Fox. No formal politeness could be ex-

pected in the first acquaintance of these two rugged giants—the greatest of Puritans and the greatest of Quakers. In that scene, where they stood face to face, one observes and feels a veritable exchange of manly courtesy. How could it be otherwise, when souls are so deeply imbued with reverence for whatever is honest, strong, true and god-like?



WORDS AND WHAT THEY STAND FOR

WE must not be too grammatical and judge of words only by their etymological significance. Philology is still largely an amateur science. A second rate philologist easily degenerates into a mere punster. In using a word, its origin, derivation and history are of minor importance, compared with its meaning ; and the meaning is of little account compared with what the word stands for. The idea or the substance is what we try to grasp when we utter or hear a word. The most eloquent speech may be but as the sound of a breeze or of a rivulet. Much may be spoken and little said. Speech must be backed by a thought or a personality in order to be emphatic. A word becomes then a life, and a speech an action.



RURAL VIRTUES

WHAT delights are hid among these mountains and villages, far from the madding crowd! Such verdure as no city park can show! Flowers—not those sickly, spoiled things, however beautiful, raised under glass by horticultural hands, but those hardy, wild growths which the great gardener, Nature, has tended—cover hill-sides, peep through the underbrush and greet you at every turn along the road.

Back to the land and to Nature, O sons and daughters of the soil! The country-side waits for your return. The fantastic pine-trees stand on tip-toe to see if you are coming. The stately cryptomerias stand in a row, to salute your arrival. The chestnut boughs wave in the wind to beckon you. The purple clover smiles its prettiest, the azaleas deck themselves in their gayest garb for you. The sparrows chirp their welcome. The frogs croak audibly enough to remind you of old acquaintance.

Everything in nature is "upward striving." The earth trembles with youthful vigor.

We should leave the dusty city behind and seek for health and simple life in the fields.

Barley is harvested and rice is transplanted.

THOUGHTS AND ESSAYS

There is a few days' rest for the peasants. They, too, look forward to the coming of youths from the cities. Young men and young women returning to their rural homes from their schools are harbingers of civilization. They should not despise their rustic parents, relatives, and friends, but bring to them the news of the larger world. For, if character is nurtured in the country, culture has its birth in the city. Thought matures in solitude, to burst forth in action on the tempestuous sea of life. It is well to take to heart the advice given by St. Chrysostom, "Depart from the highway and transplant thyself in some enclosed ground; for it is hard for a tree that stands by the wayside to keep her fruit till it be ripe." Neither should we forget, however, that the fruit, when ripe, should be shared by as large a multitude as its quantity permits. If strength grows in solitary rural surroundings, refinement is a product of large social aggregation. Happy the man who combines the virtues of both!



OMISSION AND COMMISSION

I HAVE roamed over a large part of the surface of this earth, and have seen and talked with men of diverse tongues and diverse modes of thought. My observation amounts to this, that though there are many that are foolish, and that unwittingly, few there be that are willfully bad. The latter are sometimes rightly charged with committing crimes, while the former are often guilty of omission of duties. Each of us, the best among us, belongs simultaneously or alternately to both of these categories. Severity should be the whip we apply to ourselves ; leniency, the cord by which each should try to lead another. "Judge not !" Let us bring our own selves before the tribunal of conscience, and the justice there meted out to our sins of omission and commission will be the measure of our desert. It is only through the portals of this court that we ascend to a higher level of moral existence.



UNIVERSAL HARMONY

ON the crown of the Miharashi Hill sits, in silent splendor, the new harvest moon, shining like a diamond on the coronet of a queen.

I know not what joyous mysteries she whispers to the mountain brook that it should babble on so merrily. I know not what deep secrets she reveals to the placid lake that it looks so profoundly wise. Does she command, by a glance of her eye, the willows on the river bank, that they should so quietly wave and sigh? As if at some signal by her given, the insects chirp and chatter in rhythmic cadence amid the swaying grass.

I feel again that all nature is one, that through the length and breadth of her vast dominions, in things animate and inanimate, a heavenly power does dwell and move, uniting in one grand harmony what to each concerned seems an endless struggle for its own separate little life.



WHAT SUCCESS IS DESIRABLE

MEAN, petty creatures struggle for a morsel of stale bread, in their ardor tearing each other's flesh, and the one who takes the first bite or snatches the biggest portion, is called a success and plays the hero of the day.

Success is generally understood to mean arriving at the point, however low, at which one aimed at the start. In the popular notion, little consideration is paid to the height aimed at, or to the way in which it is attained. He whose vision is fixed upon a lofty peak, which weaker eyes can scarcely discern amongst mists and clouds, which perhaps he himself thinks he cannot scale, and yet persists until he reaches it,—such a one is called a dreamer and a failure; whereas those whose thoughts can hardly leave the clod and whose greatest desires only creep and crawl over the sordid earth, can easily reach the goal of their ambition and be crowned with what the world sings and chants as Success.

Socrates, with a cup of hemlock in his hand, to the Athenian of that day,—yes, that single day on which he emptied it!—was a ridiculous failure. His accusers most triumphantly succeeded in getting rid of their greatest man. But

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Socrates on his part likewise succeeded, in that he gave his life in following his *dæmon*. A still better example of universal success is that of Jesus of Nazareth. Does history record a more complete success of a man than that of Jesus on the Hill of Calvary? Death was what he aimed at when he began his career. The high priests succeeded because what they desired they obtained, namely the death of the man they hated and feared. Judas Iscariot, too, succeeded beautifully in getting the thirty pieces of silver for which his heart had yearned.

God is good to all. "He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." Thus do most men succeed—according to their deserts. They all get the sunshine and the rainfall, according to their desire. A man who shuts up all the *amado* will have but a few streaks of the sun's rays peeping through the cracks. A peasant who refuses to reap a plenteous harvest may get no more than a cupful of rain.

Success in itself is not a thing to be envied. It is to be desired only when it crowns noble efforts pursued in a noble cause.



LIFE'S CONTRASTS CONTRA- DICTED

AT the close of the old year and the beginning of the new, every one is astir in soul and body.

The streets are merry with sights and sounds, as though the whole city were turned into that Fools' Paradise of which the pious monks used to think with scorn and disgust. Crowds upon crowds jam the tramways and jostle on the roads—going whither, coming whence, I know not. Every shop has its wares on exhibition in such shape and color that they can scarcely fail to trap the passing eyes and stop the hurrying feet. Lanterns and electric lights without number make the night joint laborer with the day, stealing from the sun its resplendent glory, while innumerable flags and bannerets, fluttering in the air, transform the meanest street into an avenue of gaudy colors. To the gayety of the town is lent the mirth of music by the bands playing at every corner. The sights and sounds betoken a veritable *limbus fatuorum*.*

Yet I will not play the pious misanthrope and look upon all these manifestations of pleasure as a cheap vanity fair. Sayest thou, O Timon, that these are but a fleeting phenomenon, a puff of

**Fools' Paradise.*

THOUGHTS AND ESSAYS

breath, which now is and in the next moment is not? Knowest thou not that the maple leaves, after they leave their mother-tree, and ere they fall to the earth to strew the hill-sides of Takao, the little while they float in the fluid air, demonstrate to a philosophic mind the eternal laws of vegetal life, of gravitation, of atmospheric pressure? Back of the frailest stands the strongest: beneath the evanescent works the everlasting.

If I hear it aright, I can detect, in the din and noise, an undertone of deep sorrow. In the titter of careless maidens is hidden a grief unspeakable. If I am not badly deceived, I can see, in the face of men, signs of distress and worry. A sympathetic eye can easily discern that the garish colors are but an inadequate limning to rob the hard lines of the picture of their severity.

Call not that avarice or greed which you notice in the restless eyes of women, who stop at every shop window and fix their gaze upon the merchandise; for in their eyes I can read as plainly as on a written page—"How that dress will become my Yoshiko; but the rents must be paid first." "That toy is just the kind Baby was most fond of; I wonder if there are Darumas and drums in heaven." Who is not touched with the sight of that poor, ragged little barefoot girl,

hanging on tiptoe by the show window to feast her large round eyes on the display of dolls? Is it not a very picture of human wants unsatisfied, of human cravings unsatisfied?

Not in pessimism, not in misanthropy, not in moroseness, not in disdain—but in pity, in sympathy, in brotherly affection, in love, can we say with a German poet that “life is a long, long sigh before emitting the breath.”

As we review the events of the year 1907 and carefully go over each page of our ledger, pondering over every item of debit and credit, we are struck with sad accounts far outnumbering the joyous. We could sum up the year’s experience in the words of Voltaire, “Happiness is a dream and sorrow is a reality.”

Why should I at this festive season throw a wet blanket over the hearts of thousands bent on seeking a momentary respite from the toils of the year?

Far from acting as a damper, it is my desire to make the sad hearts glad by reminding them that suffering is a counterpart of blessing, that the dark drapery of sorrow is lined with the bright brocade of joy, and that a thorn is “a changed bud.”

Yet all Christendom carols of “the glad tidings of great joy.” Let us, too, join in the anthem of praise—not, however, forgetting the magnitude of

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the sacrifice made to win it. When the affrighted shepherds on the field of Beit-Saour heard the herald angel choir, little did they dream that the blessing was to be obtained by the tears shed in Gethsemene and by the blood spilled on Golgotha. Utilitarianism and psychology may contrast pain with pleasure; but in the regions of the spiritual, contrasts vanish. As on earth the North can never be the South, nor the East the West, but as, in the empyrean sphere where polar magnetism acts no more, no distinction is made of the points of the compass,—so, the nomenclature of pain and pleasure, of sorrow and joy, is tenable only in the lower domains of mental analysis.

“The glad tidings of great joy” are the hymnal of thanksgiving and adoration sung before the “Temple of Sorrow.” “Christianity is the apotheosis of grief,” says Amiel most truly, “the marvellous transmutation of suffering into triumph, the death of death, the defeat of sin.” It is this worship of sorrow that binds Christians in ties of mutual fellowship, that presents to their mind the world in its pitiable aspects. It is this which saves them from being drowned in pleasures or sunken in grief.

Now we enter upon a New Year. New are our hopes, our resolutions, our desires; but at its ex-

piration we shall most likely discover that the year 1908 was much the same as 1907. A really New Year begins not with a calendar but with a new leaf turned in the book of life—not with the position of the sun in the sky, but with a change in the attitude of our mind towards life, man, and God.



OFFERINGS

Before the shrine of a god, the tillers of the soil bring their first fruits, and the fishermen their first catch. Over these a priest strikes flint and steel, and waves a *sakaki* branch. The fish, the grain and the vegetables are forthwith sanctified, and are henceforth fit for divine food.

We, too, heap our gifts upon the *sanbo*, be they strength or talents, and placing before the holy of holies, ask for heavens purifying fire and benediction. Once consecrated they are ready for the service of God and man.

Upon the altar, we lay our all—ourselves—dedicating it to His will. What, then, shall hinder us from work to which He calleth us?



THE CHRISTIANIZATION OF JAPAN

OVER the still small voice working wonders in our midst are heard two loud cries,—“Christ for Japan” and “Japan for Christ.” The Christianization of Japan and the Japanization of Christianity are the shibboleths of the two parties equally interested in the spread of Christianity and the rise of Japan, but unequally convinced of the precedence of the Church and the State, a religion and a nationality.

Around the banner—Japan for Christ—rally those to whom Christianity is, at least theoretically, all in all; to whom there is nothing worthy of considering by its side. They would erase all national barriers. For them the Kingdom of God, as yet but dimly surmised, is the objective point aimed at. The other side, with their war cry, “Christ for Japan,” consists of those at the end of whose mental vista stands the glory of the Island Realm.

The view points of the two parties differ in the fundamental conception as to the relative importance of the abstract and the concrete, the principle and the practice, the ultimate and the immediate.

It is easy to see which party has the broader

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outlook, and, if breadth is the criterion of superiority, it is easy to see which will win the palm. The advocates of the Christianization of Japan have certainly all the theoretical advantages which promise final triumph. The Religion of Jesus has by no means exhausted its resources or its energy. Even were it wiped out by some diabolical fiat, inertia alone would carry on its work for some centuries to come. The question for Christian believers in Japan is not whether they should pay tribute to the state and not to the Church, not whether they should serve the earthly more than the spiritual master—but whether they cannot contribute in mites or talents to the celestial treasury through the fiscus of the Mikado, or serve their Lord and Master by ministering to the needs of their country. A Christian and a patriot are not irreconcilable in one person. Neither the state nor the nation is, as anarchists claim, the handiwork of the Evil One. Human aggregations, especially those bound by moral ties, are divine institutions destined to work out the Divine will.

Christendom,—the prospective answer to the prayer, “Thy Kingdom come”—the highest conceivable ethical aggregation, can, I believe, be realized by men trained by lower forms of aggregation, by those who in the family have felt a father’s love, or in a village tasted something of

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communion of kindred minds, or in national affairs known impulses reaching out towards millions of their fellow men.

In the present stage of the moral development of mankind, the political institution of the nation is the highest form attained. Any scheme that transcends national ideals and interests, can be realized, not by destroying, but by enlarging them.

Look at the very ones who maintain that Christianity, being an universal religion, ought to be embraced by Japan. Where is the proof that Christianity is universal, that the God of Christians is no respecter of persons or races? What evidence can be educed of the superiority of Christian faith to other systems of teaching? Those who glibly talk of bringing Japan prostrate at the foot of Jesus, even at the expense of her national traits and cherished ideals, are almost entirely foreigners, who naturally do not share our enthusiasm, and whose chief argument for the universality of Christianity is that it is the religion of their own people; or, in other words, they are usually those whose belief is based on a patriotic bias.

Thus does the Christianity which is presented to the Japanese as a universal religion impress them as strongly tinged with the earthly characteristics of other nationalities quite alien to our

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best instincts! Is it too much to say that present Christianity is a national product?

The missionary methods for Japan must, therefore, be quite different from those pursued amongst peoples and tribes who had not yet attained to a national aggregation. Paul's missionary versatility and tact in becoming a Jew to the Hebrews, a Greek to the Hellenes,—his versatile adaptability to the varying conditions and circumstances of his surroundings,—is the only successful method of converting a new people. The fields are white unto harvest. But some fields are best reaped by a steam harvester, others by a scythe, still others by a sickle. An intelligent agriculturist studies the size, nature and configuration of each field and chooses the tool suitable for it. For a wise choice, he must even study the weather and the market. The implement and the farm must complement each other. He is only a one-sided farmer who exclaims, "The implement for the field," or "The field for the implement," and sticks to the use of an old tool for all kinds of work and ground.

The final solution of missionary methods for Japan will be somewhere between the two extremes—to win Japan at all costs, and to keep Japan with all its faults.



NATURALISM

WHAT is the matter with our ears that our souls should be so easily duped by sounds ; and many words, as usually uttered, are no better than empty sounds.

But there are words that are worse than mere sounds, such, for instance, as convey contrary meanings. Terms of broad significance, in themselves comprehensive, full and deep, are used to mean anything or nothing in particular.

We hear much of Naturalism in these days. Nobody objects to being natural. Existence itself is obedience to nature. But it does not take a dualist philosopher to know and to feel that there are two extremes or opposites in all things. Space has its north and south : time has its past and future : man has the appetites of a brute and the aspirations of a god. Death is as much in the plan of nature as is life. Grief is as natural to our soul as is joy. Inflorescence and fruition are both equally natural processes. But he who is alive is not dead nor is a corpse alive. He who plucks a flower must forego the fruit, and he who would have the fruit must spare the bloom.



"FROM NATURE UP TO NATURE'S GOD"

WHAT strange sensations come as one takes shelter beneath the spreading branches of the banyan tree!

It is mid-winter by the calendar; but here in the tropics, vegetation has no rest, and the jungle is all green with vernal freshness.

Overhead hang in immaculate beauty, like the pendants from the necklace of a queen, the orchids from the boughs, amongst which the mischief-loving monkeys break the solemnity of the primeval forests by their uncanny pranks. In the thick fernshaw, where wave fronded palms to invite a thirsty traveler, there gushes forth a living fountain in crystal currents from moss-grown rocks of coral reef. Beside me stands a mighty Bischofia, towering above the rest of its fellows, and round its massive trunk a banyan winds its aerial root—in tender embrace or else in deadly gripe. In the bower below, wild tomato and pepper plants enliven the monotonous verdure by their gay colored fruits, like little maidens, ruddy-cheeked and red ribboned, peeping out shyly through the umbrageous thicket. My old familiar friend and favorite, the "dew-weed" (*commelinia*) prospers

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here in humble contentment, as it does under a more strenuous sky. The genial temperature is kindly alike to the ebony or "hairy persimmon," valued for its sugary fruit and hardy wood, and to the venomous Laportea, whose malicious exudation stings whomsoever touches its poisonous leaves. The wild morning-glories creep up the gutta-percha tree, in whose tangled branches unknown birds perch and sing to allure their mates.

Neither the eagles that I see swooping over the sea, as though sporting with the spouting whales below, nor the watch dogs that I hear barking in the Kuraaru hamlet near by, seem to frighten the songsters safely lodged among the foliage.

Here in the shade of the primitive woods in the Land of Perpetual Spring, one lingers to reflect. The noise of human habitations does not intrude into this arboreal retreat. It is good to be once more assured that "Nature is no cruel stepdame" but a mother, loving and true, generous in gifts and affections.

I am wont to see divinity shining in the laughing eyes of children, in the bashful look of maidens, in the stately carriage of youths, in the tears of widows, in the longing gaze of orphans, in the wisdom of sages, in the love of parents, in the exploits of heroes, in the canvas of artists, in

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the songs of poets. But standing, as I now do, so near to the bosom of primal nature, I almost feel the beat of her heart, and my thoughts ascend “from nature up to nature's God.”

“All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul.”

Man were a poor beast, and no more, could he not transcend the barriers of his physical environment and seek for his soul a mansion to dwell in. The animal may well be a product of its geosphere, but man, to be above animal kind, must discover for himself a celestial atmosphere.

The strange sensations that come unbidden, as one rests under the banyan trees, rise up to the sense that we, too, though now tied to the earth, are heavenly roots shot from above, from the trunk of a divine tree.

Keshun, Formosa.

January, 1908.



PILGRIMAGE TO DAZAIFU

I TREAD again historic ground, rich in ancient legends and romantic tales.

Yesterday I roamed among the pine groves of the Tatara shore, watching the moonlight play upon the nets spread to dry on the magical sands, even as it did fifteen centuries ago upon the triumphal armada, as it entered the Bay in the train of the imperial heroine.

To-day I am wandering among terraced fields and through plum forests, away from the sea, in the land of Michizane, Prince of Sugawara.

A lone pine shows the mount of noble and pathetic association. "Ten-pai-zan," the height whereon to worship Heaven, also called "Ten-pan-zan," Heaven's judgment hill—a miniature of Sinai and the Mount of Olives in one!

This lofty resort was the favorite retreat of Michizane for meditation and prayer. A man of sorrows, he retired to this spot to unburden his soul. A strong man's tears cannot be dried unless Heaven wipes them away. It is here that he laid bare his soul before God to pray perchance in this wise :—

"Before thee, dread Arbiter, I lay my woes. I have not confidence in the strength of men; I

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would rather put my trust in my own self; but above all Thou art my refuge. I will not groan under the weight of my load, heavy as it has been to me. No, I will not groan, neither will I ask for succor, as though help were not within for all the ills that come from without. Thou seest all and judgest righteous judgment I ask for justice. Behold a father and children torn asunder and mercilessly cast to the five winds! Can lips give vent to grief so great? My eyes are full to overflowing with blood.* 'Tis but a hundred days since I last crossed the threshold of a happy home, and they have wearily passed away in never ceasing tears. All about me is as dim as a dream, and I vainly stretch my sight toward that far off sky in longing unspeakable.†—Exiled thus far away from the smiling haunts of childhood, from the friendly court lighted by the beaming presence of my august lord, from the bosom of my family knit in bonds of love—exiled thus from all I hold most dear on earth, my sleepless nights are spent in recollections of faithful words and tender deeds. So fade in Thy presence all human glory and mortal joy. I ask not of Thee a favor to requite me for all I have lost: thy approving assurance is sufficient unto me. Thou alone art eternal and

*父子一時互處離。口不能言眼中血。

†離家三四月、落淚百千行、万事皆如夢、時々仰彼蒼。

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Thy righteousness endures for ever and ever. My conscience bears me witness that Thy justice is true and Thy righteousness changes not. Now judge me, if in my dealings with my fellow men I have trespassed upon Thy laws, or if in obeying the inclinations of my nature, I have been unfaithful to Thee or to myself. Thou hast implanted in us—else how poor and unworthy a creature is man!—a power to know and do Thy behests. If only in my heart of hearts, I err not from the path of truth, Thou dost not wait for poor prayers of mine to keep me in Thy care.”*

Ten long centuries, eventful in destruction, have swept over these regions since Michizane's eyes rested for the last time upon them. Vandalism has done its work too well among the magnificent edifices that graced the place in his day. The glittering roof, of which the lonely Prince used to catch a glimpse from his porch, no longer dazzles a tourist's eye. Where once the mighty tower of Tofuro stood, a few broken tiles mark the site. The sound of the bell which hourly stole in gentle cadences into the retirement of the exiled sage rings no more in the pompous temple of Kwannon. The bell, the belfry, and the temple itself, with all its sculptured columns and lacquered ceilings, have not left faintest trace behind. How much more

*心だに誠の道にかなひなば、祈らずとも神や守らん

lasting is a good name, a man's spirit, than the proudest monuments raised by art or artifice ! It had taken seven generations of reigning sovereigns, or about seventy years altogether, to build the Temple of Kwannon ; but one summer night, in the year 1059, fire brought the whole structure to nought. But the man, Michizane, carved, and chiselled and polished by the Master Artist, still lives in the memory of our people as Heaven's noblest work. Wherever we turn, we seem to meet him—be it on hills, or along dales ; be it in peasants' huts or gilded palaces. Still work in the fields and on the road a tiny breed of cattle, whose patient toil and plodding pluck he used to watch with delight. Still sheds the *ume* its fragrance as sweet as when he used to pause under its branches. Its white blossoms, opening against the dark foliage of massive camphor trunks, remind me of his youthful verse :

“The moonlight shines as white
As new fallen snow,
And like unto stars bright
The plum blossoms blow.”*

Thus every object, from the slow laboring ox to the stellar light, serves as a tender reminder of the martyr sage. Like the mysterious compound

*月耀如晴雪、梅花似照星

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of the alchemist, whatever his memory touches is forthwith turned into gold, or, like those magical sands of the Tatara, which pious peasants hang in little baskets over their doors to drive away evil spirits, the mere name of Michizane is an encouragement to withstand the guiles of the world. Thus does his spirit still work and move among us. Thus do noble men put us under perpetual obligation for our own ennoblement and growth. Knowledge of the good and acquaintance with the great is a veritable gain. As Goethe says, "The ability to appreciate what is noble is a gain which no one can ever take from us."

Ages have vanished, things have changed ; but everywhere and at all times his name is a term of endearment and reverence. How near to Godhead in the attributes of eternity and omnipresence human sublimity comes ! So have I felt as I stood in the courtyard of the Ten-man-gu in the village of Dazaifu.

Dazaifu.

February, 1908



RELIGIOUS IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA

FAR away on a northern island of Japan, in a little town, where no foreign missionary had a station, where itinerant preachers came only two or three times a year, there sprang up in a providential way a Christian congregation of some sixty natives, consisting of persons of both sexes, of all classes of society, of all degrees of intelligence, of many denominations, and from all parts of the Empire. As many of the sixty as felt the call became ministers, missionaries, masters and servants in turn.

This church was pre-eminently an indigenous outcome of Divine seed on a heathen soil. Each one in the community studied and interpreted the Bible according to his or her own light. With them the Bible was the only creed, and *Christ* the one thing needful ; ceremonies and rites, adventitious growths of the Middle Ages which long centuries in Christendom had sanctioned and sanctified, had for them no sacred associations ; some even questioned the utility of singing and music ; others asked wherein water baptism was efficacious.

Secluded from all sectarian jealousies, they knew

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but one church, whose corner stone is *the Christ*; surrounded by scoffers and revilers of His religion, they met these enemies with all the available proofs and evidences of Christianity.

Now, suppose one of this body of Christians should come to America, the country of which he had heard so much, whose people are the most religious on the face of the globe, whence come missionaries, the country claiming, too, the highest honor in its political dealings with weaker nations; suppose (as will be most likely) that this Christian is familiar with the writings of America's greatest Christian defenders, Edwards, Hopkins, Hitchcock, Barnes, Wayland, Hodge, Hurst, Beecher, Talmage, Brooks, what would be his first impressions; or, to make the matter personal, what were *my* impressions when, after my arrival in this country, I was taken to some of the fashionable churches (if indeed these two words can be classed together)? Did the superbly decorated interior strike an Oriental novice with awe and reverence of Him who dwelleth not in temples made with hands? Did the mellow light falling through painted windows help his poor soul to see any clearer the light of the Sun of Righteousness? Did the solos vibrating through the whole atmosphere, making glad the educated ears, waft my soul to regions above? Did the cornet and trumpet put me in

mind of that dreadful day of judgment? Did the ladies in the choir, irreverent and sometimes indifferent to the solemn words they sang, remind me of the angels in the heavenly band? Did the richly-dressed congregation turn my thoughts to the Lamb, whose blood, so they sang, makes us white as snow? Did the reading of sermons in learned modulations of tone, and with gestures of conscious gracefulness, aye, even the prayers *prayed* in stereotyped accents, edify a pilgrim soul from the East?

I must confess that, for a long while, the only impression which these rites and services made upon me was that religion here had become an art, if not an artifice, that personal religion was not to be found. The church structure seemed a fine specimen of architecture; preaching, rhetoric; praise, vocal culture; prayer, music; and attendance, social respectability; men and women congregating to see and to be seen.

It may be that an uncivilized, semi-barbarous Philistine from a heathen land cannot appreciate the deep religious and historical significance of these Christian rites and arts. It may be so, but I would a thousand times rather be an unartistic and artless boor, "clad in a perennial suit of leather," than be appareled in the height of fashion (even if fashion is an art of Christendom), and wipe away

repentant tears for my own and others' sins with a silken handkerchief hemmed by, and my garments made by, those who have given fame to the "Song of the Shirt." And who are they? *Their* hymns are not led by a wind organ or by violins; breathless with fatigue, half-starved, they hum the "Song of the Shirt," the everlasting "stich, stitch, stitch." They cannot afford to pay rent for pews, and have therefore no seats among the worshipers of the Almighty. In many churches we look in vain for haggard faces, calico frocks. Even such of the poor as can barely afford three meals a day must have suitable dress to share a pew with their more fortunate sisters.

These unfavorable impressions reached a climax when, now and then, the unseemly sight could be seen of young women pointing to their neighbor's bonnet and giggling, or of young men whispering jokes among themselves, or to their lady friends.

What must have been the anticipations of Luther, when for the first time he bowed in reverence, as he came in sight of the holy city of Rome? But alas! not many days had passed away before the poor rustic monk from Saxony saw with his own eyes the gayety, dissipation and intrigue in the Vatican itself. Fortunately, America is no Rome; unfortunately, I am no Luther—nor is there any necessity for my personat-

ing the great Reformer. Many reformative forces are at work within the church as well as without. The Young Men's Christian Association, White Cross Society, Temperance Clubs, Home and Foreign Missions, Indian and Negro Education, Mothers' Meetings Flower Missions, charity hospitals and prison visits, all teach by object lessons to the young better than by sermons that life is real, that there is a suffering world outside the ball-room and fashionable society. Though such active organizations for the amelioration of humanity are not without danger of identifying the Christian religion exclusively with philanthropic enterprise (James i. 27) still their influence on the religious profession is very salutary. The intimate connection between the profession of religion and the amelioration of evils has a most wholesome effect on society in general. Were it not for these, how much speedier would be the progress of anarchical and incendiary movements? In fact, a well-known man, the pastor of one of the largest churches in Philadelphia, told me that only in the evangelization of the masses can there be found a remedy for social evils.

Another fact to be noticed in referring to indirect outside influence upon the Christian body is, that however irreligious in profession and conduct the members of Congress or Cabinet may be, their

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public utterances can never be popular unless they are dressed up in religious garb ; hence legislation on the whole tends toward a Christian ideal. The same may be said of schools and colleges. Nothing is further from my mind than to accuse the legislators and educators of hypocrisy. I only mean to infer that the framework of society is essentially religious. To attend a place of worship is thought respectable, if nothing more, and a family of any social standing should rent or own a pew. Children are sent to Sunday-school, else their parents seem neglectful of religion. College boys must attend chapel. Christian doctrines and precepts are pounded into the man from without. If, by honest thinking, one comes to doubt some accepted truths, orthodoxy and dogma are hammered into his head. The writer had once a bitter dose of orthodoxy administered when he candidly expressed a doubt as to the person of our Lord. Yet, in his contact with men and women in middle and upper classes of society, he has heard many a flat denial of the very fundamentals of Christian faith. Some of the novelty-loving Yankees seem to cultivate their taste for something either more antique or more modern than what their mother's Bible teaches ; hence esoteric Buddhism is not without its public admirers and secret proselytes ; hence Agnosticism is not without its followers. Governed

by laws which public opinion frames, living under a Chief whom public opinion chooses, it may well be expected that, however far from orthodoxy one's private sentiments and judgments may roam, respect for public opinion keeps him within the pale of a Christian denomination. Even Unitarianism has one foot on this side of the gulf that separates Christianity from skepticism.

If these my impressions convey to others an idea that religion has become a mere sham in America, "a habitation of doleful creatures," I will be greatly misunderstood. I have only given utterance as to *how* the organization and the tangible workings—in a word, the *appearances* of the American religion have impressed me. It is a sorry thing that some of my countrymen, who have entertained the same thoughts, did not penetrate deeper. He is a shallow observer of American life who fails to see that below the noisy and blasphemous *canaille*, the scum of society that always floats to the top, there moves an under-current of healthy religious thought. Great forces ever work in silence. Only in the depth of the soil, buried from the eyes of the sun, can roots thrive which support the heavy trunk and flowering stalks. For the withering of the blossoms, or for the falling of the leaves, the roots are not alone responsible. If the church is weakly, if the professors are not

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worthy, if the ecclesiastical institutions are not of the most spiritual type, *Christ* and His teachings must not bear the blame. In spite of many hypocrites and unbelievers, the Oriental stranger often meets with those who may fitly be called incarnations of faith, hope and love. These form the centre around which lesser souls revolve. These, by their calm, quiet serenity, cannot hide their light under a bushel. Alike in the largest city as in the obscurest village, has the writer been happy enough to meet with just such ones. In their presence he can forget all the foibles and weaknesses, the shortcomings, and even the crimes of professing Christians at large, and only realize that America is in deed and in truth a veritable part of Christendom. Then, too, he cannot help kneeling and praying in behalf of his own poor native land, "Thy kingdom come."

Baltimore.

Written 1886.

ON JAPANESE EXCLUSIVISM

WE are certainly a most interesting people. Without meaning to pose in any particularly striking attitude, we figure nevertheless as a race worthy of study and research. I doubt if any other nation has in so short a space of time been subjected to as much scrutiny, wonderment and criticism. Students of Völkerpsychologie found in us a fit object for analysis, and we have been dissected and focussed under the microscope. One philosopher in the course of his investigations failed to detect any trace of personality and would have labeled us as *homo sapiens*, variety, *impersonatus*! A shrewd inquirer was rightly amazed at the mobility of our molecules and would have bottled us as a liquefied state of the species. A pathologist has advanced with all soberness an assertion that this entire nation of ours must have gone stark mad. I might cite numerous other opinions concerning us from thinkers of all shades. But enough has been said to show that in the course of one generation the pendulum of our thoughts and doings has swung over such a wide arc of vibration that observers from without, as well as thinkers among our own selves, have strained their intellect to the utmost to explain so unusual a phenomenon.

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"Can a nation be born in a day?" gasped they out. Such a thing was long held an impossibility except with God, but in our case we can stand aloof from the third commandment and turn elsewhere for a more direct cause of our own doings. Still this cause is to be sought not in radical metamorphism in our cerebral tissues, not in any sudden variation in national character, not in the direct intervention of any higher power. An easier and more natural explanation of the transition from the Old to New Japan can be found in this, that it was a realization of the mental activity of the race, inherent in it but hitherto suppressed, bursting forth the instant adverse conditions were removed ; in other words, it was a growth and not a birth ; a pullulation and not a generation.

We have an active, restless head, ever alert for work, fun or mischief. Our brain is an easily adjustable engine. Ready to grasp an idea, irrespective of its origin, and to assimilate it to our own sweet will, we never can entertain positive abhorrence of strange thoughts or of strange peoples. I assure my foreign readers that however sluggishly the stream of our daily routine may seem to flow, there is an undercurrent that never rests. We are not a contemplative or meditative people. No world-teaching philosopher, no world-convicting prophet has ever graced our soil with his birth ;

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but we have been speeding on—sometimes with an exceedingly slow and safe velocity, to be sure—without being stopped by an Ahijah on the way or button-holed by a Socrates in the market-place. I am far from admitting that we are the better for it, but am simply stating what I believe to be a fact.

To a nation like ours, any thing like a stand-still, isolation or exclusivism, could but be a farce ; to force it on us would be nothing short of absurdity. We are not a peculiar people like the Jews, in the sense of being set apart, nor are we like Ishmaelites, with our hand against every man, and every man's hand against us. The Jews might have well afforded that seclusion which they still punctiliously keep up. Not so we, who share the versatility of the Greeks and the universal instincts of the Romans. How then can we account for the exclusivism which is a stubborn fact irrevocably inscribed with blood on the pages of our history ? My answer is brief, and I believe as true as it is brief. Exclusivism was mainly a mere form adopted as a temporary device for the preservation of a princely family, impelled, however, by no real anti-foreign spirit. Or even admitting that this policy was actuated by an anti-foreign spirit, it was never accepted as such by the mass of the people. I can best elucidate my point by referring to a few familiar facts in history.

Though we discover traces of exclusivism in the

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ante-Tokugawa period, we may date its formal inauguration under Iyeyasu. Now the question is, was he inimically disposed towards Europeans, their religion, their art and knowledge? Perhaps the most politic of our rulers, I seriously doubt if he had any motive other than political. He evidently bore no personal spite against the "evil sect." I think it was on the occasion of the Spaniard calumniating the Portuguese, that Iyeyasu replied, "Even if a devil should visit my realm from hell, he would be treated like an angel from heaven." We know well, too, how Will Adams, the English pilot, found favour in his sight, for which amidst his tears he praised his God. Another narrative will serve to illustrate Iyeyasu's attitude toward foreign intercourse. In an audience granted by him to a Dutch merchant, he asked if it were true that Japan was the easternmost country of the globe, "Still east of your dominion, Sir," he said, "away some thousand miles off, lie three worlds, larger than China and India put together, and there are the countries of Nova France and Nova Hispania with which latter the Southern Barbarians(the Spaniards and Portuguese in Borneo, Java, etc.) carry on trade." Iyeyasu straightway ordered to have a mission sent thither. A vessel was made and one Tanaka embarked with credentials; and after two years he returned,

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bringing with him things new and precious. To further prosecute his ambitious scheme of foreign trade, Iyeyasu had a ship built large enough to cross the Pacific. The vessel left Japan in the summer of 1610 and returned in the autumn of the following year.

It is true that in his time the law came into effect restricting the capacity of vessels to less than two thousand four hundred bushels. The reason generally given for this piece of legislation is, that he intended thereby to discourage foreign trade. But it is not unlikely that a more real motive was hidden behind it. More probably it was the desire on his part to crush down all military and naval prowess. Some historians ascribe the decree to the fear of possible attack on Yedo from Satsuma and Hyuga by sea—which also was far from being unlikely. Dr. Shigeno states that owing to the financial disaster consequent upon Hideyoshi's Corean invasion, his successors in office—the Tokugawas—imbibed a horror of foreign complications.

Exclusivism did not assume its definite form, however, until after the so-called Christian rebellion of Shimabara in 1637. Consequent upon this event, the Christian religion was looked upon as a menace to the social peace of the Empire. But to shut that out and yet let trade pursue its

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way untrammelled, was practically well nigh impossible ; for a vessel carrying a thousand tons of merchandise might load a hundred times more knowledge of the "dangerous" doctrine. Every precaution was now taken to shut all the doors and to fill up all the cracks and chinks in the wall, through which knowledge and religion might filter in. Foreign ships, says the Kwan-ei edict of expulsion, 1639, should be fired upon without the least hesitation. Books containing the least allusion, unless it were in a hostile tone, to religion were tabooed, and not the slightest mercy was shown to their perusers. The press censure of Russia or of the Vatican could not be more thorough-going than that of the Tokugawas. Education was naturally to run in a certain narrow groove ; for the whole end and aim of the foreign policy of the country was to confine the horizon of national intellect strictly within national bounds. It is hard to say which was the narrower of the two, the Jewish notion of national isolation, which even went so far as to jealously guard its own annals from the profane eyes of the gentiles, or the manifold contrivances of espionage and suppression of whatever flavoured of Europe under the Tokugawas. Is it any wonder, then, that the Japanese intellect, mobile as it is, was cast for a time, to all appearance, into a dead uniform mould. Even so bold

a spirit as Arai, who devoted years of study to foreign geography and politics, failed to emancipate himself from the fetters of exclusivism. Hayashi, endowed as he was with a vision extending far beyond the coast lines of Japan, and who could tell his contemporaries that the very water which ebbs and flows under the Nihonbashi, was in unbroken connection with the Atlantic ocean, studied foreign geography mainly, if not solely, with the view of national defence against alien encroachment. Bigotry and exclusivism had achieved their end. Seated high upon the throne, piled up with the bones of their victims, and amidst the ghastly exultations of the intellectually famished millions, they could now proudly stretch forth their fleshless arms, and bid their own creatures join in the apotheosis of the Tokugawas.

Yet I seriously doubt if the ultimate object of this exclusivism was to cut off all connection with foreign powers. I cannot admit that the anti-foreign spirit was the chief motive principle. On the contrary it seems to me far more probable that the end steadily kept in view was the maintenance of internal peace, and the guiding principle was peace at all sacrifice. The Tokugawas had seen from experience that in case foreign intercourse were left to take its course, the princes of Kyushu,

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who had always been powerful enough even without a supply of European arms, would be geographically in a far more advantageous position than the Tokugawas at Yedo. Thus considered, exclusivism was not an end in itself, but a means to solidify and perpetuate the power of the house of the Tokugawas. It was a scaffolding, reared for the time being to last only while the Tokugawa house was being built, after which it could well be dispensed with. Some recent writers have spoken of exclusivism as having been the salvation of Japan; and some of their utterances seem to imply that it was conceived in a national spirit. But it seems more probable that it was the salvation primarily of the Tokugawa dynasty, and that it was conceived in a family spirit. I leave to religionists to reveal the hidden working of cause and effect in this first installation of exclusivism, and the fall of the very family through the breaking-up of the selfsame system. *Causa latet, vis est notissima!*

That exclusivism was not to be absolute, is shown in the fact that the degree of its rigour was never uniform. It became loose or tight according as the individual inclination of the rulers turned. In the latter part of the last century, when Prince Shirakawa, one of the ablest of statesmen and purest of characters, was in power, exclusivism

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took a milder form, and so it continued for over a quarter of a century ; but in 1825, at the accession of Mizuno to the premiership, the law of seclusion was rigorously enforced. To this man nothing was dearer than peace, ease, and a quiet sleep. But again, in 1842, the application of the law softened so much so that the year following even saw some legislation regarding the supply of fuel, water and provision for foreign vessels in distress.

This alternate rise and fall in the rigidity of exclusivism indicates the mobility of Japanese thought. Call it a wavering policy, if you will, it was the wavering of a mind still dissatisfied with its own productions and looking forward for something better, waiting for some decisive action, ready to take the form which Nature and Nature's God would give it. Professor Clifford very truly remarks in one of those profound essays of his ; " If we consider that the race, in proportion as it is plastic and capable of change, may be regarded as young and vigorous, while a race which is fixed, persistent in form, unable to change, is as surely effete, worn out, in peril of extinction, we shall see, I think, the immense importance to a nation of checking the growth of conventionalities." The mobility in the execution of isolation laws, then, was a sure index of that energy and restlessness, which was an evidence of large possibilities and

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the promise of future growth.

So much then for the action of the state. If we turn to the people, we shall see still more clearly that we have been more liberal, larger-minded than our laws.

Curiosity, if nothing else—and we as a people are charged with being endowed with more than a proper amount of this mental activity, which Professor Bain calls “the pure pleasure of knowledge”—would leave no crack untried in order to take a peep into the world beyond the seas. “Stolen waters are sweet and bread eaten in secret is pleasant.” Many an enterprising spirit became, as it were, an intellectual beggar, seeking to have doled out to him at Deshima or Nagasaki handfuls of European news. Many an inquisitive mind carried on smuggling in western knowledge. Such a mendicant was Takano or Watanabe, such a smuggler was Sakuma. Legalism and bigotry, the conventional laws of propriety, by which Professor Clifford was so exasperated, could not tolerate an offence of such gravity; and the poor smugglers, or call them rather noble smugglers—as noble as those good Yankees, who smuggled slaves by means of the underground railroad across the Mason and Dixon line—these noble smugglers, I say, paid dearly for their contraband knowledge. For each grain of information, they paid with an

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ounce of blood. But their blood was vicarious ; it was even our blood, the blood of the race.

I will not tire the reader with further illustration. Seeing that *Völkerpsychologie* is not yet to be depended upon, we have to resort to history for materials. And when these are carefully gathered and sifted we shall, I presume, see that isolation was a transient policy of a family of rulers, that exclusivism was the family tradition of a house ; but that the Japanese as a race are an open-hearted, open-handed nation, hospitable to strangers, with a mind free from prejudice and open to conviction. We shall then understand that our recent progress has been neither an insane jump in the dark nor a spontaneous generation. No, modern Japan was not made in a day. She is not a creation at the hand of a western thaumaturgist. Her form may often seem Eurasian, but her spirit is a genuine heritage from her ancestors. As a fluid assumes the shape of the vessel containing it, so has mobile Japan been pent up for two centuries in a rigid cask ; but the living particles were ever impinging against its sides : and when the timely pressure from without joined with the ceaseless pressure from within, the restless element burst it asunder. It was an instance of an old wine-bag full of old wine with a self-renewing spirit.

Foreign observers will search in vain for the

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absence or presence of any peculiar ingredient in our constitution in their attempt to explain the *raison d'être* of Modern Japan. Nor must we deceive ourselves with the illusion that we contain anything which our western brothers possess not. Least of all must we delude ourselves into the belief that we are by nature, and therefore rightly, an insular, isolated and exclusive nation. Exclusivism and Intolerance were the patrimony of the Tokugawa Shoguns, whereas ungrudging Liberalism and broad Catholicism are the precious legacy of the Yamato race. If, by being true to the dictates of our race conscience, we have won the recent conquests, the same will carry us still farther onward in our conquest of a larger ideal world and a higher civilization.



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WHEREVER two currents meet, be it in "the sweet vale of Avoca" or along the thousand rugged valleys, where the rushing torrents haste to join the Kiso, there is sure to be a fretting and rippling of the water. What heeds the river, if here and there at its confluences the little streamlets rage and foam? It sweeps steadily on, seeking the sea. Full well every brook and rivulet knows that it must sooner or later be swallowed up in the great deep, and that, when it joins a stream larger than itself, the first step toward the consummation of its life is taken. Why then should it fret? As well may you ask why the swan warbles its last song with "a music strange and manifold"! Is it not even because of that precious and God-given instinct of self-preservation, which rebels at the thought of annihilation? Is it not because it is natural for every living thing to assert its individuality, when its end draws nigh?

From of old, wherever two civilizations have met, there has been sure to be a stirring of national feeling, a struggle on the part of the weaker to assert its right to consideration and existence. But Truth and Right are stronger than the strongest self-assertion, and they flow on to unite

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all in one vast sea of brotherhood.

Yet who can tell which civilization really has Truth and Right on its side? If that only were sure, no reasonable creature would place himself in an attitude of antagonism to its irresistible force.

A river is not a main current simply because it is broad. Length must also be taken into account. Neither does length alone entitle a stream to dignity. Depth and velocity play their part in the measure of its importance.

European civilization—christen it by whatever appellation you will, Christian, Teutonic, Aryan—has been swelling and surging in every direction, after the manner of that English river Trent,

“—who, like some earth-born giant spreads
His thirty arms along the indented meads.”

Its mighty roar long ago reached our ears in faint murmurs, and since the day, some thirty years ago, that we first felt the pulsing of its tides, we have almost unconsciously been gliding on its surface. Surely we have as yet neither dived into its depths, nor have we navigated its entire course. We have only been playfully dipping our feet in its freshets, or sportively angling in its shoals. When a few, more venturesome souls, had pushed out into the full stream and been swept away, the more cautious became suddenly aroused, as those

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newly awakening from some spell of enchantment, and in affrighted tones sounded the alarm that we had been duping ourselves, and that there lurked hidden dangers in foreign waters. With the instinct of a proud nature—and I freely own we have it in no small measure—we have turned away. “Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them and be clean?” So saying, it is recorded, Naaman turned and went away in anger and disappointment.

Patriotism was not the only motive, that actuated him in so doing. To all appearances, Naaman had every reason to spurn the muddy, tepid Jordan and look to the crystal liquid of the Abana. But little did he opine that each river had its own virtues; that while the Abana might furnish wholesome drink, the Jordan might provide a power to heal. The Nile is black with fertility; the Barada sparkles with health; for the riches of autumnal hues we prefer the Tatsuta; and for bleaching, the waters of the Kamo. In vain we seek in one stream all the elements of grandeur, and beauty, of health and utility.

No wonder that reaction has lately set in against undue respect for European civilization. We have set too great store by the so-called Christian enlightenment. We had sought in it for

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wisdom and power, goodness and happiness, wealth and plenty, and, in fact, for whatsoever may make life worth living. European civilization, like any other, has, I dare say, germs of all these elements; but they exist in forms adapted to its own sphere. When it reached us it came with the volume of alien centuries and with the débris of many strange lands. Take, for example, Christianity, of which the West makes so great a boast, and which not a few thinkers regard as a distinctive institution of the Occident. Instead of a beatific religion, pure and simple, as taught by the Messiah in the garb of a Nazarene peasant-saint, what a cumbrous structure—"a habitation of doleful creatures"—stands before us, with less of love than threat! The doctrines promulgated by its professors are deeply overlaid with the local traditions and racial characteristics of their divers nationalities; so much so that one has no small difficulty in excavating the fragments, to find the Altar and its sacred lamp perennially burning there. Is it strange then that the so-called Christian doctrines, as preached now-a-days among us, are so alien to our ways of thought and repugnant to our better feelings?

For if Christ is the "light which lighteth every man coming into the world," irrespective of race or nationality, why should he be such an utter

stranger to our hearts (even though we have no historical knowledge of him), that he must be presented to us almost as an American or an Englishman?

To take another example : the political economy of Europe was hailed with delight as a panacea for all our social ills. One has but to open a dozen pages in it to discover that this dismal science, justifying unrelenting competition and self-interest, its iron laws and wages-fund, affords no great peace to a mind trained in *samuraiism*. Shall we turn to physical science, the proud triumph of the age, for succor to our perturbed spirits? Materialism and Hedonism with terrors stare us in the face.

It may sound highly ungrateful to say that many of the importations from the West were mere trash, worn-out garments, not free from pollution or even disease, and, in order to derive real benefit from them, these accidental accretions must be separated from all that is essential and valuable.

On the other hand, it is but just—not to say civil—to charge ourselves with having introduced the scum and dregs. The waves of the West had dashed against our shores, but they had seldom trespassed beyond the strands before we opened with our own hands, the channel for them to come

flooding in. Highly unjust, therefore, is it to lay to the charge of European civilization, those abuses and misuses which we ourselves have made of it. It is only poor workmen that find fault with their tools. Neither Europe nor America has actually resorted to superior force to compel us to accept her terms or her ideas and customs. We have imbibed them of our own accord. We may have done it sometimes unconsciously or somehow unconscientiously ; but in either case we have acted as free moral agents. If there has been any indulgence to excess, none but ourselves are responsible for it. Hence, when thin and hoarse voices are heard in low and high places railing at foreign influences, they are either a wail of remorse or a cry of childish chagrin.

“ Give us back what our fathers had ! ” “ Off with this stuff unfitted for us ! ” Such is the burden of Chauvinism. There are two phases—the one, positive, having for its message a return to ancestral modes of thought and life ; the other, negative, attempting to undo foreign influences. This finds satisfaction in execrating the West, that in lauding the East. While the one attacks its imaginary enemies abroad, the other defends effete institutions at home.

In their enthusiasm, the Chauvinists, who believe themselves the only patriots, have gone to the

length of disparaging the study of foreign tongues, however useful these may be in the future expansion of our commerce. They would rather resuscitate the ancient classics of China and Japan, expecting to effect moral renovation by the aid of the ethics of feudalism. They endeavor to quicken the spirit of nationality by stuffing the minds of youth with "The Meditations of a Recluse" or "The Tale of a Bamboo Splitter." It will be no easy task to extract a spirit of *amor patriæ* from the rambling thoughts of a sombre hermit, whose country lay beyond the clouds. A youth will have to be educated for a century ere he can be inspired with the love of his fatherland by perusing the amorous adventures of princes and highborn dames. Far be it from me to disdain the literature of my own land! It certainly bears "many a gem of purest ray serene," peculiar to our folk and clime, beautiful thoughts and ennobling sentiments. But does it inculcate patriotism!

Can that nation's literature be patriotic, which has existed in exclusivism, and hence has had little occasion to have the consciousness of its own existence evoked? I should imagine that the thirty years' literature of the Meiji period, in spite, or perhaps because of, its quotations, translations and plagiarisms from Western authors, is richer in

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patriotism than all the previous centuries' literature put together. But I must not digress too far from my theme. Little dreaming that the study and mastery of a foreign language may, far from hindering the nurture of patriotism, enhance it—as in the well-known instance of no less a patriot than Louis Kossuth, a student of Shakespeare and an admirer of Washington—the Chauvinists are afraid of the spread of English education. Against the introduction of really needless innovations, manners and customs, they consistently raise an indignant protest.

Well aware, that, as far as arguments are concerned, they have little to array against the evident superiority of Western civilization, they have recourse to a vague possibility of danger to the state from the intrusion of European ideas. A state!—an all comprehending term, that may mean anything and everything. “In the word *state*, I conceive there is much ambiguity”* An organism it is, as Bluntschli tells us, of which we are each and all a component part. This delicate and exceedingly sensitive organism, it is declared, can not tolerate any dissimilar foreign body: in other words, it must be homogeneous, notwithstanding Mr. Spencer’s demonstration that the homogenous is unstable.

*Burke, *Letter to Sir Hercules Langrishe*.

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On the ground that the organism of the state is highly sensitive to any disorder from within or without, they would advise the state itself to exercise its right of extirpating every thought and movement which may jeopardize it in any way. They would not hesitate to ascribe to it unbounded authority to attain this end. Even a scientific theory is to be tabooed, when it is suspected of reflecting on the dignity of the state or its rulers. When men enlist on their side the powers of a state, any thing can be done ; aye, even a crime may be committed with impunity.

Apprised that the God of the Christians does not pretend to be partial to Japan, he is conjectured as an undesirable being to be talked about, much less to be worshipped. But, having no god to take His place, they would idolize the state, not unlike the benighted votaries of the Parisian goddess of Reason, or not unlike the godless Romans who deified their own tyrants. The state is exalted to the Alpha and Omega of morality, the *summum bonum* which philosophers of all ages have striven to find. Other virtues than patriotism and loyalty are only tolerable as long as they do no harm to the state or to the court. A patriot whose heart-strings never stretch beyond his country's bounds is the paragon of a perfect man. The most heinous of crimes may be made to ap-

pear a virtue, when committed for a state reason or on pretence of loyalty.

The state, on its part, should be but little thankful for such an augmentation of its authority. The fable of the bloated frog teaches, no less than the history of despotism, that "pride goeth before destruction," that the possession of more authority than its holder can rightly wield is detrimental to its own safety and continuance. In the words of Holtzendorff, "*Staatsallmacht ist Staatsohn-macht.*" "What began in odious power, ended always, I may say without exception, in contemptible imbecility," says Burke.*

There is as decided danger of the nationalistic feeling overriding the limits of Truth and Right, as of the apish mimicry of foreign manners over-leaping the bounds of propriety and prudence. As our proverb has it, "I hate a monk and his very cowl is obnoxious." So, having started out to hate Western civilization, Chauvinists make little discrimination between the various elements that constitute its greatness and its weakness.

They voluntarily blind themselves to the healing power which Jordan offers, and seek in their little Abanas and Pharpars for virtues which these possess not.

Some of their utterances sound like a parody of

*Burke, *Thoughts and Details on Scarcity*.

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the well known strain of patriotic ardor,

“For all thy faults I love thee still, my Country !”

One is inclined to question how sincere and candid the advocates of anti-foreign reaction are in dealing with imported institutions, customs and ideas, and in endeavoring to revive those of their forefathers. If, as there is some ground for presuming, it is only the semblance of ancient forms that they adhere to, theirs will be an act of hypocrisy and untruth. Thus the over-zealous patriots have their vulnerable points. Their much boasted patriotism may be, after all, a species of disease,—at least, of prejudice.

“To be prejudiced is always to be weak ;” says the Leviathan of Literature, “yet there are prejudices so near to laudable, that they have been often praised, and are always pardoned.” Then he goes on to say, “To love their country has been considered as virtue in men, whose love could not be otherwise than blind, because their preference was made without a comparison ; but it has never been my fortune to find, either in ancient or modern writers, any honorable mention of those who have with equal blindness hated their country.” The Chauvinistic extravagance of reactionary minds I consider a decided pre-

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judice, but a pardonable one, because it leans to virtue's side.

I have seen in print and have heard with my own ears, a superficial remark made by foreigners, that the recent anti-foreign reaction is a proof of Japanese fickleness and want of character. Must I defend my own people against a charge so ill-founded? Is it not defence enough to refer those who make such a remark to the histories of other nations? As I write these lines, a copy of Curtius' History of Greece lies beside me. Let me quote a sentence or two. Speaking of the old and new elements of Sparta, soon after she had gained hegemony over Athens, the learned professor proceeds:—"Doubtless those men were rarest of all who knew how to combine the good elements of the old times with the good elements of the new, how to unite the sentiments of an ancient Spartan with an advanced culture, with intelligence and energy—such men as Lichas and Callicratidas. As a rule, we find either an inert adherence to the traditional forms of life, or a spirit of opposition to ancestral usage, and open revolt."

How much these words sound as though they were written but yesterday, to describe the state of our own society!

We repeat that disturbance of some kind is inevitable, wherever two currents meet. Unhappy

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the nation, which succumbs without a groan,—with neither power nor will to assert its claims. Are our groans—the wail of remorse, the cry of chagrin—louder and sharper than those of other peoples? They may be. We cannot deny that we are a sensitive people. We have been so trained. Sensitiveness is a trait of *Samuraiism*, of *Bushido*. Burke described it well, when he wrote of “that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which feels a stain like a wound.” A sensitive nation can never bear to have itself placed in an inferior position. It will rather drown itself in the billows it raises than be silently swallowed up in a current, how much so ever stronger than itself.

Much as I dislike the ill temper and worse demeanor that Chauvinism generally engenders, they are in a way an index of race vitality, national energy. As to the empty phrases and bombastic taunts which always deck the oratory of Chauvinism, why, these are sometimes a quite good piece of rhetoric, and at their worst rather harmless, momentary exclamations—nothing more than what lawyers would call *brutum fulmen*.

The real import of Chauvinism, morbid as it may seem, is a wholesome one, and as such it should be left to run its course. Its real origin lies somewhere else than among us. It began in

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Europe in the first quarter of this century, as a reaction against the cosmopolitanism of the last. One of the first exponents of nationalistic principles was Niebuhr, and they were taken up by Ranke to be propagated throughout Europe by his disciples. The Franco-Prussian War carried them still further, and to-day, everywhere, from Russia, where every means is taken to expel foreign influences; through Portugal, where a proposal, once well nigh accomplished, of uniting with Spain, is now spurned with contempt; over across the Atlantic to the Western Continent, where the cry "America for Americans" now rends the air—yes, everywhere, there is rolling a mighty wave of nationalism. The Japanese anti-foreign reaction is but a wavelet in this universal wave.

That Japan can react against Europe or America, is clear proof that she no longer stands outside the pale of the forces that act upon the larger world. She has entered the community of nations. She is a part and parcel of the world-organism. Right and Truth, which govern the world, demand of Japan equal obedience. It is no longer possible for her to circumscribe the sphere of Right to patriotism, or to confine Truth to her own history. She must be convinced that, "being loud and vehement"—to borrow a word from Berkeley—"either against a court or for a court, is no proof

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of patriotism.....Where the heart is right, there is true patriotism."

We are fast approaching the time when all the various rivers of the earth's nations, shall be gathered together in one fraternal ocean, into which each shall pour its choicest gifts. One nation may contribute speed; another, volume; the third, beauty; and so on. Let England's laureate boast,

" Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay ! "

Let celestial poets answer with as much pride and reason,

" Better a cycle of Cathay than fifty years of Europe ! "

And as to the sons of Japan, let them join in the chorus;

" A year of Yamato rather than a cycle of Cathay or a century of Europe !

All these nations speak aright; for each has its own Heaven-born strength, which will grow the greater in union with the strength of other nations. The time is near at hand, when it will be said of the world, as it was said of a country, "United we stand; divided we fall." The federation of the world cannot be very far off. Then a patriot

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can be a good citizen of the world, without sacrificing one iota of the love of his country : then patriotism will be, not a blind prejudice for any land, but a rational appreciation of Truth and Right as best manifested in each : then it will be no treason but rather an act of patriotism for a Naaman to dip himself seven times in Jordan, and —be clean.

Chauvinism, while it blows a trumpet, is tolling its own knell and is ringing in a new era of broader views and larger love, of the ethnic and ethical coöperation of the whole race.

Sappho.

1895



THE GENESIS OF AMERICAN-JAPANESE INTERCOURSE

PENDING the issue of the question concerning Hawaiian Annexation, the hitherto amicable relations of Japan and the United States have of late been more or less strained. Unnecessarily bitter feelings have in some quarters found vent. It may, I should think, be admitted that the two countries fronting the Pacific, in spite of the manifold differences of race, history and political institutions, are alike in this—that they are both highly sensitive peoples. I am inclined, on the one hand, largely to attribute to this cause the mutual understanding and confidence that has existed between them, and on the other to deem it a source of danger to this *bona fide* friendship, which was engendered by America's consciousness of a moral responsibility towards us, and by Japan's response of implicit trust in the justice and sincerity of the Republic. Since Cobden's time, it has become a common saying that oceans, instead of separating, bind together the nations whose shores feel the common pulsing of their tides; and though the late events of the China Sea may as yet contribute little towards its confirmation, it is undoubtedly evidenced in the

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march of what Carl Richter calls thalassic and oceanic civilization.

As the memory of old friendships does oft times heal present ruptures, while the press at home and abroad is busy commenting upon the slight difference between America and Japan, let us stand upon the vantage ground of history and try to trace, if we can, the stream of that friendship to the spot where it first manifested itself visibly to the world. Such a spot I hesitate to call the fountain head, the source of the ever widening stream ; but I would fain liken it to the trickling of the water straying among the leaves and bushes of the forest, whose original home lies farther back, hidden among the rocks and caves. Three score summers long it has been flowing in steady current, and it seems meet that we should celebrate, so to speak, the sixtieth anniversary of the first contact of Americans and Japanese.

In the course of some four decades prior to 1837, a few citizens of the United States had from time to time steered their way toward our country, but invariably under the flag of some other nation, Dutch or English ; and whatever councils might have been in the White House and in Congress about public negotiations with the court of Yedo, it had remained mere talk. We can easily assign good reasons for the apparent indifference of the

United States in regard to taking initiatory steps toward entering upon diplomatic intercourse with Japan. In spite of all these reasons, however, it cannot be denied that there was a lack of farseeing commercial and diplomatic policy on the part of the authorities at Washington. Hence, the episode of the *Morrison* assumes an importance which the private nature of the enterprise does not warrant. It shows in the plan of the originator no lack of sagacity, but a spirit of daring enterprise. I am well aware that it attracted no public attention at the time, and when it was ended the world at large scarcely knew that it had ever begun. The account given of the voyage at its termination, and the appeals made in behalf of Japan, were apparently so much breath wasted and if, in a small circle, it was listened to with any degree of fervor, it immediately vanished from the memory of man "as a tale that is told."

The event to which I allude is cursorily related in a sketch of Japanese and American intercourse published six years ago.* There are not wanting books written at the time by those who took part in the affair, and, if curiosity or the love of antiquarian research should lead us to some particularly well stocked library, we should probably find in

* Inazo Nitobe, *The Intercourse Between the United States and Japan*. Johns Hopkins Univ., Baltimore, 1901.

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some neglected alcove, among rubbish and dust, two very rare books :—King; “The Claims of Japan and Malaysia upon Christendom, Exhibited in Notes of Voyages made in 1837 from Canton in the ship *Morrison* and brig *Himaleh*,” and Parker: “Journal of an Expedition from Singapore to Japan, with a visit to Loo-Choo, &c.”: If side by side with these we place a copy of the Chinese Repository, Vol. VI, and compare the account given by Mr. King and Dr. Parker with the narrative of Dr. Williams,* we shall learn a bit of history hitherto hidden from the general eye of the present generation.

The story goes that about the year 1835 a few survivors of a numerous crew of a Japanese junk were cast ashore on the coast of Columbia, and were straightway captured and made slaves by the Indians. Rescued by a member of the Hudson’s Bay Company, they were sent to China, there to await a favorable opportunity to be returned to their native land. As protégés of Dr. Gutzlaff, a German missionary, they spent some months, when they were joined by two other parties of their compatriot castaways, ten in all. The presence of so many Japanese naturally aroused the solicitude of missionaries and traders,

* S. Wells Williams, *Narrative of a Voyage of the Ship Morrison to Loo-Choo and Japan, Chinese Repository, Vol. VI, 1837.*

as to the possible ways of opening our country to the respective blessings of Christianity and commerce. Efforts were made toward this end by the English community at Macao, but for one reason or another it fell to the American residents to take the first step. Mr. C. W. King, a prosperous American merchant of Macao, had heard of the ship-wrecked party from their Hudson's Bay Company rescuer, and afterwards accidentally met them at the house of Dr. Gutzlaff; and the strange chance so awakened his interest that he offered to send them back to their country himself. There were delays and difficulties, however, and it was not till the summer of 1837 that the expedition was ready to leave. Meanwhile, one of the prime movers, Dr. Gutzlaff, had arranged to go with the American man-of-war *Raleigh* to Loo choo and Nawa, and it was agreed that at the latter place he should meet the rest of the party ; namely, Mr. and Mrs. King, Dr. Parker of the Hospital at Canton, Mr. S. W. Williams, and seven Japanese.

Having chosen his ship, the *Morrison*, Mr. King made two rather remarkable decisions—that the vessel should be unarmed, and that absolutely no Christian books should be carried for distribution. He held that the expedition could most easily seem, if it actually was, entirely peaceful ; and

that no one could doubt the good intentions of a vessel unable even to defend herself from attack. His rejection of Christian books was on like grounds ; not objection to Christianity, which indeed he strongly desired to spread by all fair means, but the determination to break no known law of the country to which he was returning its exiles. While the rest of the party agreed to the first point, in the matter of books they seem to have yielded regretfully.

On the third of July, 1837, the *Morrison* sailed from Macao, reaching Nawa on the twelfth. There they had to wait some days for the *Raleigh* and Dr. Gutzlaff, and meantime occupied themselves by receiving visits from the Riu Kiuans and by making excursions ashore ; since, though closely watched and questioned, they were not prevented from landing and exploring at will.

As soon as Dr. Gutzlaff arrived, they set sail for Yedo, King thinking it best to go boldly to the capital where he could get a positive answer and where too the question of American intercourse would be quite free from Dutch jealousy. He now took out and revised the papers which he had prepared and had translated into Chinese, to explain the purpose of the visit and the friendliness of his country. In the first of these, "The American merchant King respectfully addresses

His Imperial Majesty on the subject of the return of seven of his shipwrecked subjects, three thrown ashore in a country called Columbia, belonging to America, the other four, natives of the island of Kiūshīū.....“ Now I, seeing the distressed condition of these men, have brought them back to their country, that they may be restored to their homes and behold again their aged parents. Respectfully submitting this statement, I request that an officer may be sent on board to receive them, to hear the foreign news, to inspect the register of my vessel and to grant supplies and permission to trade. I also request, if there be any shipwrecked Americans in your country, that they may be given up to me, that I may take them home with me on my return.”

In the second paper King declares :—“ America lies to the East of your honorable country distant two months' voyage. On its eastern side, it is separated from England and Holland by a wide ocean. Hence it appears that America stands alone and does not border upon any other of the nations known to the Japanese. The population of America is not great, although the country is extensive. Sixty-two years ago, they chose their first President, named Washington. Within the space of sixty-two years America has been twice invaded, but its people have never attacked other

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countries, nor possessed themselves of foreign territory. The American vessels sail faster than those of other nations, traversing every sea, and informing themselves of whatever passes in every country. If permitted to have intercourse with Japan, they will communicate always the latest intelligence.....Our countrymen have not yet visited your honorable country, but only know that in old times the merchants of all nations were admitted to your borders. Afterwards, having transgressed the laws, they were restricted or expelled. Now, we, coming for the first time, and not having done wrong, request permission to carry on friendly intercourse on the ancient footing."

With these was a list of presents—a telescope, pair of globes &c., and some books. That these papers, on which King's hopes were pinned, were not destined to reach the eye of His Imperial Majesty, will be to the present-day reader a foregone conclusion.

On July 29th, the *Morrison* reached Yedo Bay. As they sailed in, firing was heard from the forts just above Uraga. This they took for a signal to stop and give account of themselves, so they promptly dropped anchor in token of willingness to comply with regulations. Many boats now came around them, some of the occupants venturing to

come aboard and be entertained with cake and wine ; but, to the foreigners' disappointment, no official visited the ship.

The Americans waited, never doubting that officers would arrive in time. But at dawn next morning all were rudely disillusioned by a sudden volley of shot from a battery planted on the near shore during the night, plainly with hostile intent ; for though sail was quickly set the firing continued. There was nothing for it but to run away, and this was done as promptly as the light breeze would permit. Luckily, only one ball struck the ship, and as this did no great damage, the escape doubtless helped the Americans to swallow their exasperation at such unlooked for treatment. But for the poor exiles, turned back by their own people almost in sight of home, the disappointment must have been most bitter. True, they had not been seen by their countrymen, Mr. King having bidden them stay below till his papers were delivered ; but this seemed to them a foretaste of what must fall to their lot, should they venture to return. Mr. King would have put them on one of the fishing junks, giving up the hope of using the cherished papers ; but the unfortunates dared not take the risk, well knowing that our system of registry made it almost impossible for anyone to conceal his identity.

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To reach the authorities at the capital was clearly impossible ; but King resolved on another effort elsewhere, and, after consulting the Japanese, decided to try Kagoshima. For that port then they sailed, reaching the bay on August 9th. But "The scalded dog fears cold water," say the Italians ; and this time our countrymen sent two of their number ashore in a fishing boat to reconnoitre. Their tale excited great sympathy in the village when they landed and an officer came out to the ship and behaved in a friendly manner, receiving a package of fresh papers prepared by Dr. Gutzlaff, with the promise that they would be sent to the Prince. Doubtless it was a promise made in good faith but, when the higher officers came, the papers were quietly returned unopened. It was less of a surprise, therefore, when a few days later the ship was again fired upon. Though the guns were light and did not reach the ship, the *Morrison* was reluctantly got under weigh and once more cleared the coast.

As a last resort, it was proposed to try Nagasaki ; but the unhappy exiles utterly refused to land and meet what they now felt would be certain death. For, while the firing in Yedo Bay had been directed against the foreigners, in Satsuma the presence of the Japanese was known, and their return the only boon asked of the authorities.

King therefore concluded it was useless to humiliate himself by asking of the Dutch what would be worthless if granted ; and, as to the further hope of opening the country, he declares that "Measures to be taken on behalf of American intercourse with Japan should not be prejudiced by the most distant recognition of the restrictions that now designate the port and oppress the trade of Nagasaki."

Back to China therefore they sailed, carrying little save the sense of having done what they could for unhappy fellow-beings. But Mr. King disclaimed all notion of making "a brilliant speculation by this voyage";—to all the foreign party the whole expedition had been an experiment only, an experiment all were willing to make even with the prospect of failure. "I said failure," writes Mr. King, "but what are failures in any good cause? 'The lesser waves repulsed and broken on the sand, while the great tide is rolling on.' " "If the American people will follow me," he says, "through the inferences I would make and the plans I would ground on this attempt, results may be obtained equivalent to ample success. First, then, I claim one axiom; that human intercourse is identified with human improvement; and one postulate, that the hope of intercourse with Japan shall not be given up.....Abandoning all reli-

ance on private movements, how stands the case between the *Governments* of Japan and the United States ? The people of Japan are now friendly ; they boarded us with confidence when permitted, and we were pleased with their frank and kind reception ;.....[nor] can it be the pleasure of the American people to inflict one pang on the guiltless and friendly millions of the Japanese.The gratification of private or public revenge, the resort to any other than open means for redress, the punishment of the innocent with or for the guilty, is national degradation ; deeper even than cowardly submission.....Renouncing all armed interference, the coasts and harbors [of Japan] might be filled with the fame of the justice and goodness of the American people ; their just ends ; their generous purposes.And while the American Government is employed in giving security and comfort to its valuable ships stopping on the coasts of Japan ; in opening the way to beneficial intercourse ; and in promoting the amelioration of a grand division of Eastern Asia ; I am persuaded its citizens, at home and abroad, will do everything to forward, and nothing to thwart, its noble purposes..... My meaning is, in the first place, to treat the repulse of the *Morrison*, and the considerations connected with it, purely as a political question ;

and to commend it, apart from all religious views, to the Executive, as a ground and occasion, not of hostilities, but of calm and just negotiation. If diplomacy fail ; if it be broken off by hostile and insulting treatment ; I point out, as in duty bound, the safest alternative, the only bloodless revenge, the most beneficent coercion I am acquainted with; still retaining my conviction that hostilities are in no case to be hazarded. I would not commend the resort to an ultimatum, on any other grounds than that ill success is no dishonor ; least of all would I contribute to open a drama in Eastern Asia, whose tragic scenes I should shudder to follow, and whose fearful denouement none could anticipate.....

“One more consideration I would request my countrymen to keep constantly in mind. Great Britain and the United States divide the maritime influence of the world. The Government of the former nation may be said to be sated with colonial possessions, over-burdened with trans-oceanic cares. I call attention to these facts, not to complain of them, but to infer from them *that America is the hope of Asia beyond the Malay peninsula ; and that her noblest efforts will find a becoming theatre there.* There is the grand scene of human probation, the vast coliseum of the moral world ; and there I summon the ablest

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champions of my country's benevolence to appear.I need not conceal my belief that Japan will more readily yield to and repay your efforts, than *this* [Chinese] empire, which it has been thought proper or necessary first to impress. It is not correct to regard either country as a stepping-stone, a gate to the other ; and, looking at them independently, there is this advantage on the side of success in Japan ; its population, though great enough to merit and engage sympathy, is, compared with that of China, a small and easily permeable mass. Besides, it is accessible on every side ; its population, and even its capitals, lie near the shores ; its Government can never repulse foreign influences as the Chinese once endeavored to repress Japanese incursions, by withdrawing to the interior, and laying waste the coasts. From your exhibitions of foreign goodness, Japan cannot withdraw her eyes. When this empire shall yield to your efforts, public or private, 'richer than Roman triumphs' will be the reward. Abroad, its example and its aid will exert great power ; at home, the early enterprise and energy of the Japanese will revive again ; the men who were once selected, everywhere, as bodyguards, for their courage and fidelity, will be bold and faithful propagators of the truth ; the old motto ; 'ex oriente lux,' will be true again ; the statesman

will rejoice to welcome a new member into the family of nations; the Christian will be glad to share with these new brethren the favor and the heritage of Heaven."

I have dwelt long enough, perhaps too long for those who have no taste for antiquarian studies, on the narrative of the voyage of the *Morrison*, because I know that it is not often repeated. I have not hesitated, either, to make lengthy extracts from Mr. King's book, chiefly, because it is out of print and is now-a-days rarely found in the best of libraries. It has been my aim to give the whole narrative without adorning the tale; neither shall I violate the good manners of literary composition by endeavoring to point a moral. And I hope I shall be pardoned if I emphasize once more that the little book of Mr. King heads the bibliography of American works on our country. He was, I believe, by far the best authority of his time on Japan. His words may therefore be taken as the first utterance of an American, who, in his day, had no equal in the knowledge of the Farthest East. May we not feel that he voiced thus the best feeling of the American people towards Japan? Moreover, the question that naturally arises in this connection is:—Have these feelings changed in these six decades? We have lately been made afresh conscious of the immense, the grand

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changes, that transformed the world in the sixty years of Queen Victoria's reign. Of all the changes, however, that in the last half century, the sun has beheld on this little planet of ours, none, I dare say, can surpass in magnitude and marvelousness those achieved on the coasts of the Pacific. Think of the States large enough to boast of imperial rule, reared where, a few decades ago, a comparative handful of Indians reigned supreme. The Sandwich Islanders, once feasting on human flesh, are now reveling in sugar—and may soon be preserved by it and for it, provided the threatened attack of an ailment akin to *Saccharcephidrosis*, if I may so diagnose the case, prove not fatal to them. The fur seals, formerly the free denizens of the Behring Sea, are now domiciled as British or American subjects. The gruesome Bruin has stalked beyond his Siberian haunts into Saghalian, and is bent upon showing his prowess even upon Eastern water, after long chafing under enforced landhabits. As to Japan,—it is not good taste for her own son to repeat what every school boy knows or ought to know. Has not the very ocean itself, about the regions of Tuscarora, been convulsed in its depths? These are but a small fraction of the Pacific, and if, from the changes in these regions, we turn our eyes to the south, or our ears to Mr. Froude, as he

describes in eloquent terms the transformation wrought in Oceania, no one will deny that the genius of progress has achieved her most triumphant feats of the century in the Pacific. Surely never were its waters so furrowed and fathomed ~~as~~ at present, since Magellan first waved over them his country's flag and christened them.

In view of all the transformation and revolutions that have taken place in the influences and forces which are brought to bear upon the Pacific, is it any wonder that its surface should sometimes be ruffled by the conflict of powers? If I remember American history rightly, there was such a thing as a Boston Tea Party, ushering in a memorable war along the Atlantic. Why should not a Boss Sugar Party create some trouble on the Pacific!

But, in all seriousness, if the nations that have most interest in the Northern Pacific were some other than Japan and the United States, history would have witnessed that ocean turned into a warlike arena long ago. Provocations to a rupture even between those two countries have not been altogether wanting in the course of the sixty years since the first ship flying stars and stripes off our coasts was peremptorily fired upon. But who ever peruses calmly the diplomatic archives of the two Governments, without seeing that these feelings have never been allowed to penetrate into the

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official circles? Some foreign papers make mention—seriously or jocosely, I know not—of a scheme of our navy joining forces with a Spanish Armada, for an attack on San Francisco; but such an alliance, if it exists anywhere, floats in the phantasmagoria of a Don Quixote, or as *muscae volitantes* before the eyes of a fevered publicist of Salamanca.

Sapporo.

1897.



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THE MORAL IDEAS OF JAPAN

THE straight and narrow way which Christ enjoined upon His followers indicates the moral path which each of us must observe in order to lead a blameless, consistent, and individual career. But the instant we try to survey the moral system of a whole people or race we are confronted, not by a single straight path, but by a vast plain, as it were, stretching from a dim light, far in the distance, with green, graceful hills skirting its base, to the wide plains dotted here with primeval forests, and there with gardens of daintiest flowers, and cut up by manifold paths of various breadth running in seemingly contradictory directions. How one is bewildered by a sight like this ! How often one despairs of taking an intelligent view of an alien system of thought, moral or religious, and exclaims, "This people has no morals," or "This race is superstitious," and, so saying, thanks his little sky that he is better than his neighbors ! But pharisaism wanes before the growth of broader sympathies and larger knowledge. Where once only was chaos we now catch glimpses of order.

"That way

Over the mountain, which who stands upon,

Is apt to doubt if it be indeed a road ;
While if he views it from the waste itself,
Up goes the line there, plain from base to brow,
Not vague, mistakable ! What's a break or two
Seen from the unbroken desert either side ?
And then (to bring in fresh philosophy),
What if the breaks themselves should prove at last
The most consummate of contrivances
To train a man's eye, teach him what is faith ? "

Many others than Browning have felt the same, and only the most thoughtless are denied the sight of a road threading the apparent waste. It is quite a customary remark of foreign tourists that Japanese life is as singularly lacking in morals as Japanese flowers are in scent—a sad confession of the moral and intellectual tone of the tourists themselves ! Those who associate fragrance with roses only, or morality with conventional Christianity, " are sure to be disappointed in finding but little of either in Japan ; but that is no proof that the *ume* blossoms are not fragrant, or that Chivalry does not teach the best conduct of life. There is, however, good reason why the busy West knows so little of the Far East, especially regarding things that cannot be bought or sold with cash," for we have made neither the essence of the *ume* to be bottled in flasks like attar of roses, nor the precepts of Knighthood to be bound in a gilt-

edged pocket edition like Episcopal or Methodist theology. Even the European form of Chivalry, I understand, is nowadays well-nigh incomprehensible to an ordinary English reader. A recent writer on the subject speaks of it as "a rule of sentiment and conduct which is more remote from modern life than the rules which prevailed in the time of the Greeks and Romans."* How much more difficult must it be to make our Chivalry intelligible to Europe! Still, a little familiarity will show that a gentleman is everywhere a gentleman, much of the same type, and not very different in any respect. Read the *Chronicles of Froissart* or the *Waverley Novels*, and is there really so little in common between you and their heroes? Divest them of their armor, of their quaint manners, of their odd circumstances, or rather, look steadfastly into them until, as Carlyle would say, they become transparent, and you see in the soul of a knight the soul of a modern gentleman. Do the same with a *samurai* and you can easily understand our system of Chivalry and our morals.

The age of Chivalry is said to have passed away. As an institution it has disappeared, but sad will be the day when the virtues it has inculcated shall likewise have disappeared! Fortunately for us, like a disembodied spirit, they still live on

* Cornish F. Warre, "*Chivalry*," p. 10.

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somewhat modified, but still, in their essence, remaining the same. The world has surely become richer by the legacy which Chivalry has left behind. Very properly has Hallam said :

“There are, if I may so say, three powerful spirits, which have from time to time moved on the face of the waters, and given a predominant impulse to the moral sentiments and energies of mankind. These are the spirits of liberty, of religion, and honor.”

If it is the general law of evolution that progeny represents and combines in itself all that has preceded it, then it follows that modern England must show, as it actually does, traces of feudal institutions, and modern English traces of chivalric sentiments. How much more must this be true of Japan, where feudalism was only abolished thirty years ago ! As a matter of fact, Chivalry is still the dominant moral power amongst us. It has survived all the wrecks of feudalism, and however marred and mutilated it may be, its potency cannot be doubted. It is in its might that we live, move, and have our being.

The statement that Japan has cut off connection with the past is only partially true. Such a statement has reference only to law and politics, but not to moral ideas. We have put our hands to a plough “made in Germany” or “made in

America," as the case may be, and though we have not given it up, we have received an impulse from behind by what are sometimes called the antiquated moral notions begotten of Chivalry, and I dare say the furrows we are making will show the character of the motive power.

Let me state here, then, that whatever charges may be made against our people as immoral—and it must be remembered that the same charge can be and is actually made against any country, England not excluded, by travelers, since it is usually the worst, the lax, side of life to which a foreigner is first introduced, such as cafés, theatres, etc., instead of a family or a church—we are far from being unmoral.

If I were to designate in English the *ensemble* of Japanese ethical ideas, I would use, as I have been doing all along, the term Chivalry, this coming nearest to what is known among us as *Bushido*. The literal meaning of *Bushido* is Fighting-Knight-Ways. It may be more freely translated as Teachings of Knightly Behavior, or Precepts of Knighthood, or perhaps even The Code of Honor. Some prefer the term *Shido*, omitting the prefix *Bu* (military), thereby extending its meaning. Whichever term is chosen, it makes little difference in substance, since gentlemen and warriors were practically identical. Warriors in

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times of peace were gentlemen, and gentlemen were warriors in time of war. Though *Shido* has at once the advantage and the fault of what logicians call *definidendo latior*, it may be well to use *Bushido*, if for no other reason than that it is the term most in vogue. As *Bushido* was the *noblesse oblige* of the *samurai* class, and as this word has lately become quite domiciled in the English vocabulary, we may go so far as to coin the term "*Samuraiism*" as an equivalent of the subject we are discussing. Though Chivalry is no doubt the most appropriate rendering of *Bushido*, it will be advisable to retain it in the original, as the two conceptions are not exactly the same. For instance *Bushido* was not an institution, though Chivalry was, and hence the latter means more than the former ; still, as *Bushido* was a moral code through and through, which Chivalry was not, it was ethically more comprehensive than the latter. Moreover, the term, if rhetorically bad, does no violence to euphony, and bears on its face the impress of its unique origin and character.

True to its name, the morality of *Bushido* was based on manhood and manliness. As the old Romans made no distinction between valor and virtue, so was *Bushido* the apotheosis of strong manhood and of all manly qualities, which by no means exclude the tenderer side of our nature. It

professed no revelation from above, and it boasted of no founder. Its ultimate sanction lay in the inborn sense of shame at all wrong-doing, and of honour in doing right. It offered no philosophical demonstration for this belief; but it accepted the Kantian teaching of the moral law in the conscience as the voice of heaven.

When I speak of *Bushido* as a code, I confess I use the term in a loose sense. *Samuraiism* was never codified; or, if a few savants made attempts the efficacy of the precepts was not due to their systematic treatment. Their treatises were never used as text-books in schools, nor did they usually grace our household shelves as works of reference. The power of *Bushido* was more than could be obtained from books and systems. It was carved on the fleshly tablets of the heart. Scant attention did it bestow on the *credenda* of its followers; its forte lay in controlling their *agenda*. Long before anything was written upon it, it had existed as a usage—a code of honour among the *samurai*. Indeed, it antedated the establishment of the military order, by and for which it was doubtless developed and named.

At first sight one gets the impression that it is an eclectic system of ethics derived chiefly from Chinese sources, because the terms used are strongly Confucian. *Bushido* borrowed its forms of ex-

pression largely from Chinese classics, from Confucius and Mencius, but even these sages were, if I may be allowed to say so, exploited more to enrich the native vocabulary than to impart, much less inspire, moral sentiments ; hence, when we speak of the deep and wide influence of these Chinese teachers, we must bear in mind that their most valuable services consisted in awakening our own inborn ethical consciousness. For example, when Confucius taught the five moral relations—viz., between parent and child, husband and wife, master and servant, brother and brother, friend and friend—and gave them names, it was the nomenclature, and not the morals themselves, that we adopted.

So much for what we owe to China. There was another source from which *Bushido* derived no small nourishment, and that was Buddhism. The beneficent influence of this light of Asia on our civilization consisted in introducing the metaphysical elements, teaching us to solve in part the mysteries of our spiritual nature, of good and evil, of life and death, with which the practical minds of warriors were little concerned, but into which every rational soul is wont to pry “in seasons of calm weather.” We may say that this Aryan religion supplied our minds with the act of contemplation, whereas Shintoism, in spite of its

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worship of nature, put more stress upon reflection. Thus, what we most gained from Buddhism in moral respects was the method of contemplation as a *modus operandi* of spiritual culture, and not so much its philosophy as its dogmas.

In this way every alien form of thought but helped to swell the volume of our ethical sentiments, without diverting their direction or changing their essential quality. The truth is that *Bushido* is the totality of the moral instincts of the Japanese race, and as such it was in its elements coeval with our blood, and therefore also with our religion of Shintoism. [I am strongly inclined to believe that the simple Shinto worship of nature and of ancestors was the foundation of *Bushido*, and that whatever we borrowed from Chinese philosophy or Hindu religion was its flowers—nay, scarcely flowers even, but they rather acted as a fertilizer to feed the tree of the *Yamato* race to blossom into knightly deeds and virtues.]

The central moral teachings of Shintoism seem to me to be these : Know thyself ; look into thy mind ; see in thy heart a god enthroned, appointing this, or commanding that ; obey his mandate, and thou needest no other gods. Consider whence thou camest—namely, from thy parents, and they from theirs, and so back from generation to generation : thou owest thy being to thy progeni-

tors, to whom though invisible, thou canst still be thankful. Consider also where thou art, namely, in a well-ordered state, where thou and thine are safe and well; only in such a state could thy mother give birth and suck to thee; only in such a state can thy children thrive; forget not him, thy Lord and King, from whom peace, law, and order emanate. In such simple wise did Shintoism instil moral responsibility into the conscience, filial love to parents and forefathers and loyalty to the King. These threefold duties, representing respectively personal, family, and social relations, may be called the primary moral notions, in the practical exercise of which many others must of necessity follow as postulates.]

Having given a rough idea of what *Bushido* is, I will proceed to present a little more detailed account of its precepts. I shall begin with those which concern the duties which one owes to one's self.

Our person was regarded, first of all, as the most precious legacy left by our fathers, wherein dwelt in its holy of holies a divine presence, to be dedicated to the service of god, parent, or master—that is to say, to the exercise of what Mr. Readë, the author of the “Martyrdom of Man,” calls the reverential virtues. Our body was an instrument to be used for an end higher than its tenant's interest.

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It was treated as something lent us for the time being to clothe our spirit with. Hygienic laws were followed, not so much because their observance was attended with pleasant results, but because our health was a source of pleasure to our parents, and because it could be useful in serving our master. It was a usual thing for one dying in youth of sickness or suicide to apologize to his sorrowing parents for his premature departure in terms something like these : " Forgive me that I go before you. I grieve, my father and mother, that I have to leave you behind me, now that you are growing older. In your old age you will miss me. I wish I could have done something in return for all you have done for me. 'Tis all Heaven's decree, and I must go."

If Christianity teaches us to be stewards of our wealth, *Bushido* taught us to be stewards of our health ; and if Christianity teaches that our body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, *Bushido* learned from Shintoism that in our tenement of clay is a divine immanence. I do not mean by this that *Bushido* was deistic, much less can I affirm that it was monotheistic. It was too naïve and too unsophiscated to invent a theological system. " Man projects, as it were," says a recent writer, " a mighty shadow of himself and calls it God." The strength and weakness of *Bushido* lay in its pos-

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sessing no dogmatic creed. It sufficed its votaries only to feel that there was something in their mind—the mysteries of which they little cared to analyze—always active with admonitions, which, when disobeyed, heaped upon the transgressors fiery coals of shame, and which could only be appeased by implicit obedience. In the absence of any written commandments, the *Ren-chi-shin* (consciousness of shame) was the last and highest court of appeal. A man who had lost his sense of shame forfeited his human claims.

While *Bushido* took strong cognizance of the god-like man, it did not overlook his animal nature. As said one of our poets : “Should men speak of the Evil One, thou wilt laugh in their faces : what if thou hadst asked thy own heart ?” I need not add that this belief in the dual nature of man was not necessarily self-contradictory. From the Pauline doctrine that it is the law which makes sin manifest, it follows that the more stringent and exacting the law, the more manifest the sin. The clearer one’s conscience, the keener his sense of shame—not that he indulges more in shameful acts and thoughts, but the least of sins which would escape other eyes are manifest in his sight ; hence the first duty of the *samurai*, who prides himself upon being the archetype of the race, was to be master of himself. One of the

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greatest warriors of the eleventh century left a verse behind him which, roughly translated, runs :

“ Subdue first of all thy own self,
Next thy friends, and last thy foes.
Three victories are these of him
That would a conqueror’s name attain.”

Self-mastery, the maintenance of equanimity of temper under conditions the most trying, in war or peace, of composure and presence of mind in sudden danger, of fortitude in times of calamity and reverses, was inculcated as one of the primary virtues of a man of action ; it was even drilled into youths by genuine Spartan methods.

Paradoxical as it may seem at first appearance, this strong fortification of self against external causes of surprise was but one side of self-subjection. One of the terms of highest praise was “a man without a *me*.” The complete effacement of self meant identification with some higher cause of personality. The very duties that man performs are, according to our idea, not to buy salvation for himself ; he has no prospect of a “reward in heaven” offered him, if he does this or does not do that. The voice of Conscience, “Thou good and faithful servant,” is the only and utmost reward. Impersonality, which Percival Lowell never tires of announcing is a characteristic of the soul of the Far

East, may be partly explained by this precept of knighthood. From what I have said it may be seen that shame did not always imply degradation or humiliation in the sight of our fellow-creature. Our expression, *Kokoro-ni-hajiru* or *Ten-ni-hajiru* —to be ashamed before one's own mind or before heaven—has, perhaps, a better equivalent in German than in English in the words *sich schämen*. A teaching like this was absolutely necessary as well as salutary, in a small feudal community where public opinion—which may be the notions of a handful of loquacious people—wielded a stronger influence than in the modern age, and where, therefore, other people's fancies could more easily work detriment to independence of thought, and where, also, constant demands on self-abnegation could weaken trust in one's own conviction. “As long as my mind's mirror is unclouded by all your foul breathings upon its face, all is well,” says a *samurai*; or, as a poet has put it: “Leaving to each beholder to think whatever thoughts her presence may inspire, the autumn moon shines clear and serene on the crest of yon mount.” It is true that to a *samurai*, who should not be a recluse, it was not enough just to be untarnished: in active life occasions offered which required some compromise, and the story of an ancient Chinese statesman was not forgotten. This

nobleman, retiring from public life full of disgust, beguiled his days with angling. One evening, while he was thus occupied, a boat passed by, and a fisherman seated therein thus broke the silence of the sea : " Art thou not the illustrious lord of Sanryo ? Wherefore this waste of time, when the land is in dire need of thy services ? " The nobleman replied : " All the world is gone astray ; I alone walk straight." Hereupon the fisherman took his oar, and, beating time on the side of his craft as it floated away, sang : " A superior man keeps pace with the world. When the waters of the Sōrō stream are as pure as crystal, then may he dip in them the tassels of his coronet ; when they are sullied with mud, then shall he wash his sandals therein." A dangerous doctrine this, I own ; still, not unworthy to ponder over.

The first requisite for a perfect *samurai* was, as I have said, ever to keep account with himself. Conscience, called among us by the comprehensive term *Kokoro* (which may mean mind, spirit, or heart), was the only criterion of right and wrong. But we know that conscience is a power of perception, and, the whole tenor of *Bushido* being activity, we were taught the Socratic doctrine—though Socrates was as unknown to us as X rays—that thought and action are one and the same.

Whatever Conscience approves is Rectitude, and

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whatever enables us to obtain the latter in conformity with the former, is Courage. It is only to be expected from the martial character of *Bushido* that Valor should play an important part. In early youth the *samurai* was put to the task of bearing and daring. Boys, and girls also—though naturally to a less extent—were trained in a Lacedemonian fashion to endure privation of all kinds. To go through the snow bare-foot; before sunrise, to his exercise of fencing or archery; to visit graveyards in the small hours of night; to pass whole nights sitting upright and ready; to undergo severe tests which would strike as barbarous a modern “scientific” pedagogue: these were means of education to which every *samurai* was subjected. Wholesome, and in many respects useful, as was such a process of steeling the nervous courage of a physical nature, it was not this that *Bushido* chiefly aimed at. It was Mencius who taught the difference between the valor of villeins and what he calls “great (i. e., moral) courage:” the man whose stamina lay in a higher daring than that of the “boar-warrior.” “Courage, when it passes beyond proper bounds, turns into ferocity. Confucius taught so clearly that an act to be brave must first be right, that one is almost tempted to charge Shakespeare with translating from the Chinese sage when we hear him make the Earl of

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Albany say : "When I could not be honest I could not be valiant." This Rectitude, or Justice, was considered inseparable from Courage. Rectitude was, indeed, the sole justifying condition for the exercise of Valor. Only ; the rightness of a cause was determined not by utilitarian argument, but solely by subjective moral judgment. It was the motive, not the end, that imparted justness to conduct. In fact, as John Stuart Mill has said, the motive and the object of a moral action are hardly distinguishable. It has always seemed to me that, as our thought works only in a straight line, when we treat intellectually a moral action, we think of motive as the starting-point of a line which terminates in another point, the object; whereas a complete moral action may be likened to a solid sphere, an orb, in which justice runs from the centre in innumerable radii, and of which the substance is love. For if Rectitude gives form to character, Benevolence imparts quality and tone to it.

Bushido held Benevolence as the crowning attribute of a noble spirit. It taught that it was cowardice to crush a fallen man, that it was manly to help the weak and show sympathy to women and children, that a man is truly a *samurai* who feels in his heart pity. *Bushido*, at its best, even went further than this, if we can trust Bakin as our

guide. In his wonderful story of "Eight Hounds" he makes Inuye (who represents the virtue of Benevolence) play the part of a good Samaritan by saving the life of his own wounded enemy with medicine and nursing, an act worthy to be inscribed in the records of the Red Cross. I confess I feel a difference, without being able to express it, between Love, as taught by Christ, and Benevolence, upon which *Bushido* never ceases from insisting. Is it in their intrinsic character? Is it in their degree of intensity? Is it that the one is democratic and the other aristocratic? Is it in the ways of manifestation? Is it that the one is eternally feminine and the other eternally masculine? Or is it that the one is of Heaven, heavenly, and the other of the earth, earthly? I know not how to answer these and other questions arising in quick succession as my pen glides over the sheets; but this I believe—that *Bushido*, grounding itself in the light that lighteth every man coming into the world, anticipated a more glorious revelation of Love.

But to return: *Bushido* regarded Benevolence as a master virtue, not only because it masters all other virtues, but because it is the first thing needful if a man would master his fellows; hence Confucius was tireless in teaching it to princes and rulers. In fact, that single word to them covered

the whole duty of kingship. A few years ago (1897) the German Emperor, in his speech at Coblenz, reminded himself and his people of the "Kingship by the Grace of God, with its grave duties, its tremendous responsibility to the Creator alone, from which no man, no minister, no parliament, can release the Monarch," and the so-called medieval strain sounded as if it had the same origin as the *Bushido* conception of moral duty. Benevolence and Magnanimity, the generous virtues, were derived, says Reade in a book from which I have quoted before ("The Order of Moral Evolution"), from parental love, and hence a sovereign, who held in his hand the *patria potestas* over millions, was expected above all to prize and practise these virtues.

When a ruler is actuated by a lofty sense of the function of his office as power entrusted to him from above, there remains nothing higher for his subjects than to support him with all the obedience compatible with their duties to their own consciences. *Bushido* was thus like Christianity, a doctrine of duty and service. The governing and the governed were alike taught to serve a higher end, and to that end to sacrifice themselves. Did a monarch behave badly, *Samuraiism* did not lay before the suffering people the panacea of a good government by regicide. In all the twenty-five

centuries, during which Japan has passed through many vicissitudes of national existence, no blot of the death of a Charles I, or a Louis XVI. ever stained the pages of her history. Did ever a Nero or a Caligula sit upon our throne ? I have grounds for discrediting the story of Yuriaku's atrocities and Buretsu's brutalities.

The love that we bear to our Emperor naturally brings with it a love for the country over which he reigns. Hence our sentiment of patriotism—I will not call it a duty, for, as Dr. Samuel Johnson rightly suggests, patriotism is a sentiment and is more than a duty—I say our patriotism is fed by two streams of sentiment, namely, that of personal love to the monarch, and of our common love for the soil which gave us birth and provides us with hearth and home. Nay, there is another source from which our patriotism is fed : it is that the land guards in its bosom the bones of our fathers ; and here I may dwell awhile upon Filial Piety.

Parental love man possesses in common with the beasts, but filial love is little found among animals after they are weaned. Was it the last of the virtues to develop in the order of ethical evolution ? Whatever its origin, Mr. Herbert Spencer evidently thinks it is a waning trait in an evolving humanity ; and I am aware that everywhere there are signs of its giving way to individualism and egotism.

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Especially does this seem to be the case in Christendom. Christianity, by which I do not mean what Jesus of Nazareth taught, but a mongrel moral system, a concoction of a little of obsolete Judaism, of Egyptian asceticism, of Greek idealism, of Roman arrogance, of Teutonic superstitions, and in fact, of anything and everything that tends to make sublunary existence easy by sanctioning the wholesale slaughter of weaker races, or now and then the lopping off of crowned heads—Christianity, I say, teaches that the nucleus of a well-ordered society lay in conjugal relations between the first parents, and, further, that therefore a man must leave father and mother and cleave to his wife. A teaching, this, in itself not easy of comprehension, as Paul himself admits, and very dubious in application, meaning, as it so often does, that a silly youth, when he is infatuated with a giddy girl, may spurn his parents!

Christ certainly never meant it, nor did the decalogue command “Thou shalt love thy wife more than thou shouldst honour thy father and mother.” *Samuraiism* contends that society—fellowship of spirits—did not begin with Adam and his wife—i.e., with conjugal relations—but with Adam and his Father. Even without the help of Mark Twain’s vivid “Diary of Adam,” we can picture to ourselves the time when Eve was an utter stranger

in Eden. Before this long-haired creature appeared, Adam had already often communed with his Maker, Creator, Father, so that the relations between son and Father had existed, even according to the Biblical narrative, ere those between husband and wife ; in other words, as far as precedence is concerned, Filial Piety was the first of the virtues. Well-nigh unknown among the lower animals, it was perhaps the first to be felt by men. It is not impossible that the instant a four-footed creature walked erect, he called out, "Abba, Father." So much for the claim made by Christianity that conjugal love precedes filial.

Our idea of filial love, therefore, is, above all, gratitude for existence and for all that it involves. This we learned from Shintoism ; and, though Buddhism gave us a sceptical natural-historical conception of our birth, the good sense of the people rejected it as untrue.

I mean no braggadocio when I state as my belief that at the core the Japanese race instinct was (and I hope is) sound. It grasped moral truths more directly than its intellectual teachers of the Asiatic continent. There is more than man's wit in the anecdote which follows : "A Chinese sovereign once made a present to Japan of 'The Book of Twenty-four Acts of Filial Piety,' whereupon Japan sent a 'Book of Twenty-four Acts of

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Filial Disobedience,' accompanied by a letter to the effect that, whereas in China one could find only twenty-four cases of filial love, in Japan one could not discover more than the same number of men who could be charged with disobedience."

I am far from having exhausted the subject of filial duties. It is in itself a large theme, and if we were to follow it in all its ramifications, such as the power and responsibility of parents, the worship of ancestors, the constitution of the family, the home education of youths, the place of a mother in the household, it would lead into regions of jurisprudence and sociology beyond my knowledge. Lack of time is my chief excuse for curtailing my discourse. This is, however, the right place to describe in a few words the position of woman, since it was chiefly as a mother that she received our homage. In no respect does our Chivalry differ more widely from the European than in its attitude toward the weaker sex. "In Europe, gallantry," says St. Palaye, "is, as it were, the soul of society." The so-called *gai sabreur*—gay science of war and gallantry—was studied and exalted into laws more imperious than those of military honor. And what did it amount to? We see Gibbon blush as he alludes to it; we hear Hallam call it "illicit love"; Freeman and Green use terms even more severe. Still, there

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was a grain of truth in it. Were it not for this, where would the ladies of Christendom have been? Cornish repeats over and over again that courtesy to women was not a feature of European Chivalry, but that it was learned from the Saracens. We on our part had no Saracens to teach us; the Chinese sages and Buddhist monks gave us only depreciatory notions of womankind. It is a matter of constant surprise to me that, with all their stupendous influence, Confucianism and Buddhism did not degrade our women's social position. Whatever gallantry we had was our own, and this was due first of all to the teaching of manliness, which enjoined upon the knights to be clement to the weak; it was due, in the next place, to the teaching of reverence for parents, making sacred the person of women as actual or potential mothers. I am neither so blind nor so partial as to assert that among the *samurai* there existed no gaiety or lax frivolity, no love of adventure; but these were side-issues, never forming part of the precepts of knighthood, as *gai sabreur* did of European Chivalry. Nothing is more erroneous than to regard the character of *samurai* women as anything like that of the *geisha* type; it was, indeed, the very contrast between them that was the *raison d'être* of the latter; for the former was a sedate and even stern, earnest, "home-made

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body," with little tact for entertaining and much less for amusing, better versed in ancient poems than in the newest songs, more deft with swords and spears than with guitars and *samisen*. Plutarch tells us that the ambition of a Spartan woman was to be the wife of a great man, and the mother of illustrious sons. *Bushido* set no lower ideal before our maidens; their whole bringing up was in accordance with this view. Uhland's couplet that "she thrives in sunshine, but our strength in storm and rain," did not apply to the training of our girls. They were instructed in many martial practices, in the art of self-defence, that they might safeguard their person and their children—the art of committing suicide, that in case no alternative opened but disgrace, they might end their lives in due order and in comely fashion. Peaceful accomplishments—music, dancing, belles-lettres, flower arrangements, etc.—were not to be neglected, but readiness for emergency, housekeeping, and the education of children were considered by far the most weighty lessons to be learned. The inuring of nerves to hardship was a necessary part of their training. Sobs and shrieks were regarded as unworthy of a *samurai* woman. We read of a mother, in whose presence her daughter was slaughtered, calmly composing an ode—"The mosses growing hidden in the deepest

depth of an ancient well may bring to stranger's ken the fluttering of their leaves, but never may my heart betray its emotions to human eye." *

Stoicism is a point insisted upon constantly in our self-culture ; so that no sooner is the heart stirred than the will is brought into reflex motion to subdue it. Is a man angry ? it is bad taste to rage ; let him laugh out his indignation ! Has tribulation stricken him ? let him bury his tears in smiles. It is a very common remark that the Japanese are a bright-hearted, merry people, wearing a perpetual smile, and that the girls are ever simpering and giggling. As Lafcadio Hearn has, in his inimitable style, analyzed the Japanese smile, there is but little left to add. Suffice it to say that it is a complex phenomenon, being the result of several conscious and unconscious conflicts in the brain and in the breast. The constant endeavour to maintain serenity of mind, is so closely connected with the sense of politeness and civility that I may now pass over to this trait of *samurai* education.

The underlying idea of politeness is to make your company and companionship agreeable to others. It is the first condition of good society. Bows and courtesies are but a small part of good breeding. If, however, the bows are so awkward as to offend your friend's good taste, they deserve to be studied

* みさび江に底の玉藻は亂るとも、知らるな人に深き心を

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and amended. Etiquette, therefore, should be studied as one studies music for the voice or mathematics for mental discipline. This implies as little that manners are all as that the voice is everything. Etiquette is not an end in *samuraistic* culture: it is one of the many ways whereby man may cultivate his spiritual nature. In drinking tea, it is a slight affair how you handle your spoon, but it is never too slight to show what you are. "Manners make the man." Still, I cannot emphasize too strongly that manners and etiquette are valuable only as manifestations of a genuine culture of the soul, which pleases itself in imparting pleasure to others and in avoiding giving pain. Politeness must conform to the precept to "rejoice with those who rejoice, and weep with those who weep," or, rather, rejoice with those who rejoice, and not let others weep when you weep. Stoicism and politeness, apparently so far apart, are in reality brother and sister: he bears all that she may shine; without her he is stolid; without him she is trivial.

I can well imagine that, in the early days of *Bushido*, strict canons of proper behavior had to be enforced to hold together so inflammable and ferocious a set of mortals as the two-sworded fighters. Everywhere, with the bearing of weapons goes hand in hand propriety of conduct. Sir

Stamford Raffles, in his "History of Java," attributes the courteous manners of the people to the custom of carrying the *kris*, or native knife. Whether gentility of manners is a race characteristic of the Malays, as cleanliness seems to be, is a question not easy to answer ; but certain it is that *Bushido* refined whatever courtesy we may have possessed as a Malayan element of our race. Courtliness and ceremonies are inherent in any form of Chivalry. "Though ceremony grown stale is tedious and meaningless," says Cornish, "it has its origin in natural dignity."

That loftiness of demeanor, which was called *parage* and was part of the true knight's character, was distinguished from pride as clearly as admiration was from envy, and was inseparable from ceremony. There is always danger that ceremony and politeness may belie their real nature and turn respectively into stiff mannerism or glib obsequiousness. The moment sincerity is set aside, the most gentle behavior has no justification for being lauded. Mere empty forms and phrases were abhorred by the stern ethics of *Samuraiism*. Esoteric *Bushido*, if I may use such a term, would not tolerate any word or act lacking in sincerity and veracity.

It is an exceedingly superficial remark, so often heard among Europeans, that the Japanese are too

polite to be sincere, or, as one missionary writes, "They" (a usual term for the inaptly used noun "Natives," for if I am not greatly mistaken, this word, of course etymologically perfectly correct, is generally applied to the people born in a country which forms a colony of another, and not to the inhabitants of an equally independent power; hence Englishmen may call Hindoos "natives" in India, but it sounds strange to our ears to hear any European apply the term to the French in Paris, or Germans in Berlin,) "are such inveterate liars." A girl from a missionary school gets married ; her teacher asks, "Is your husband good to you?" The bride says, "No," for she would not think of praising her other half any more than herself, or admitting his tenderness to her. Forthwith the bridegroom is charged with cruelly maltreating her. If, perchance, it is found afterwards that the newly-married couple are really as happy as can be, it is the turn of the wife to be charged with telling a falsehood. Such is the unregenerate politeness of these benighted heathen. You ask your Japanese friends in the very depths of affliction what ails them, and in reply you get a smile and the answer, "Nothing"; for why should they disturb the peace and serenity of their friends with their sorrows as long as they can bear them themselves? Such an answer you may call a lie—a conven-

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tional lie, at least, or, more fitly, perhaps, a lie of pride ; nevertheless, is it not less blameworthy and more Christian than pouring into your neighbour's ears all the woes which may constitute the truest facts of your life ? No honest hater of cant will deny the truth as stated by George Eliot. " We mortals, men and women," says she, " devour many a disappointment between breakfast and dinner time ; keep back the tears and look a little pale about the lips, and in answer to inquiries say, ' Oh, nothing ! ' Pride helps us," she continues, " and pride is not a bad thing when it only urges to hide our own hurts, not to hurt others."

Veracity, far from being neglected, formed an important item in the category of knightly virtues. Truth-telling is not always recommended in military life. Strategy is not outspoken honesty. Consider what Lycurgus taught. Honesty is not easily born or bred in camps ; rather is it a product of markets and workshops. When Mr. Kidd so exuberantly dilates on the superiority of Western civilization as being mainly due to such a democratic and plain, everyday virtue as honesty and the like, he mistakes effect largely for cause. It requires no flight of imagination or depth of cogitation to discover in industrial dealings that " honesty is the best policy," whereas veracity, as known in martial ethics, attains a higher and

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deeper and consequently rarer form, which Lecky calls the philosophical as distinct from the political or industrial.

The mercantile calling was as far removed from *Bushido* as the north is from the south. To a *samurai*, trade and commerce were small concerns to which it was derogatory to his dignity to pay any attention ; hence the effect of *Bushido* upon the early days of our commerce was not appreciable. This was naturally followed by a low moral tone in the industrial classes. One vulnerable point of *Bushido*, which it shares with all class-morality, is that it meted out honor in unequal degrees to the various vocations of society—most of all to the *samurai*, then to the tillers of the soil, to mechanics, and least of all to merchants. The last-named, being considered by the rest as the least honorable, naturally adjusted their moral tone to their reputation. Still, as I have already observed, honesty is a virtue easiest learned in commercial transactions ; for its reward is not laid as far off as heaven nor after death, but at the counter or else at the court, when the bills are due. Already, in the last two decades, we notice in our industrial circles a considerable improvement in this particular respect.

Bushido, being the morality of a certain class, had a circumscribed sphere, and so its precepts

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were strained to a higher pitch than would have been the case had its compass been more extensive. For instance, as they troubled themselves but little with the morality of the trades-people, they were the more strict in demanding honesty from their votaries. The punishment awaiting those who violated their code of Honor was terribly severe. Take *harakiri* as type of what was expected of a *samurai* when he disgraced himself. It is not unusual to hear this word, which, by the way, is more usually called by us *seppuku* or *kappuku*, jeeringly mentioned by foreign writers, and certainly the practice is in itself a revolting one. It is unjust, however, to look upon a practice like this from an altogether realistic point of view. To one who has never heard of the world tragedy of Mount Calvary what a disgusting sight Tissot's picture of that scene presents! Death-scenes even at the best are not always dramatic or picturesque. It is the story which casts a halo round a martyr's livid death; it is the life the dead have lived which steals from death the pangs and ignominy. Were it not so, who would associate a cup of hemlock with philosophy, or a cross with the Gospel? If *seppuku* were a form of execution confined to robbers and pickpockets, well might it deserve its literal translation, "splitting the belly," and

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then be politely dispensed with in polite society. We may say of body-ripping what Carlyle said of religious mendicancy, that "it was no beautiful business, nor an honorable one in any eye, till the nobleness of those who did so had made it honored of some." *Seppuku* does literally and actually mean cutting the abdomen. It was a form of death confined to the two-sworded order. Sometimes it was a punishment imposed by authority, or it might be self-imposed; sometimes it was a sacrifice (can I call it symbolical?) of life for a cause; sometimes, also, the last resort wherein honor could find refuge. When it was administered as a punishment it amounted to this: that the guilty one admitted his own crime. It was as though he said: "I have done wrong; I am ashamed before my own conscience. I punish myself with my own hand, for I judge myself." If the accused were innocent, he might nevertheless commit *seppuku*, the idea in this case being: "I am not guilty; I will show you my soul, that you may judge for yourself." The very natural question is often put by foreigners, "Why was this particular part of the body selected for the operation of self-immolation?" I may say it can only be answered by referring them to a physiological belief as to the seat of the soul. Where lies the essence of life? is a query put

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forth and meditated upon by the wise men of all ages. The old Jewish prophets said in the bowels, the Greeks in the *thumos* or *phren*, the French in the *ventre*, the Japanese in the *hara*. Now, *hara* is a comprehensive term meaning the whole lower front part of the trunk. The large ganglionic centres in the abdomen, which are exceedingly sensitive to any psychic action, gave rise to the belief that there lay the seat of the soul. When Shakespeare puts into Brutus' mouth, "Thy (Cæsar's) spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords into our proper entrails," did he not put the great weight of his authority toward making such a belief plausible? To the practical and labour-saving mind of the west nothing could seem more unnecessary and foolish than to go through all this painful operation when a pistol-shot or a dose of arsenic would answer the purpose just as well. It must be remembered, however, that the *Bushido* idea of *seppuku* was not solely to "end the thousand ills that flesh is heir to." Death, as such, was not a "consummation devoutly to be wished." Honor was what decided his action in life or death, and honor never tolerates the idea of sneaking out of existence. The cool deliberation without which *seppuku* would be impossible was to prove that it was not adopted in haste or in a fit of madness. A

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clear conscience marked each step of the undertaking. The pain which it necessitated was the measure of the fortitude with which it was borne. In one word the committer of *seppuku* could say : "Bear witness that I die the death of the brave. I shirk no requirement that is demanded of courage." Then, too, to the *samurai*, death, be it on the field of battle or on the mats (as we say) in peace, was to be the crowning glory—"the last of life, for which the first was made," and hence it was to be attended with full honor.

Seppuku is no longer a mode of punishment. The new criminal code knows nothing of time-honored customs and institutions. A new "enlightened" generation of jurists has risen who abhor such relics of barbarism. Youths who have never borne a sword, who have not learned what depth there is in shame and what heights in honor, and who find their standard of right and wrong only in physiology and in statute-books, are fast coming to the front. I mean no offence to Christian teachings, if indeed Christ did teach anything definite against self-murder, when I state that it will be a sorry day for Japan when her sons shall grow oblivious to their appreciation of that honor (I do not mean *seppuku* itself) which the fearful practice implied.

That inborn race instinct of honor is the only

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safeguard of our public morals, the sole imperative check on our private conduct, the one foundation of patriotism and loyalty. Honor is the only tie that binds the Japanese to the ethical world : Any other moral power is still feeble, either in its infancy or in its senility, though there is no denying that numerous and attractive panaceas are being advertised at every corner of the streets. Buddhism has lost its earnest strivings, busying itself with petty trifles among its small sects. The light of Confucius and Mencius has paled before the more taking, if more variegated, light of later philosophers. Christianity has wandered far from the teachings of its Divine Founder, and, as too often preached, is a farce and a caricature of the original. Diabolical Nietzsche and his shallow followers are gradually making their way, assuring to still shallower youths salvation through Hedonism, though it has not as yet gained strong foothold, if ever it can. Utilitarians present us with balance-sheets of pleasure and pain, assuring us that theirs is the only scientific system of moral book-keeping. Materialism is not slack in enlisting a large following, to which it doles out in well-tasting pills such comfort as the world can give. Reactionism has on its part tried hard to build a structure of its own, based on cant, bigotry, and hypocrisy, into which it would unite the whole

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Japanese race, of course excluding foreigners. But all these systems and schools of ethics are mainly confined to the lecture-room and to loud talkers. The heart of the nation is still swayed by *Bushido*. It commands and guides us and, consciously or unconsciously, we follow. It is through the medium of *Bushido* that the best reverence of our fathers and the noblest lore of our mothers still spring, for our flesh and blood have been imbued with it. How could it be otherwise? "Bodykins, Master Page," says the country justice Shallow in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, "Bodykins, Master Page, though I now be old and of the peace, if I see a sword cut, my finger itches to make one. Though we are justices and doctors and churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, Master Page." We can be but the children of our parents. And when I say so I am far from advocating, on the one hand, the revival of old feudalism, for it was not a trait inherent in our race; nor do I mean, on the other hand, that we should preserve obsolete political or social institutions, for institutions must of necessity be ever changing with the march of time. The spirit of *Bushido* is ever ready to listen to and to adopt whatever is good, pure, and of good repute. The transformation of modern Japan is itself the fruit

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of the teachings of *Bushido*. The word admits that Japan, from being a nonentity in the politics of the world, has in the brief space of thirty years raised herself into the position of a first-class Power. The explanation of this seeming miracle has been attempted from various standpoints ; but those who are not acquainted with the psychology of our race and with the precepts of Knighthood have despaired of finding an adequate theory, and have summarily attributed what is really no miracle at all to an apish mimicry. It is true that in a sense we certainly possess imitativeness. What progressive nation has not possessed and made use of it ? Just think of how little Greek culture has originated on Hellenic soil ! Of the Romans at their best, who does not know that they imitated most freely the Greeks ? How much of Spanish glory and grandeur at their zenith was of Moorish origin ! I need not multiply examples. It seems to me that the most original —that is, the least imitative people—are the Chinese, and we see where their originality has led them. Imitation is educative, and education itself is, in the main, imitation. Wallace, and after him many other zoologists, have taught us what a role imitation and mimicry play in the preservation of life in nature. We shudder to think what might have been our fate, in this can-

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nibalistic age of nations had we been always consistently original. Imitation has certainly been a means of our salvation.

But imitation is a term of wide significance, which may mean a blind aping, such as is the frequent theme in "Æsop's Fables," or it may mean an educative principle, a conscious following of a pattern selected with discretion and foresight. In this last instance, imitation implies something more ; it takes for granted a power of selecting and of acting accordingly. Such a power was *Bushido*, a teaching which, like its symbol, the cherry-blossom, was born and nurtured in the soil of our Island Realm. It breathed into our nostrils the breath of life, the *Yamato-Damashii*, the soul of Japan. Well has sung that ancient poet :

" Isles of blessed Japan,
Should your Yamato spirit
Strangers seek to scan,
Say—scenting morn's sunlit air,
Blows the cherry, wild and fair."

And the popular ballad responded—"as among flowers the *sakura* is queen, so among men the *samurai* is lord."

But the *samurai* is no more, and *Bushido* will

*數島の大和心を人間はゞ、朝日にほふ山櫻花

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follow in his steps ; as his pride is swallowed up in the wide glory of an enlightened populace, so will the teachings of *Bushido* be merged into a large, higher code of morals. Whatever evangel the coming age may reveal to our nation, it can but be in fulfilment of the law which *Bushido* has taught us for past centuries. In the meantime, it becomes us to remain loyal to the best that we have inherited and that has been entrusted to us.

Paris.

1901.

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CHARACTER OF THE OCCIDENTALIZATION OF JAPAN

As microscopy and cytology have discovered organic units in cells, so steam and commerce have reduced sovereign nations into mere units of a larger cosmopolitan form of life. Men, no more bound in spirit to their narrow immediate surroundings, are expanding to be citizens of the world. Aristotle's definition of man as *zoo politicon* applies now-a-days to a larger organism than an individual. National isolation is no longer tenable, exclusion is forever excluded from international politics. The Great Wall of China affords a barrier neither to the aggression of Russia nor to the greed of European capital seeking investment within it. The utmost one people can do to exclude another is to erect a high defence of prohibitive tariff and of immigration restrictions—neither of which is strong enough permanently to resist attacks from without or assaults from within. Wonderfully has mankind grown in political instincts, from being a member of a village community to be a voice in the federation of the world. This is the undisputed tendency of the modern age—that nations are coming closer and closer in touch one with

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another, and whoever refuses to join in the union is doomed not only to decay but to destruction.

Neither in Plato's "Republic" nor in More's "Utopia" is foreign trade highly prized or courted. Bacon advocated exclusion for his "New Atlantis," because he "doubted novelties and commixture of manners." Campanella, too, did not allow commerce to be carried on within the walls of his "Civitas Solis." Fichte in his "*Geschlossenen Handelsstaat*" is far from favoring foreign intercourse, upon which he looks as a necessary evil. Only the latest ideal state, such as Wells or Ellis describes, is co-extensive with or more extensive than, the planet.

Japan has learned late, but fortunately not too late in her history, that it is hard to keep aloof from this universal trend of cosmopolitan comity. Many a psychological explanation is attempted of the sudden emergence of the country into the brotherhood of nations. Perhaps her rise was no more sudden than that of the sun: slowly and steadily below the horizon it has been rising, rising; but until its disc appeared above it, few cared to notice what it was doing in the obscurity of the night.

How we have come to abandon the time-honored policy of exclusivism is now quite a well-known page in the general history of culture.

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The cause which led Japan to take this step belongs to what I may term her Mediæval history and the chapter of her modern history dates from the influence of the West upon it, as probably her recent history begins with the end of the war with Russia.

The concern before us is to review the influence of the West—what may be called the Europeanization of Japan, or, not unfitly, may also be termed the Japanization of European influences. It is to depict the approachment—at first shy and suspicious, then more confiding and later blindly bold, becoming a few years after discriminating and rational—between the West and the East. It is in many respects to study the blending of two culture-grades or the welding of two different types of civilization.

I have said above that we shall treat of the influence of the West upon the East. It is well to be more explicit about these terms. I do not mean by influence, as is often the case, any Western domination, by means of power, money or intellect. I use the word in the literal sense of an inflowing of ideas and methods of the occident, into our intellectual, social and political fabric. The term Occident, also, is too broad. Its general use amongst us takes for granted the solidarity of Europe and America—at least as far as culture is

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concerned. It is a convenient working conception, more comprehensive than a state, which is necessarily selfishly disposed, and less comprehensive than civilization or Christendom, which are both too ideal and vague. The Japanese do not always distinguish between different nationalities of the West, for they are content with the larger features of Western civilization, disregarding national idiosyncrasies and details. To them Christianity is a Western religion and the differences between Protestantism and Catholicism do not trouble them. Democracy is Western, notwithstanding German absolutism or Russian autocracy. Progress is identified in our mind with the West, though geographically Spain and Turkey lie in Europe. Just as, upon first approach, all Japanese look alike to a European and *vice versa*, simply because racial characteristics strike us first and individual peculiarities grow clearer only after close acquaintance, so was Aryan culture undivided in Japanese eyes and the whole white race one. We have but lately come to feel the differences between different ethnic groups. Every Japanese knows, and does not forget, that it was Russia, Germany and France that snatched from her the prize of her war with China. The very peasants are aware that England is our ally and America our friend. Friend or foe, we owe much

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of what we are to the West, and it is this indebtedness which is our present theme.

Very often it is difficult to distinguish the national origin of what we have received. Equally difficult is it to tell what is Eastern and what is Western in the thoughts which guide us. In the spaceless sphere of ideas there exists neither a scientific nor an arbitrary longitude, to divide us into East and West. The points of the compass show only directions and not boundaries, much less ideas. To Europe, the East stretches from the Balkans across Syria, Persia and India, to China and Japan, and yet ethnologically and historically what a far cry it is between Syria and India ; between Persia and Japan ! Is loving one's enemy an Eastern or a Western virtue ? In which the query is implied whether it was taught by Christianity or some Asiatic religion. Of course we can put back the inquiry—Is Christianity itself to be called an Eastern or a Western religion ? So too, is local self-government of Eastern or Western origin ? Are trousers a European invention or an Asiatic ? Was it a yellow wife or a white that made the first dumpling ? Questions as numerous as there are objects and subjects might be put. The constant exchange of ideas, the action and reaction and counteraction going on for generations and for centuries, among tribes

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and nations, have obliterated many original marks of nationality, and in some cases even of racial distinctions, so that only by exaggerating a comparatively few points of difference, can one endorse the language of the poet that

“ East is East and West is West.”

Differences—the quainter the better—are noticed and stretched beyond their logical desert. Differences there must be between races and peoples, as there are between tribes and families—indeed, as there are between brothers and sisters. But besides differences that run parallel—that will never meet—are there not such as tend to grow less and less, finally, perhaps, to merge into unity, and such as are causes of further differentiation? In other words, are not most differences either convergent or divergent? The terms East and West, showing opposite directions, convey on the surface divergent differences, but we forget that the earth is round, and the so-called farthest East touches the farthest West. The East and the West, then, are also terms denoting convergent differences on a globe.

The respects in which Japan differs from the Occident are not always of a divergent kind. He whose sight is blurred by the manifold details of every day life, customs and manners, might think

that Japan is a land of topsy-turvyness, as a good lady missionary once remarked to an American friend of mine. "Every thing is different in Japan," she said, "cats have no tails, dandelions are creamcolored and chickens' feathers grow the wrong way." Her interest in Heaven had evidently made her oblivious of a few earthly facts—that in her own country horses are "bobbed;" that while the rarer cream-colored variety is peculiar to Japan, she shares with the West the golden abundance of the orthodox dandelion; that the heterodox breed of fowl, which perturbed her faith in the unity of the human race, is an importation into this country. These things are trivial; but they are symbolic of an attitude of mind more serious where graver matters are concerned. Beneath all the quaintest and queerest excrescences of social life, man remains man—white or black, yellow or brown. In the noble words of Lowell,

"For mankind are one in spirit and an instinct
bears along,
Round the earth's electric circle, the quick flash
of right or wrong."

Time and place may impose deviations in outward things. They may favor this race with more of this and provide that race with more of

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that ; but all races can be reduced to a common denominator—which may be broadly called their moral notions. Take any anthropological or ethnological standard, and one easily finds that the variations in our species are more quantitative than qualitative, and especially is this true of an ethical standard, or what the poet called “the flash of right or wrong.” We are told that a cannibal tribe feels no compunction about homicide. We are told that a certain people deem it an honor to lie, and we are invariably informed in such cases that white men have very soon brought about changes in their notions. The very fact that such changes can be so easily wrought is a sure evidence that the crudest of races can respond to advanced moral ideas. That is to say that they have something within themselves which can apprehend what is good. George Fox very fitly calls this inborn power “the Seed.” Do not be surprised therefore that cannibals can be made to grasp, without cogitation, principles of European ethics, feel the Hegelian difference between *Moralität* and *Sittlichkeit* and even comprehend in a good measure the categorical imperative of Kant. For my part the surprising thing is that European ethics can be so atavistic as to stoop to a sort of cannibalism ! The most primitive mind can respond to noblest sentiments.

Response means affinity and excludes divergence.

It is still a custom among ethnologists, especially of that exceedingly shallow school of Le Bon (if indeed a shallowness like his can breed any followers) to neglect this mental affinity and moral sympathy ; but to accept without due proof the premise that racial differences - ethnic minds—are irreconcilably distinct, and to infer from this premise that all the changes in Japan during the last five decades are due to mere childish imitation. They little remember that imitation itself—to be good as ours is said to be—is not possible beyond a certain range unless there is faculty to imitate, nay, intelligence enough to perceive how and what to imitate. Imitation—including adaptability and receptiveness—is a biological and ethical process of highest importance. As among animals mimicry is a principle of self-preservation, so among individuals it has been a large part of education, and, practiced among nations, it has preserved and educated them.

Learn of Emerson, who taught us—"Great genial power, one would almost say, consists in not being original at all, in being altogether receptive, in letting the world do all, and suffering the spirit of the hour to pass unobstructed through the mind." If this is true of "great genial power," how much more is it so of a large ag-

glomeration of mediocrities which we call a people. The cultural history of mankind is largely the history of imitation. As Giddings says, "Modern civilization is the continuing imitation of Greece and Rome." Only recently, Professor Woodberry, in treating of "Race Power in Literature," has emphasized the fact that always some great culture is dying to enrich the soil of new harvests, some civilization is crumbling to rubbish to be the hill of a more beautiful city, some race is spending itself that a lower and more barbarous may inherit the stored treasure-house. But how? Mainly by the lower, or rather a newer and younger race studying, admiring and imitating its predecessor. "Follow Me!" says the master, and like sheep along the green meadows, by the still waters or even to the shambles and sacrificial altars, they follow. The highest that mortals have attained has consisted, as Thomas à Kempis taught, in imitating Christ.

This is all very well, you say, provided there is a perfect political or social model to follow. But is there such a model? I contend that the model need not be perfect, if it is only higher than one's own level. "Find what is superior in your neighbors, practice it yourself until you have attained unto it," has been our teaching. One of the five articles of the Rescripts with which the present

Emperor began his reign, clearly declared this as a guiding principle of his government. We have faithfully lived up to it—not without some hopes of surpassing our models in a few points. Examples are not wanting of artists outrivaling their own masters, nor is this achievement to be confined to the world of Art.

Japanese eclecticism is a concrete method, whereby Western ideas were adopted and consciously and voluntarily adapted to our own ends. I employ intentionally the word "ideas," in order to avert the conception, not at all uncommon among misinformed people, that our adoption of Occidentalism—whatever that "ism" may imply—was only material and materialistic; that it was only in forms, formalities and formulæ, and that it is therefore merely a superficial veneer. Sure enough, Tokyo and other large cities are full of trousers covering bow legs and high collars encircling drooping necks; of silk hats resting on straight black locks. Tourists' eyes are amused at the sight, but this sight, indicative as it is of foreign influence (for clothes are indeed the first indication of a psychological change, as they were the first invention after the Fall), is far from being its most serious side. Samples of Western architecture dot many a street in many a town and they are increasing.

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They, too, indicate much, but not all. Superficial observers take these as indices of foreign influence and judge therefrom how far short of the mark we still are. The less superficial study our laws, our courts of justice, our schools, our military system and our navy, and find in varying degrees their efficiency, and conclude therefrom how near the model we have come. What we have accomplished is, as Adelaide Procter beautifully puts it, only "things of Time" that "have voices, speak and finish," whereas within our race-capacity lie still, unexplored and unexpressed, il-limitable forests and unfathomed seas, whose existence is only surmised by their waves and sighings.

He alone knows us who can penetrate through the outward covering—the social wrapple, the parliamentary garb, the military uniform, and can see the underlying motive by which all these changes were adopted and adapted, and such an one will confess that fifty years of New Japan are no buffoonery. New Japan is indeed not an accretion, from without, of foreign culture. It is the application of innate race energy to new circumstances, the self-realization of our own strength, the conscious and purposive utilization of world forces.

At the cost of modesty, I may say that there were powers latent, energies dormant within us—

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or what Aristotle calls *dunamis* (potentiality). To follow the Stagyrite a little further, though no actuality is possible without potentiality, still as a matter of fact the former always precedes the latter. Japan's adoption of Western ideas proves her own *dunamis*, and her adaptation to them is the *entelecheia* so closely related to her energy.

We have had ample experience in assimilating alien thoughts and alien institutions—or, what amounts to the same thing, in adapting ourselves to them. We may say that we have been in the habit of skimming the cream from the milk, irrespective of the breed to which the cow belonged. For centuries previous to the opening of the country, we had been accustomed to view the infinitude of social customs and political institutions and vast congeries of philosophical opinions and religious beliefs existent on the Asiatic continent, as a convenient storehouse from which we could exploit what we best liked for our own peculiar needs. It is but little known outside of scientific circles, what a vital place is filled in the evolution of a race by Adaptability and Receptiveness, two of the primary factors of progressive variation in ethnic psychology.* Professor Vierkandt maintains that the real source and center of all differences between the culture grades of

* Brinton, *The Basis of Social Relations*, pp. 52-61

human groups is the one difference between their voluntary and involuntary activities. Brinton, elaborating upon this remark of Vierkandt, adds that "the latter are instinctive, the former reflective; the latter are mechanical, the former are rational; the latter are of bondage, the former of freedom." To any student of the modern history of Japan, it must be obvious to which category the activity of our nation belongs. It is far from me to assert our eclecticism to be a facile and comfortable process of growth like the play of a thriving child. On the contrary, it is accompanied with the pains and sorrows of sacrifice—sacrifice which Mr. Morley recently and truly calls the law of society and progress. He says, "Selfishness and interested individualism have been truly called non-historic. Sacrifice has been the law—sacrifice for creeds, for churches, for dynasties, for kings, for adored teachers, for native land."*

The history of what I have above called Mediæval Japan terminated with the opening of its long-closed doors. This act was largely one of non-resistance, or at least, of passivity. It meant the sacrifice of a national tradition of long duration, the sacrifice of national pride. The conscious and active Europeanization of modern Japan means

**Nineteenth Century—April, 1905.*

the sacrifice of the Chinese models of administration and morals. Mr. Boxall, in his "Anglo-saxon," reiterates over and over again the necessity of doing away with the Latin elements in the culture of that race, should it develop to its fulness the measure of stature allotted to it.

May we not say that Japan can really and truly be Japanese only by sacrificing Chinese *idolem*, by a brave iconoclasm that will shatter the joss-houses of the sons of Sinim, that is, by tearing down the Celestial scaffolding whereby we had largely built our edifices.

To wrest Chinese culture from us will not bleed us to death. It will be like amputating a limb, but never like tearing a heart; for in temperament the two peoples are very different. The greatest radical difference, which the most casual observer must notice between the constitution of Chinese and Japanese society and principles of ethics, is the highly developed economic individualism of the Celestials and the equally developed moral individualism of our people. China is a country of shop-keepers, Japan of *samurai*. Whether China is an economic entity or not, it certainly is not a political, whereas Japan is a compact political and moral entity. Foreign influence in China must enter through the warehouses of Shanghai and the workshops of Hankow. In Japan it works best

through the organs of the state and education.

The occidentalization of Japan is not a natural process in the sense that it takes place under the régime of *laissez-faire*, being decidedly unnatural, in the sense that it is directed by the fostering care of a paternal government. If the break-down of the system of exclusivism was a passive work, the systematic occidentalization which followed, and which marks the new era, has been an active and even an aggressive labor of the state.

A summary glance at the last fifty years of Japan's progress will show that occidentalization has been a systematically planned work and that it has gone on in an order surprisingly wise and fortunate, and, I might state, truly natural if not naturalistic. The rapidity with which this process has taken place is the best proof that it has progressed in natural channels. At least, conforming to Tarde's first law, imitation has spread among us in a geometrical progression. I had said its velocity has been in a saltatory ratio. Again, true to his second law, our imitations have been strongly refracted by their media, i. e., by our own national character. Just compare the experiences of the similar process in the Muscovite Empire, as described by Brückner,* and let his readers judge which race understands the West

**Europäisierung Russlands.*

better, Slav or Japanese: let them compare the wisdom and order by which the work progressed under Peter the Great and Mutsuhito the Enlightened.

It is usual for political philosophers to treat the objects of the State as threefold: Might its primary object, followed by the legal safety of its subjects and the cultural care of its citizens.

The oft-repeated tale of the study of Dutch medicine in the latter days of exclusivism, belongs, as I have said before, to our Mediaeval history. The new era opened with the application of Dutch knowledge to military research. In fact, prior to the advent of Holland on our shores, simultaneously with the first appearance of Europe in the persons of Portuguese merchants in the sixteenth century, we began foreign trade with the importation of musketry and the knowledge of its manufacture, and even the embassies sent by several daimios to the Papal Court, in the same century, made constant and diligent inquiries:—How do Europeans fight? With what engines of war? How are armies formed? How are they fed and clothed? How are they mustered and drilled? In what ways are frontiers guarded? How are forts and fortresses built? Questions like these most naturally excited the curiosity of the *samurai* class. Even those who began the study of the Dutch

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language, yes, the very ones quite advanced in anatomy and *materia medica*, gave up the examination of bones and herbs, in order to devote themselves to the more alluring and ambitious task of national defence. From the study of the body natural to that of the body politic, there was no impassable barrier. The study of fortifications, of naval architecture, of military tactics, of gunnery, were soon clandestinely carried on. We had men enough to stand behind the guns and on the conning-towers, but the trouble was there was neither a good gun nor a conning-tower. The technical knowledge of war and of coast-defence was the thing most needed and first attended to. Personified in Sakuma Shozan, the introduction of military knowledge was the first effect of foreign intercourse. Gunnery was represented by Yekawa and military organization by Omura. The military profession, hitherto confined to the *samurai* was made general by the law of conscription in 1870, and this, instead of degrading the two-sworded order to mere boors in uniform, raised the whole nation, inclusive of the *eta*, to the level of defenders of the land. Great fears were at first entertained lest such a summary elevation of peasants to the rank of warriors might weaken the fighting-force of the Empire, but there was not lacking an occasion for proving the calibre of the newly or-

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ganized army. The Saigo rebellion of 1876-77 was an experimental contest between two armies:—one consisting of the pick of the Satsuma *samurai* and the other of a mixture of all classes. That war decided in favor of the army by conscription, and Japan continued her military reforms along the lines in which she had already started--first looking mainly to France for her model and later to Germany. The efficiency of the people at large as a fighting-force being now demonstrated, the rest was but a bolder and bolder adoption of foreign means and materials of warfare.

So with the navy. The country abounds in sailors and fishermen, enamored of the winds and billows and accustomed to their dangers, and familiar with the crude contrivances of junk-building and navigation. Give them a few months' training in a battleship, cruiser or torpedo-boat, and let them don a cap and a blouse, and you may have any number of blue-jackets—small, no doubt, compared with their British brethren, but perhaps not less efficient. Our instructor in naval affairs was Great Britain, though as early as the middle of the last century the Dutch Government did us great service by demonstrating the importance of a strong navy, furnishing us with the first warship (*The Kwantomaru*) and a staff of officers to

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teach in the naval academy which she prevailed upon us to establish in Nagasaki.

Into no branch of state activity did foreign influence more quickly, more completely or more effectively enter than into the art of war. The adoption by us of a Western military system and of military engineering was in fact a most fertile marriage of the newest inventions in technology. The fruit of this union was exhibited in the late war, and needs no further comment here.

When the national defences of the country were set fairly agoing, the next requisite of a well-ordered state was brought under examination and found vastly wanting. Laws were discovered to be sadly defective in principles of justice—the rights of men and of citizens were not clearly defined. We may pause here for a while to consider what new principles in law and politics were introduced into modern Japan, or in other words how Japan advanced to a *jural state*.

Foremost among the ideas borrowed from the West must be enumerated civil liberty and its concomitant, popular representation. Scholars can find traces of these ideas in the early records of the nation. Ultra-patriots may go so far as to detect evidences of popular representation in the earliest dawn of our history. Such a claim may be justified in so far as any institution can be

traced back to a primitive conception, there being nothing new under the sun. The Parisian dandy's cane can trace its inception back to the stick with which Adam drove his animals, or to a newer form of the club with which Cain cudgelled his brother. Comparative sociologists and jurists have done much the same thing with political institutions. If the idea of civil liberty was not new to Japan, the Anglo-Saxon interpretation of it was, at least, novel, convincing and impressive. It was not surprising that Professor Nakamura experienced great difficulty in translating Mill's *Essay on Liberty* early in the seventies, because of lack of proper words in the Japanese vocabulary. Still, common sense guided scholars in comprehending what Hallam, Austin, Blackstone, Holland and Stubbs meant by civil liberty, by political institutions, by representative government. Strange to say, no one idea finds fuller response on the part of the Japanese than liberty. It is no dogma swallowed whole without due mastication. It is no doctrinaire assertion that is only repeated by rote. Not only have we put it into practice in our political life, but we stand alone for it on Asiatic soil. John Stuart Mill teaches us that civil liberty meant originally and even now means mainly, protection against the tyranny of political rulers. Japanese history

has not been free from tyrants any more than French or Spanish, but the inborn good taste of the race, if I may say so, its natural sense of moderation and of right proportion, kept the rulers from indulging in excessive despotism. If sometimes the passion of a prince was unrestrained, it was tempered by the teaching that the sovereign is father of the people. The nation was a united family on a large scale, and if patriarchism is not consistent with liberty—they being indeed opposed each to the other, beyond a certain limit—it gave no occasion to cry for it, since, as long as *patria potestas* was not oppressive, no need was felt for protection against it. Ignorant of its philosophy, the people had for generations a comparatively free government. It is customary to speak of Patriarchism and Feudalism as terms opposed to Democracy and Freedom; and a patriarchal feudal state is looked upon as an embodiment of all that makes for bad government. But strange to say, in the isolated feudal state, and in graded feudal society, there was no small amount of liberty. Certainly Capefigue uttered more than half-truth when he wrote—“*La liberté réelle n'est que dans l'esprit local et provincial, dans l'inégalité des classes, des contrôles et des pouvoirs euxmêmes. L'unité c'est le despotisme plus ou moins brillamment habillé.*”

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What, then, did the introduction of the Anglo-Saxon idea of Liberty accomplish? It rendered articulate this hitherto unvoiced enjoyment of privileges on the part of the people. It formulated their own sense of right, which had been theirs for generations. And as its character was analysed, its history recounted, and its limits defined, they found that there are wide fields for personal freedom whose stretches they had hitherto but dimly discerned. Thus did the English idea of liberty find easy entrance among us. Not only was it assured among our own selves, but we became its torch-bearers on the Asiatic continent. It was to rescue Korea from the successive tyranny of two despotic powers that our two recent wars were fought. Woe to us if the banner unfurled in Freedom's cause should be stained with the blood of the people over and for whom it was raised!

Closely related to the subject of liberty is that of a Constitution. The annals of our history are not entirely lacking in instances of well meaning rulers who made some attempts at enunciating the guiding principles of their polity. That a government is primarily *for* the people was an oft-repeated statement; and from this the inference that it is to be *by* the people, though startlingly novel, did not seem unreasonable. If a constitutional government is reasonable, is it good? If it is good,

why not adopt it? We studied the experiences of other nations, and finding that the German constitution secured best advantages for the court and country, we framed ours after its model. Those who clamored for a parliament as a panacea for all the ills of the body politic are largely disappointed; but I am far from acceding to the views expressed by men so widely apart in sympathy as Pobyedonostseff and Kipling that a representative government is and will be a strictly Anglo-Saxon institution. It is, however, undeniable that constitutional government is still in its infancy with us and as to party government, it is hardly yet born. Improvement along these lines can surely be made by reforms in election laws and the like, after the pattern of the West; but nothing permanent can be expected except by the general spread of political education among the people.

Regarding other laws, public and private, the influence of Europe is so obvious that it scarcely requires anything more than mention. Different codes have been promulgated one after another in the last thirty-five years. As far back as 1869, the government began to frame a Civil Code; but, though the Code Napoleon was taken as a model, the delicate task of adapting it to the customs and sentiments of the country did not advance with alacrity. In the meantime, a rough sketch of a Crimi-

nal Code was drawn up and published in 1870, only to be largely modified two years after, and again a year later, by additions which, for the first time, showed evident marks of foreign influence. In this code, which has assumed its present form since 1882, one notices French ideas forming a prominent part. The Civil Code would have been largely French, had it not been for a sudden admiration after the middle of the eighties of a newly issued *Motive* and *Protocol* of the German *Bürgerliches Gesetz*, and hence a large part of our *Mimpō* (Civil Code) as well as our *Shōhō* (Commercial Code) shows German influence.

It may be remarked *en passant* that a curious anomaly is observable between legal and economic commerce, so to speak, or commerce in law and that in trade; for, while our legal ideas are German, in actual commercial undertakings English practice is the rule. In exchange, in insurance, and especially in shipping, the terms in vogue at the counter are English, and they sometimes have no exact equivalent in German or Japanese law books! A similar discrepancy exists in other departments of our social life. We can broadly state that while the government, the state, is largely under German influence, the people, society, work under an English and American régime. The same is true in education. The Imperial

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universities and colleges are German in spirit and method ; the private institutions of high standing are repositories of English thought.

And here we may affirm without hesitation that the Occidentalization of Japan proceeds by two powerful agencies, German and English. Have we selected bad models ? Are we unwise in our selection of patterns to work by ? In other words, is there a country better administered and more healthfully growing than Germany ? Is there a nation with nobler thought and higher prestige than England ? Is there a people more energetic and more hopeful than the American ?

Thus has Japan selected the best that the West can give, while retaining what the East can least afford to spare. If there is any doubt as to the wisdom of the choice, it will concern the attitude we assume toward the moral sentiments of Europe and particularly toward Christianity. I have already said that moral sentiments are the common meeting ground of all the branches of the human family. There is brotherhood between an English gentleman and a Japanese *samurai*, a spiritual bond between them. The gentleman is a more modern type than the *samurai*, and hence he can adjust himself more readily to the new era. The latter has yet much to learn of the former in order to make his *début* into the society of the twentieth

century. But, strange to say, this is exactly the point most neglected by our savants and statesmen. There lingers still in their minds the thought which Ii Kamon expressed in a couplet on the occasion of the inauguration of a military hall in Yedo (Tokyo). The couplet roughly rendered runs, "Wherfore follow alien ways and alien thought? Behold in these halls the noblest virtues of the *samurai* taught!" Is it true that we have nothing to learn of the west in morals and religion? Do we exploit the best in Europe when we borrow its systems of law, of education and of industry?

The greatest influence of the West is, after all, the spiritual, by which I do not mean only the religious. Christianity has influenced the thought and lives of many individuals in this land and will influence many more, eventually affecting the nation through the altered view-point and personnel of the citizen and the administrator. This character-changing power of the religion of Jesus I believe to be only just now making itself appreciably evident in our midst. Christianity has not worked such obvious influence upon the social life of our people as Mr. Dennis and other zealous advocates of missions are inclined to think. When a man such as he—considered to be an authority on things evangelical—tries to demonstrate the effect of missionary enterprises on our national

sanitation, by affirming that the Japanese people are in the main cleanly in their habits, but that there are Ainus in the country who are very dirty, his good efforts lose much of value and validity. His argument sounds as absurd as though one were to say that the Americans generally are well-dressed ; but that there are Indians among them who are nearly naked. I say exaggerated statements such as the above are too frequent to mention.

What then do I mean by the spiritual influence of the West ? I mean particularly two phases of it. To the first and more important, Christianity, I have frequently made allusion, and I hope my hearers are aware that I deem it of the utmost consequence as a transforming agency. Without further elaboration here as to its significance, I will speak of the second source of spiritual influence from the West—the vast spread of the reading knowledge of European languages and most undoubtedly of the noble English tongue. Indeed it is no hyperbole to say that if Rome thrice governed the world —once by its laws, then by its language and thirdly by its religion—England dominates the Far East, first, by its commerce ; second, by its navy ; and third, by its literature. The eloquent tribute of Lord Curzon to the language of his people is no mere bombast. “ Its sound will go

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out into all lands and its words unto the ends of the world. That this splendid future is no mere dream of fancy, but is capable of realization at no indefinite period, none who have traveled widely in Eastern Asia will doubt.”*

The effect of the acquisition of the English tongue on the mental habits—I had almost said on the unconscious cerebration of our people—is incalculable. Its depth depends of course upon individual minds, but its breadth covers millions of the mediocre. The moral influence of some of the simple text-books used in our schools cannot be over-rated. The readers of different grades, *Selections from English Literature*, Benjamin Franklin’s *Autobiography*, Washington Irving’s *Sketch-Book*, Smiles’ *Self-Help* and other books of wholesome and edifying character, have been instrumental in opening new vistas of thought and vast domains of enterprise and interest to young minds. How many Japanese minds have come under the spell of men like Kant and Hegel, Spencer and Mill, Tyndall and Huxley, Scott and Wordsworth, Gibbon and Macaulay, Shakspeare and Bacon, Carlyle and Ruskin, Longfellow and Emerson!

Intellectual and moral upheavals on a large scale were accomplished in silent ways by these

* *Problems of the Far East*, revised edition, P. 428.

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men ; but, here again, foreign influence must not be exaggerated beyond its desert. People who think that Modern Japan simply absorbed foreign ideas much as a sponge sucks up water, forget a psychological law well expressed by Dr. Edwin Hatch.* "The truth which Aristotle enunciated," he says, "that all intellectual teaching is based on what is previously known to the person taught, is applicable to a race as well as an individual, and to beliefs even more than to knowledge." Affinity is essential to a mutual understanding. There must be alliedness, before there can be alliance. A scion and a stock must belong to allied genuses.

In the receptive faculty of the Japanese race there must be something which makes it near akin to the races of Europe. Is it due to the Aryan blood which may have come to us through the Hindus, as Professor Hamy once told me he felt he had proved by craniological evidence? Whatever the explanation, the unquestionable fact remains, that the intellectual influence which one race can exert upon another "is relative to and inseparable from the whole mental attitude and phenomena of the latter." During the late war, Russian writers and their friends throughout Europe did their best to prove the racial affinity, if not the identity, between the Slav and other

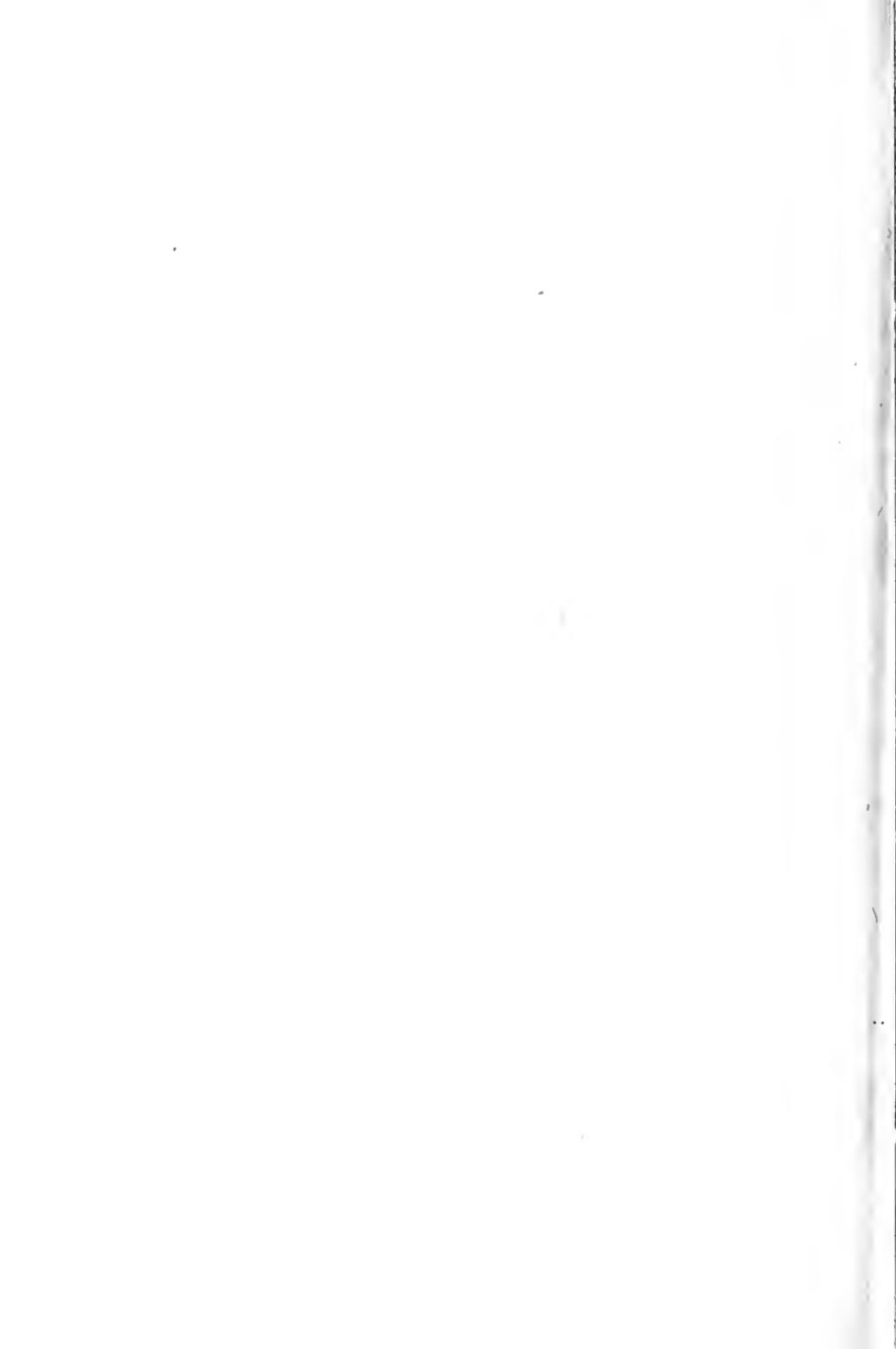
* *Introduction to the Hibbard Lectures of 1888.*

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European nationalities, as though blood were the only strong bond of union. A wise man said long ago that "there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother," implying that there are ties which bring strangers closer than brothers. Baron von Bruggen, in his study of Russian history, discovered that two hundred years of ceaseless effort on the part of the Czars and their servants to occidentalize their people are just beginning to tell. This argues comparatively little mental affinity, a lack of response, the unpreparedness of the Russian intellectual soil for the reception of West-European seed.

Without meaning in the least to detract from the magnitude of foreign influence, we have self-respect enough to believe that the intellectual capital we borrowed from the West was largely invested in opening our own existent resources. "The inventor only knows what to borrow," says Emerson. It may be that we shall return the sum of our indebtedness with compound interest. Our study and "imitation" of Europe have been what Socrates used to call the maientic method, by which our own minds have been helped to deliver their contents, to give birth to their own fruits.

(*Finis*)



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